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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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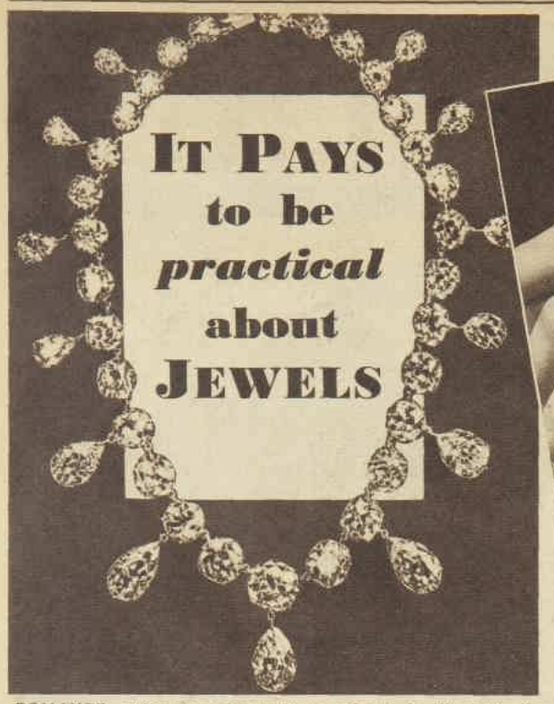
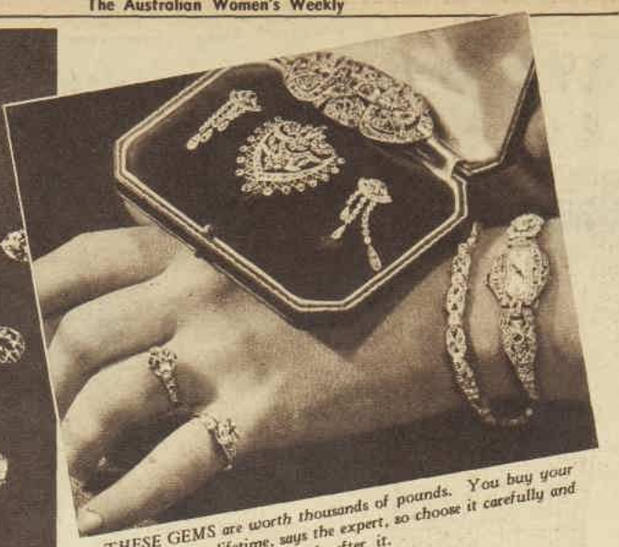




THESE GEMS are worth thousands of pounds. You buy your jewellery for a lifetime, says the expert, so choose it carefully and look after it.

ROMANCE, adventure and tragedy are mingled in the story of diamonds. Above is Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. It is now owned by an Australian woman.

Here's advice on gems by a world authority

"Your fiance is thinking about you," an engaged girl is told when the diamond in her engagement ring flashes.

Little does she know of the skilled craftsmanship and painstaking care needed to make those tiny facets shine so brilliantly.

AND there's an art in buying diamonds and looking after them.

In "The Bridge of Gems," Louis Kornitzer, famous Viennese gem expert, gives valuable practical advice to all who own or are about to own diamonds and other precious and semi-precious stones.

He tells you all about your engagement ring, from the time the diamond is found deep down in the earth till it reaches the delicate cutting stage.

Did you know that a standard diamond has 58 facets and a rose diamond 24 triangular facets? And that each of the facets has its special name?

"If you look at a brilliant carefully," says Mr. Kornitzer, "you will see that the stone is divided by the girdle into two parts, top and bottom.

"The girdle is that part which impinges upon the metal setting. The top is, of course, that portion of the stone which is visible in a piece of jewellery and the bottom that which is hidden when in wear.

"The most prominent facet is the flat surface on top, called the 'table.' Grouped around it are the eight 'star' facets, four 'bezels,' four 'lozenges,' eight 'cross' and eight 'skill' facets.

"These facets, thirty-three in all, account for the light-reflecting surfaces placed at different angles in the top part of a representative diamond.

"The underside of this diamond has fewer facets than the top, twenty-five.

"Rose diamonds have twenty-four triangular facets. Nowadays only small stones are cut in the rose fashion. The jeweller uses them at the dictates of economy, and the layman who notices the difference between a rose-cut and full-cut diamond is quite often heard to say, 'These are chips, aren't they?' "

This is Mr. Kornitzer's advice on looking after jewellery:

"All pieces of jewellery ought to be kept in a case by themselves in such a way that there is no chance of the stones rubbing against each other.

"Layers of cotton wool placed at the bottom and between the various articles will achieve this. Periodically make sure that the stones have not worked loose in their settings. This can be done by gently pressing a matchstick against the table of each stone.

"If the stone has become loose it will wobble slightly and it may be that a mere tightening up of one of the claws needs to be done to avoid serious loss.

"Fine atmospheric dust or soapsuds may dim the lustre of gems.

"Do not attempt to get rid of the accumulation with a toothpick or a pin. There is a far better and safer way.

"Cover the bottom of a wineglass with a little industrial alcohol, slide your set jewels gently into the glass and leave them there for five or ten minutes.

"When you take them out, don't wipe them with a cloth, but just waft them about until they are dry."

Until the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, there were only about one hundred large diamonds in the world.

Mr. Kornitzer tells of some of the world's most valuable and most famous diamonds.

"The story of the great diamonds is an almost unending feast of romance, tragedy and adventure, too often tinged with the sordidness of criminal greed," he says.

He tells the story of the Hope diamond, a violet-blue stone, bought by Mr. H. T. Hope for £18,000 and thought to be the major part of a stone from India sold to Louis XIV, the Sun King, and worn by him as a pendant.

The Hope diamond is believed to be ill-fated. An Armenian merchant was drowned in a shipwreck with the diamond in his wallet. The wallet was subsequently recovered by a deep-sea diver.

Last year it was reported that May Yohe, international stage star of the 'nineties, one-time wearer of the Hope diamond, and friend of Royalty, was then doing relief work at £3/6/- a week.

The Koh-i-noor—"Mountain of Light" — has been flashing fire for more than six hundred years.

Four Queens of England have worn this magnificent gem in their crowns — Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

The Braganza diamond was found by three outcasts banished to Brazil. They were pardoned when the stone was handed to the King of Portugal. The gem was once valued by a gem expert at £300,000,000 sterling. But Mr. Kornitzer points out that it is almost impossible to value diamonds, that their real value is their actual sale price.

Mr. Kornitzer's memories are literally bejewelled.

Forty-seven members of his family have been gem merchants. He has travelled to all parts of the world, including the Australian pearl fisheries, buying and selling gems.

"The Bridge of Gems." By Louis Kornitzer. (Geoffrey Bles.) Our copy from Dymock's.

Expert says . . .

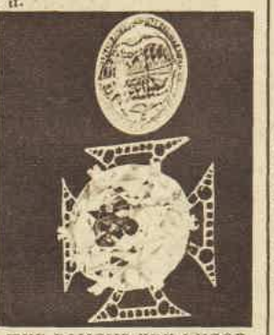
REMEMBER, when you buy diamonds, that you are buying them for a lifetime.

Make your purchase from a reputable jeweller.

To make sure that you are getting what you asked for, look at stones through a magnifying glass in daylight, not under artificial light.

Make sure that the stones are firmly set.

Insure immediately after purchase.



THE FAMOUS KOH-I-NOOR —"Mountain of Light"—with a half-crown to show its size. Once owned by an Indian potentate, it is now part of the British Crown jewels.

ROMANCE—TRAGEDY

Now she's engaged to the man of her dreams

She met the man of her dreams . . . and soon she was wearing his diamonds. It was her glorious complexion that first attracted him . . . so how glad she is now that she started using glamour-giving Erasmic.

ERASMIC
contains every beautifying powder ingredient known

"The truly beautifying face powder—Erasmic," says every fascinating actress and titled English beauty who uses it. Erasmic, created by eminent cosmeticians, has every glamour-giving property yet discovered . . . was famous before most present-day powders were known. Let Erasmic glamourise you—give your skin breath-catching loveliness.

ONLY 1/- A BOX

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—holds powder for hours—1/- a tube. ERASMIC COLD CREAM—1/- a tube. *At all Chemists and Stores.*

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Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

Foreign Office news head

BRILLIANT Australian Mr. Reginald (Rex) Leeper, who has been appointed head of the new section of Britain's new Foreign Office Publicity Department. Mr. Leeper has already held many important Foreign Office posts in Europe.

A son of the late Dr. Alexander Leeper, of Melbourne, he was born in Sydney, and educated in Melbourne and at Oxford.

Theatrical director

MISS AURIOL LEE, greatest of present day women theatrical directors, owes much of her success to her flair for shrewd judgment.

"In deciding about all the plays I have produced," she says, "I use snap judgment. I know instinctively if it's right or wrong and I act accordingly." "Nine Till Six" and "The Wind and the Rain" are two of the greatest successes associated with her direction.

American Army chief

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL, recently appointed by President Roosevelt Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

The appointment was welcomed in American army circles, as General Marshall's outstanding ability as an organiser and his wide experience of military affairs will be of great value in his tremendous task of directing America's huge rearmament programme.

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WOMEN COUNT THEIR RICHES!

MRS. SAM HORDERN belongs to two millionaire families.

MRS. LEN BUXTON. Her wealth comes from father's motor-cycle business.

MRS. RISCHBIETH, leader of women's organisations.

MRS. WALLACE ANDERSON, who is honeymooning in America.

MRS. YEHUDI MENUHIN. Will the wealth counters hear from her?

PAMELA ARMSTRONG inherited a fortune from Dame Nellie Melba.

RIGHT: DR. BULLER MURPHY and her husband, Mr. Basil Murphy.

RIGHT: LADY GIFFORD, one of several Australians living abroad who may be eligible for the census.

Wealth census to-day's topic of the teacups

ARE YOU WORTH £500?

The census of wealth and the national register are this week's topics of the teacups.

In every home people are pondering over two cards—one to be filled in by all men between the ages of 18 and 65 years in the national register of manpower; the other by all persons, of either sex, who own or hold on trust property valued at £500.

THE forms have raised a political storm—so intense indeed as to bring predictions of a Federal election.

Apart from the political issues, however, the forms have turned women's thoughts to whatever riches they possess.

During the next fortnight more than 2,000,000 personal cards and about 750,000 property cards will be issued all over Australia.

The personal cards are grey in color, and are only to be filled in by men.

The property cards are fawn-colored. They are to be filled in by men and women who possess property worth £500 or more.

Question fifteen in the property form is the chief family stumbling-block. It asks for the value of furniture and effects and personal effects.

In most homes these items are generally looked upon as communal property.

The wealth censorship may make it necessary to determine individual ownership.

In framing this question the authorities may unknowingly have set the train for many new household disputes.

What happens, for instance, if a husband puts down on his wealth form belongings that a wife has long regarded as her own?

A woman solicitor gives an interpretation of ownership which throws light on this question.

"Furniture and household effects bought out of the housekeeping savings belong to the husband," she rules. "Anything given to the wife or bought with her own money is her own.

"In the case of clothes and gifts of jewellery, ownership is hardly likely to be disputed."

Affects rich women

THERE is a piquant side to the wealth census, too, in the number of rich women who will come within its scope.

Many women have amassed £500 or more by diligent saving and buying of stocks and shares, or in their own businesses, but very few are the holders of big estates in their own right.

Widows and daughters of squatters and business men have been bequeathed large fortunes, and some take an active part in administering the estates left to them.

Dr. Buller Murphy was left a fortune by her first husband, the late Sir Winthrop Hackett, who endowed the Perth University, making the only free University in Australia.

Her second husband, Sir Frank Moulden, left her a further fortune. But apart from this wealth she is a brilliant business woman. Among other assets, she owns the only tantalite mine in Australia, and has interests in mines in Central Australia.

Probably the youngest person to be affected by the census is four-year-old Frances Fairbairn, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Pat Fairbairn, of Victoria, who were killed in a plane smash several years ago.

She is heiress to her father's station properties, and to the wool fortune of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Murray.

Another youthful heiress is Pamela Armstrong, granddaughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba, who inherited her grandmother's jewellery valued at several thousand pounds and some of her property.

Two girls under 21, Isabelle and Ethel McComas, became quarter-millionairesses a few weeks ago under the will of their father, the late R. B. McComas, of Melbourne and Sydney, merchant and former member of the Commonwealth Bank Board. They will share an estate of £696,676.

A FEW women can file returns as business women in their own right.

Outstanding are the three Cann sisters, of Melbourne, Mesdames J. Tronson, E. Gray and A. Boccard, who started with a blouse shop, and now run one of Melbourne's biggest retail stores.

Mrs. Sidney Myer, widow of the Melbourne emporium millionaire, was left her husband's fortune and also has a seat on the board.

For wealth which makes the £500 minimum look like small change the census authorities can look to the women members of millionaire families like the Baillieus, Hordernsa, and Nicholases—among them Mrs. Sam Hordern, formerly June Baillieu, and her sister, Mary.

Another who inherited a fortune is Mrs. W. Seymour, who shared in the station wealth of her father, the late W. J. T. Clarke.

From far and wide

THE census people will probably also hear from Miss Effie Ball, one of Melbourne's most picturesque hostesses, whose bank account comes from Ball and Welch's, and Mrs. Len Buxton, Melbourne racehorse-owner, who inherited her father's fortune made in the sale of motor cycles, and Mrs. T. Jones, of Melbourne, who shared with her sister the million-pound estate their father, Ben Nathan, made from furniture. There is also Lady Davidson, wife of one of Australia's best-known bankers.

Among West Australia's most impressive names is that of the de Bernales family. Mr. de Bernales is one of the West's most spectacular mining magnates, and achieved world fame recently as the purchaser of Epstein's "Adam."

Another West Australian who will be adding up sums is Mrs. B. M. Rischbieth, known all over the world for her work in international women's movements.

Most of the wealthiest Queensland women eligible for the census will record their wealth in terms of square miles of country and heads of cattle—notably the Bells, of Coochin, the Collins', of Nindooinbah, and the De Burgh Persse family, of Wyambin.

If the census extends to Australians living abroad on wealth drawn from Australia, Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin, the young wife of the violinist and daughter of the wealthy Nicholas-Aspro family, Lady Gifford, formerly Miss Margaret Allen, of Sydney, and the Hon. Mrs. Lewis Clifford, daughter of the late Sir Adrian Knox and Lady Knox, now living in England, will have to fill in forms.

Mrs. Wallace Anderson, formerly Jocelyn Josephson, of Sydney, may find a census form awaiting her when she returns from her honeymoon in America.

Have you an aerodrome amongst your assets? Mrs. M. Russell and her daughter, Eileen, of Jimbour House, Dalby, can list one, complete with modern homestead. There may be a few others who include such unusual assets in the list of wealth.

A pioneer family will be represented when Miss Wentworth, descendant of the famous Australian statesman-explorer, fills in her wealth census form.

750 FREE Books on — TAP DANCING!

Sensational Offer Shows You How to Learn at Home!

IT is now possible to try this wonderful course on **TAP DANCING** yourself—you can try this wonderful method of learning in the privacy of your own room, and if after 30 days you have not become an accomplished Tap Dancer it **COSTS YOU NOTHING**—not one penny. But you must hurry; this offer may never again be repeated. You are placed under no obligation. All you have to do is post the coupon to-day!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

I DO not care if you have never tried to Tap Dance in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to learn. This wonderful new system is guaranteed to make you an accomplished Tap Dancer, capable of reeling off all the latest routines and novelty numbers in just 30 days—**OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY!** Now is the time to start—the Tap Dancing Craze is at its peak; post the coupon below at once. **NOW!**

BECOME POPULAR

EVEN if you cannot sing because Nature has not provided you with anything better than a "bathroom tenor"—if you haven't that "quick hand that deceives the eye" and pulls white rabbits out of silk hats—still there is no excuse for you to be the "wallflower" at the party or any other social function. You can now become an **EXPERT TAP DANCER** and become the much-sought-after and admired guest.

POST THE COUPON THIS MINUTE.

What This Amazing Book Tells You!

- HOW to Become an Expert Tap Dancer.
- How to Learn the Latest American Routines.
- How to Make Money by Tap Dancing.
- How to Entertain at Parties, Functions, etc.
- How to Become Popular and Admired.
- How to Banish Obesity by Tap Dancing.

FREE

750 FREE BOOKS ONLY!

To all readers of the "Women's Weekly" who would learn this snappy and peppy art, this wonderful book on Tap Dancing is FREE. Send coupon for it now—the Tap Craze is spreading fast.

BOLOT SCHOOL of TAP DANCING, Studio 5, 62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.

POST COUPON NOW!

Professor J. BOLOT, F.A.R., Bolot School of Tap Dancing, Studio 5, 62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.
Dear Sir,—Please send me absolutely FREE, your book, "**How to Become an Expert Tap Dancer.**" I enclose stamp for postage.
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Unique pictures . . . of the King's daughters

Family album studies of bathing Princesses

[SEE THEM ON PAGE 31]

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

THE KING AND QUEEN like to keep pictures of their children taken as they grow up. Here is one of Princess Elizabeth snapped when she attended a children's fancy dress ball. The coat hides a lovely Old-World costume.

The Royal Family album at Buckingham Palace has just acquired a series of the most fascinating pictures ever taken of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose — in bathing costume.

The studies of Princess Elizabeth are unique. They are endearing glimpses of a possible future Queen. Never before has the world seen such pictures.

IT is a wonderful indication of the democratic spirit in which the Royal children are being reared—enabling them to enjoy life at its best, free of exacting routine, meeting and playing with and competing against other girls of their own age in the laughing, rollicking atmosphere of the swimming-pool.

The King's daughters have been enthusiastic swimmers almost since their toddler days, but not even their parents realised how well they could swim until they each won an important event at the Children's Aquatic Sports at the Bath Club.

The Queen, who had taken the Princesses to the club, and who anxiously watched the events sitting in the gallery with the other mothers of entrants, smiled with obvious pride as she presented her daughters with their medals and whispered her congratulations.

Princess Elizabeth won the Challenge Shield for girls over nine and under fourteen, while Princess Margaret Rose obtained the Challenge Cup for junior subscribers aged nine.

Princess Margaret, who celebrates her ninth birthday next month, was the first to compete and she scored 35½ marks out of a possible 40.

THE KING looks at his Girl Guide daughters. A charming picture of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, taken when they joined the Guide movement.

Speed and style

SPEED, style and the knowledge of strokes were all taken into consideration.

Each event which the Princesses won included a length of the pool breaststroke, a dive, a width of the pool backstroke, and a width carrying out any method of life-saving.

When it was announced that her sister had won a major event with 35 points out of a possible 40, Princess Margaret, who was by this time sitting in the gallery with her mother, jumped up and down and clapped her hands with excitement.

Later she literally danced out to the car hugging the silver cup she herself had won.

Before leaving the club Her Majesty spoke to Miss Amy Daly, who has taught the Princesses to swim.

"It's all due to you," said the Queen.

Miss Daly has been teaching swimming for 38 years. She has a method of teaching which is entirely her own invention.

She never gets into the bath with her pupils, but instructs them from the side in a quiet, determined voice that gives confidence.

Most of the swimmers in London Society have grown up under her tuition, and now she goes from the Bath Club to Buckingham Palace every week to give the Princesses their regular lessons in their own new swimming pool in the palace grounds.

Swimming pictures of the Princesses, printed in perfect detail by our special Rotogravure process, are on Page 31.

"Wait, Mother—

none of your dosing;

HIS COLD IS NOT IN HIS STOMACH"

His cold is in the air-passages of his nose, throat, and chest, and that is the place to fight it.

TO GET TO THE ROOTS of a cold, simply massage Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. There is nothing to swallow, so it cannot possibly upset even the most delicate stomach. Children actually *like* this pleasant ointment.

WORKS IN TWO WAYS. VapoRub's medicinal vapours go with every breath *direct* to the air-passages where the cold is. *At the same time,* VapoRub also acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice.

RELIEF BEGINS INSTANTLY. VapoRub's unique double action quickly soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. Breathing easily, the child soon drops off to peaceful sleep.

HOUR AFTER HOUR, while the little one sleeps in comfort, the poultice-and-vapour actions go on fighting the cold. Next morning, almost always, he wakes feeling fit again, the worst of his cold over.

IN 71 COUNTRIES, over 36 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year—for children's colds and colds of all the family.

And here's the latest about the Windsors!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Will the Duke and Duchess of Windsor return to England in October?

The story of their decision to return has been published and denied, only to be reaffirmed. October is generally agreed upon as the month Edward will come back to England.

IT is said that when the Duke pays his first visit to this country in October of this year he will not bring his Duchess with him.

Those who believe this story to be true say that the Duke will only spend about a week in this country, to visit his mother.

Well-informed opinion, however, discounts this suggestion, points out that the Duke has already waived the right of his Duchess to be called "Your Royal Highness," says that for the Duke to visit this country without her would be tantamount to an admission that he was not sure of the reception she would get.

Those who believe that the Duke will bring his Duchess with him scoff at any suggestion that there is any ill-feeling against the Duchess in this country, assert that, on the contrary, the former Wallis Warfield Simpson has many well-wishers here.

Whether the Duke makes a preliminary visit "solo" or not, the Royal Duke and his Duchess will be residing in this country by the end of October or the beginning of November, says one well-informed observer.

Coincidental with the Royal arrival will be a Royal departure. For as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor motor down to Fort Belvedere to take up residence, the Duke and Duchess of Kent will be aboard a luxury liner bound for Australia.

At least one section of the community will give the Duchess of Windsor a vociferous welcome. That is the luxury dress trade.

Many a dress designer's face grew longer when it was announced that the Duke of Kent was to go to Australia with his Duchess, who has done more to make British women dress conscious than any other leader of feminine fashions.

Well-dressed

MANY of the maestros of scissors and thread expect the Duchess of Windsor, one of the world's best-dressed women, to take the Duchess of Kent's place as leader of dress-style in this country.

It is interesting to note that Royalty is in the dress news these days. The Queen's tour of Canada showed her as a fashion leader—and a lover of crinolines and Old-World frocks. The Duchess of Kent is famous for her frocking, and the Duchess of Windsor is also one of the world's best-dressed women.

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EPILOGUE

A Complete Short Story

Although dread premonition urged him not to go, the hand of fate forced Brent to return to the scene of his early life . . .

By . . . Helen HULL

"Don't you dare call it a whim!" Melicent slid from the lounge and stood erect.

BRENT FORREST pushed aside the telephone. For the third time the maid had said, "No, Mr. Forrest, she hasn't come in . . . No, she didn't leave any word at all."

He had thought that if she would come to the station to see him off he could have the time eaten away by a trip to the house and back across town in the heavy afternoon traffic.

He had thought, too, that the setting would be propitious, the convincing background of men and women moved by all sorts of urgencies—business, pleasure, illness—masses of them under the high ceiling, rushing towards trains or toward the city.

Melicent might be persuaded that he had to go on this trip for business, and against so much human activity—in a little space of time marked out to end according to the train schedule—personal, emotional objection might be dwarfed or even lost in noise and haste. But Melicent had not come in, and he would have to drop things here at the office to rush out to the house, hoping that she might show up before he had to turn back, or that he might find some clue to her plans for the day.

Twice before, the firm had wished him to make the trip, and twice Melicent had dissuaded him. "I don't want you to go, Brent, for three long days! I don't want you ever to go back there." As if he wanted to go, as if he wanted to see the town, the friends—not that he blamed them for siding with Agnes—the stones and bricks that would give lively tongue to all his past life. But he couldn't explain to the directors that he might find it uncomfortable to be reminded of the years behind him nor could he explain that his present wife had said:

"If you go, it's because you want to see Agnes, because you regret. She almost held you; she means to have you back from me!"

Twice then he had begged off. But not this time. He had been in charge of the plant there until he had come east, he knew the setup, and things were in a bad way, with strikes, with shipments delayed. Easier, in a way, just to send a note to Melicent. There could be no discussion if he had already gone. He shrugged, knowing that thought as hope rather than possibility.

HE stood for a moment at the entrance to the office building, and then ducked across the narrow crowded street towards the subway stairs. He'd never make it in a cab. The roar of the train in its dark tunnel, the motion it imposed upon his body, took the place of thought. He had a few blocks to walk when he emerged, swinging easily along.

Always when he came into the block of houses—grey, narrow, non-revealing with their Venetian blinds and polished knockers and doors at the level of the street—he found himself drawn into haste, the thin wire of his imagination contracting like a spring as the distance lessened and all his senses quickened, until color, sound, the scent on a passing woman, the smell of pale new leaves on box trees in plaster urns, almost a whiff of ocean running along the channel of the street, all these leaped sharply in him and he hurried to open his own door, to run up the stairs, thinking to find Melicent waiting for him in the long living-room, or, if he were late, dressing for dinner in her room on the floor above.

All this after a year, he thought, and as he rang the bell he had, because of the trip he was about to start, a moment in which he was going homeward in that western town, driving along a neatly landscaped street, his awareness of himself, of the woman toward whom he drove, of his life in the house he approached, as vague, as unconsidered, as automatic as his hand on the wheel, his foot on the accelerator. Settling contentedly into middle age. And then he had come east.

"Has Mrs. Forrest come in yet?" he asked hastily, as the maid swung open the door.

At her "yes," he felt quick prickling in fingers and wrists, hint of nettles to be grasped, and he went up the stairs, lifting his body easily, his wide, tolerant mouth firm.

THE door of Melicent's room stood open, and Brent looked in at the white-and-silver setting—silver arabesque on the long white draperies at the windows, silver chromium of chairs and dressing-table and lounge; between the windows a long panel in black and silver, a medieval knight in armor—the room with the soft-piled draperies, the unyielding metal, like Melicent, white and silver. She was lying on a lounge, white velvet pillows under her dark head, and she reached a hand towards him.

"Brent! You are home early!"

He sat down on the foot of the lounge, one arm stretched back across the thick folds of white dressing gown, and thought: "She looks happy, she's in a good mood. Too bad to jar it."

"You look grand," he said, trying again to find a word for the texture, the tone of her skin. Not like any of the figures men devised—flower petals, milk, white birch; a dead white, without lustre, and yet warm with life. He wanted to lay his hands around the splendid column of her throat, to touch the dark, dark hair that grew so beautifully away from her temples. But he had less than a quarter of an hour.

"What have you been doing?"

"I tried to work, but I felt too perfect. When I feel that way, I like just to feel how I feel." Her faint smile said, "See you've done this." "I went out for a while. I saw those pictures of Tonner's. You know, the young fellow who went to Arizona to die of T.B. You can feel his death in the canvases, tortured mountains and burning deserts. Perhaps I only tried to paint because I was wretched. And when I am wretched again——"

"Hush!" Brent lifted one of her relaxed hands, held it open on his, the long full-tipped fingers curling, the slender, short thumb springing away from the palm. "That's a painter's hand, and you'll use it. You'll never be wretched again. Although you may not like what I've got to do."

Melicent's heavy white eyelids arched open.

Brent explained, his voice hardening into finality as he felt resistance tighten her body, deepen into a frown between her eyes.

"I'll fly back if I can't make the train to-morrow. You must know how distasteful the trip is to me. Don't make it more difficult."

"I knew I was too happy." Melicent twisted her fingers into the cord of her robe, drawing it tight.

"I have data and experience no one else has. I've got to go this time."

"If you go, something will happen, I feel it. I'm afraid."

"Nonsense, my darling! It's only that you start thinking about all the other times, before things were settled, when we didn't know whether I'd get back. I can't stand up the whole firm for a——"

"Don't you dare call it a whim!" With a twist of her body, Melicent slid from the lounge and stood erect.

"Premonition, I started to say." ("Whim" was a word Hilary, her first husband, had thrown at her.) "Come along, help me chuck a toothbrush in my bag."

Melicent's eyebrows lifted mockingly, and she walked to one of the windows, parting the heavy curtains, standing between them, her hands shoulder high in the folds. The swish of the brocade was an angry breath.

Brent looked at her; desire to follow her, to please her, a physical tug in his muscles. Hang it, there wasn't time for a scene. He got to his feet and went along the hall to his own room. Packing was mechanical: he'd done this overnight business often, coming east when he had charge of the mid-west plant. He was back at Melicent's door, dressing-case in hand, and she had not stirred.

"I'm off. I'm sorry, but I can't afford not to go, if we may be practical for a moment. Things are pretty well shot——"

"That goes back to Agnes, too," said Melicent, not turning. "Why doesn't she find another man to support her? Do you think I'd take a penny from Hilary?"

"Oh, come! Something wrong with that reasoning." Brent laughed, an uneasy male laugh intended to blow away thistledown logic. "You've got me."

MELICENT turned at that, one hand still clinging to the brocade, and Brent thought, "She knows how lovely she looks!"

"Have I?" she asked. "When you torment me this way? Agnes means to have you back. A man wouldn't understand. That's why she was so noble, letting you go without a word, once she saw you wouldn't take me in the way she'd have wished. Calm, maternal, forgiving. She'll take you back when you have tired of me."

"Sometimes you make me sorry that I was honest with you! I was a fool to tell you what she said. But there's no time to quarrel and make up."

For an instant he felt again that dry-mouthed, burning-eyed period before decision, when his love for Melicent had twisted him from roots, from responsibility, from affection. Never had Melicent known that feeling; she cut her bonds with a stroke, without a backward glance, with no flicker of speculation about her effect on anyone she left. In those first days of bewilderment and driving ecstasy, when he had found that after twenty years of decorous marriage he had—what?—fallen in love; more than that, stepped out of the world he knew into another dimension of living—in those first days he had admired the ruthlessness, the swiftness with which Melicent could follow her desire. She saw no complexities. She loved him, she wanted him, she would free herself from any other claim, and so must he.

He saw the mailed knight, black and silver between the windows, and he thought: "She wears armor herself, unless she chooses to lay aside cuirass and tasses and tuilles and greaves." He knew the words because she had said them over to him.

"We'll finish this when I come back. Good-bye, beautiful." Brent lifted his hand, but Melicent did not move. "You'll see then how unnecessary all this was."

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YOU'RE *the* BOSS

By FRANK BUNCE

She stretched out, meditating, feet propped on a low stool. Well, she told herself, she had bought something . . . a man . . .

MISS FRANCES R. ALBERT—she signed it that way, without the Miss—was startled. The face she saw distinctly through the open door of her office was so exactly as she remembered it from across a lapse of years that it seemed a ghostly projection from some romantic fraction of her mind, rebelliously made active by the early spring winds coming in at the windows. She lifted a receiver from the telephone on her mahogany desk.

"Ask the man to wait, Miss Hill. And bring in his card to me."

Miss Hill came in trying not to look surprised, but failing.

"He has no card, Miss Albert, but he is Mr. John Hughes, and you told me to consider no more applicants," she said, all in one breath.

"Oh." Again Miss Albert was startled. She took a breath, and then said, with just the proper crispness: "I'll see him, Miss Hill."

She glanced past Miss Hill's dwindling back, stiffly expressive of renewed surprise and outrage, past batteries of busy typists, all pink of cheeks and arms, all colorful in flimsy, flaunting summer things as so many briefly beautiful flowers of spring; and let her eyes rest on the visible upper third of the man who stood before the switchboard-information desk.

His hair, touched by a shaft of light from a window, was still flamboyant, still unruly as she remembered it; his jaw line and his shoulders had the magnificent rigidity she remembered. The glance destroyed her poise; she was driven to the trite diversion of studying a random sheaf of papers from a file until his step ceased just before her desk. Then she let herself look up.

"Please sit down, Mr. Hughes," she said.

He sat down. The chair was a large and solid one, but it seemed too small and fragile for his big frame.

"Miss Hill tells me you want a job as salesman," she said.

He stirred; uneasily, she knew, though she did not look up. "That's right. I heard of your plans for expansion, and I came up with the hope there might be room for me." His voice, too, was about as she remembered it, though with something added; the hesitancy, the suggestion of defiance that mark a man grown accustomed to rebuffs, anticipating them.

That softened her. She abandoned the papers and met his eyes. "Mr. Hughes," she said, "I thought you were dead."

"Dead? No!" His denial was so vehement that they laughed; first she, then he. But his perplexity persisted. "It is true that I was once reported dead, and that a great many people mentally buried me. Though how you knew that——"

"You danced with me once," she said. "One Boat Race night, and two weeks before you went off to Central America in a blaze of glory to do some flying. For a party of explorers, I believe. It was all very romantic, and a little sad."

"Oh, yes." His tanned forehead creased in a struggle for recollection. "Then you must have been at the celebration. I think I remember——"

"Don't perjure yourself, please," she begged. "Of course you don't remember. Though I do. You were very interesting that night, and a hero to us all. I was sixteen, awkward, and still at school; and, of course, I was spending most of my time in the cloakroom until you took pity on me. Then several young men decided I must possess a hidden charm, and I had a grand time. So you may understand why I haven't forgotten. And why—" she took her eyes away from his again, though she continued to smile —"I shed a few girlish tears when the papers, a few months later, told of your disappearance in Brazil."

"I disappeared, but not for good," he explained. "Our plane rammed its nose into a tree. We were all rather badly shaken up, but we lived, and managed to struggle through to a native village. The bad season set in soon after, and we didn't get out for nearly a year. After my return I had a hard time accounting for myself. Some people never did stop staring at me as if I were something out of a grave."

"I didn't know that," she apologised.

His eyes went over the big room, weighing the polished, important things grouped around her important desk; slowly coming to rest on her.

"It's a long step from school to this," he commented, with respect. "And from an awkward sixteen-year-old to—the way you look."

She was pleased, of course, though she chose not to show it. "A long step, and a hard one," she said. "I was born colorless and inferior and weak, and I've had to fight for everything. Even for the way I look now." She broke off, unaware of his abrupt discomfort, and added quickly: "But it's unfair to bore you with my left-handed bragging. After all, you came here on business."

"The business of getting a job." His voice and his eyes had altered suddenly; he was curt, defiant—desperate, she thought, with a shade of sympathy. "I want to get into selling. I think I could make good at it. Though I admit that so far I've been unable to persuade any sales manager to give me a trial."

She toyed with a silver pencil. "Would you mind telling me what your experience has been?"

He stirred again uneasily. "When my father died, I succeeded to his business. I did my best with it for four years, and I hardly think it was my fault that it failed. Things were in a pretty bad way when I took it over. Two months ago I came on here."

"I see," she said. She could understand why sales managers had not been interested. She resumed lamely, despising herself, rebelling of the necessity that made, and kept her hardheaded: "It is true that we are expanding. But it happens that the men we need must have not only sales ability but a wide acquaintance with the trade. And, of course, through no fault of your own, you haven't that . . ."

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RECALLED

I travelled far across the sea,
In search of Happiness.
I left you then so carelessly,
And blind, I did not guess!

One day when far across the sea,
My seeking all in vain,
There flashed before me suddenly
Your dear eyes, filled with pain!

You called me back across the sea,
My fretful searching o'er.
Your eyes, they called me tenderly,
How blind I was before!

—Jennifer Gay.

Illustrated by WEP

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DOUBLE LIFE

Illustrated by FISCHER

Continuing our gripping new serial—the dramatic story of a woman forced to choose between two conflicting duties . . .

"Am I any less a woman," Catharine asked miserably, "because I have taken an oath and an obligation?"

DR. CATHARINE GREGORY, passionately devoted both to her home and to her profession, struggles to do justice to them both; and it rests with her almost completely to support TIM, her lovable, easy-going husband, and PETER and PEG, their two children, while Tim waits in eternal hope of making good as an engineer.

The other doctors in the little town are bitterly prejudiced against her, adding to her difficulties. But although DR. WARREN ANDERSON, one of the town's most-sought-after bachelors, is hostile to her professionally, he has shown himself to be more than a little interested in her personally. Now, as she drives away from the hospital after snubbing him irritably, he looks after her, meditating smilingly.

Now read on.

A VERY difficult woman. He liked her. He was more than a little in love with her. No, not love exactly, but a passion to subdue, to conquer, to bring to heel. For years now, ever since the first time he saw her. He couldn't stand women doctors. Women had no business in his profession. Catharine Gregory, he admitted, was sincere and intelligent and capable. If she had been a man he would have been her friend. But she wasn't a man, which changed the picture completely.

Why he concerned himself with Catharine Gregory he didn't know. She was plain, she disliked him, she was probably still in love with her husband. Or she hadn't had time to discover that she wasn't.

It was beyond him why she troubled him, when he encountered her, and sometimes when he slept and dreamed of her, when there were so many other women in the world, much more attractive and certainly more complaisant.

Catharine made her calls and reached home, as she had expected, late for lunch. But Gloria, on her first day, was not going to display ill temper. The children had gone off with their Nannie and their sandwiches, she informed Catharine. There was some of the meat pie in the warming oven.

Catharine ate it gratefully, reading the morning paper as she ate, then lighting a cigarette sat down for a while in the living-room with the book she was trying to finish. Her office hours were imminent. There were three people, with appointments, coming for cold vaccine. Others would drift in. She knew with a resigned certainty that Mrs. Simpson would not keep her vaccine appointment. As usual Catharine would save the time for her and she would call up to postpone it or not call at all, just come very late, without an apology, and expect that Catharine would take her no matter who else was in the office.

The bell rang and she went to the door herself.

Her hours were from two to four. At four Mrs. Simpson hadn't come, and the office was cleared. The children had come in a little after two and gone upstairs for their nap, Peter indignant, as usual. When the door closed behind the last patient, Catharine ran upstairs to see them, roused and rosy, ready for a glass of milk and their outdoor playtime before supper. She was with them in the yard when Gloria bustled out to say that there was a lady for the doctor.

The Simpson woman, she thought, and told herself, I'll give her a piece of my mind this time, I don't care whether she comes to me every year for shots or not. I'm sick of this.

Mrs. Simpson was querulous because she had been kept waiting. Catharine, applying the cool, clean alcohol to her exposed arm, said equably, "But you did not keep your appointment, Mrs. Simpson . . . I had saved the time for you."

"Well, really!" said Mrs. Simpson, as the needle went home. "Well, really, Doctor Gregory, a matter of a few minutes . . . I should think you could work me in at any time. My days are very full and my time is valuable."

Catharine's technique was excellent. The tiny sting was momentary. She could almost wish that it wasn't. She said, keeping her temper, "And my time is valuable, too, Mrs. Simpson."

Mrs. Simpson departed in her shining car which was just short of half a block in length. She would probably finish up her series and never come again, thought Catharine. Well, that was the chance you took. But such women ought to have to keep office hours for a while or punch a time clock.

She took a last look around her office, made entries in her notebook, brought her cards up to date and put them in the files. Then she stood up, yawned and stretched herself. A hot bath, a session with the youngsters, then she'd dress at her leisure.

The telephone rang. It was Elsie Haggerty, plaintive and appealing.

"Aren't your office hours over, darling? I've been waiting for you for ages, my head is killing me and nothing does it any good."

Catharine hesitated a moment. Then she said, resignedly, "I'll be right along, Elsie."

The Haggertys lived a little out of town, away from the village. They had a pleasant old house and four or five acres of ground. Catharine, after parking her car, opened the unlocked front door as she had so many times before and went on upstairs. Elsie was in bed, with cold compresses over her forehead. She said fretfully, "Nothing helps. I've taken a thousand of those last pills, all they do is make me sick. I've tried heat and cold—everything . . ."

She suffered from migraine. An entirely healthy young woman, she was subject to these recurrent attacks which have for years baffled the medical profession. She had, apparently, no nerves. She had no organic difficulty. She had, alas, no allergies. Only time and again she went to bed with a devastating headache.

Catharine sat down beside her, and wrote a prescription. And Elsie said, when she was done, "Same old thing, I suppose——"

"A little different, this time."

"Why don't you give me something that will really take hold?" she bemoaned . . .

Catharine shook her head. She said: "I can't, Elsie. You know that."

Some day, of course, Elsie Haggerty might find a doctor who would . . . one more "sympathetic" with her sufferings, or one worn out by her constant demands. And that would be the beginning of a long and hideous road.

I could cure her, thought Catharine, if I had the nerve.

She knew the Haggertys rather well. She had known Elsie in Boston, before her marriage. She had gone to school with her, and they had been classmates at the University for two years, when Elsie had dropped out and married. She was Catharine's age. She had no children. And her husband was unfaithful to her.

Yes, thought Catharine, I could cure her. I could say, "Look here, your soul's sick and not your body. You're ill in your emotions. It's your heart, not your head. This isn't a true migraine, my dear. It's your husband. You won't face the fact that he's continually unfaithful to you because he loves you and you're not an understanding woman. He won't force himself on you so he seeks the companionship of other women. You're a selfish woman, Elsie Haggerty, but you are as much in love with Sam as you can be with anyone. You began these neurotic headaches because you didn't want to be 'bothered' and they've continued because you know, you won't admit, that Sam's trips to Boston aren't wholly on business. I could tell you this and cure you and you'd hate me all your life."

She knew, because one night a year or so ago Sam Haggerty had come to the house and asked to see her on a personal matter. And she had taken him into her office and listened to what he had to say and given him what advice she could. He'd said, awkwardly: "I suppose you think I ought to take this business to Winthrop . . . but he wouldn't understand. Anderson would, from my point of view. But there's Elsie to consider. You've known her so long, Cathy, you're her friend and a woman, as well as a doctor . . ."

Her advice had probably been wrong, she thought. Or too hard to take. Anyway, he hadn't taken it. He couldn't bring himself to talk frankly to his wife. He loved her and was afraid of her.

Elsie said:

"Before I forget it, I must tell you about Doctor Edwards . . . I met him in Boston last week—he came in to see Aunt Mary while I was there.

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By FAITH BALDWIN

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ONE LOVE HAD

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

BERITA put the milk in the pan to clot into cream. She cast a quick housewife's eye at the clock. Time the joint was in the oven. That done, she went to the window. The sea was that odd lapis-blue you get in Cornwall.

Between her and it the children were playing. A faint smile crinkled the corners of her mouth. How big they were getting! John looked much more than six. She wished in a way he were not six. Six would mean that soon, far too soon, there would be talk of school.

One day Oliver would say: "We ought to do something about the kids' education, I suppose." And when he said that, quite suddenly Toinette and John would be away for hours together, learning things that she was not there to see them learn, making friends she did not know; not absolutely hers as they were now, not always about, so that she had only to stop what she was doing and listen to hear running feet upstairs, chatter in the garden or laughter from the beach.

The kitchen door opened. Oliver came in from his studio, which had been built on the sea-greyed place that was meant for a garden. Berita smiled at him. Inside, she felt: "Goodness! He would come now, bless him! I've got such a lot to do this morning."

Oliver's hair was on end. He had the absorbed, angry look of the person who creates but cannot get a creation right.

"Berri, where's Toinette? I had that head yesterday. Now I've done something to it. I've lost that likeness."

Berri put her arm through his. She took an appreciative sniff at his jersey.

"I do think you smell nice. There's something about paint mixed with wool and cigarettes and things I find awfully pleasant."

WHILE she was talking she was leading him back to the studio. Of course, if he really had spoilt Toinette's head then she must come and sit again. They had to live. If he exhibited children's portraits he might get that sort of work. But if possible she must persuade him that he would get on just as well without Toinette. Even the bribe of sixpence was not likely to make Toinette pleased at another sitting so soon.

All the children of the artists' colony knew that they had to sit if asked. Before Christmas or a birthday or other times when money was needed they were willing, even pressing, in their offers. But today there was nothing like that in sight. Toinette still had threepence from yesterday's sitting. When you are four, threepence represents unlimited spending.

Berri laughed.

"You've got her truculence all right. And——"

Oliver did not wait for the rest. Eagerly and technically he began dissecting his work.

Berri did not listen. An occasional "Um" was all that was needed. She was staring at that something else Oliver had drawn into the picture. That quality that gave steady, unshaking love. That quality which made her sometimes damp with fright. Was it possible to hold a man for ever when half the time he forgot he had you there? That quality which even now made Toinette fly at you with mad hugs. Berri always hugged back, she understood so well that need to cling. Lucky Toinette, still to be at an age when things like grasping made you feel secure.

Berri sat down on the ladder: "Have you remembered what's happening to-morrow?"

"Don't you think it's that?" said Oliver.

"Um!" agreed Berri, who had not heard a word he said. "I'll give Toinette a call. Try not to keep her long. It's such a lovely morning."

The bumpy road across to the beach was blazing with sunlight. The children looked up. A really magnificent castle was being built. A particularly exciting kind with turrets. John and Toinette began to jump up and down when they saw her coming.

"Look, mummy!"

"Toinette, darling," said Berri. "Run across to the studio for a minute. Daddy just wants another look at you."

Toinette got up. She dusted the sand off her knees.

"Oh, goo'ness!" She sighed as she crossed the road. "I wish daddy sold meat like Mr. Birch. His children don't never have to have their picture painted."

Berri grinned. The Birch children, suffering from a tendency to squint, were never likely to go on to canvas even if their father were an artist. All the same it was hard on Toinette on so lovely a morning.

"It'll be some more pennies, darling."

Toinette looked round reproachfully.

"Thank you, mummy, but I was not wantin' any pennies."

"I think," said John, "I shall put stones for gun emplacements."

Berri turned to go. How like his father John was. Carrying on what he was doing, completely disregarding either what others did or thought.

"Guns! You're a bloodthirsty little horror!"

She looked down at him. How many other little boys had played with guns? And how many had those things killed before they were even men? She gave herself a shake. "I must have a liver. I'm wallowing in morbidity."

The newspapers were coming up the road. Young Fred had a round of three villages to do. This was the last. It made the papers very late but nobody was in a hurry in Cornwall.

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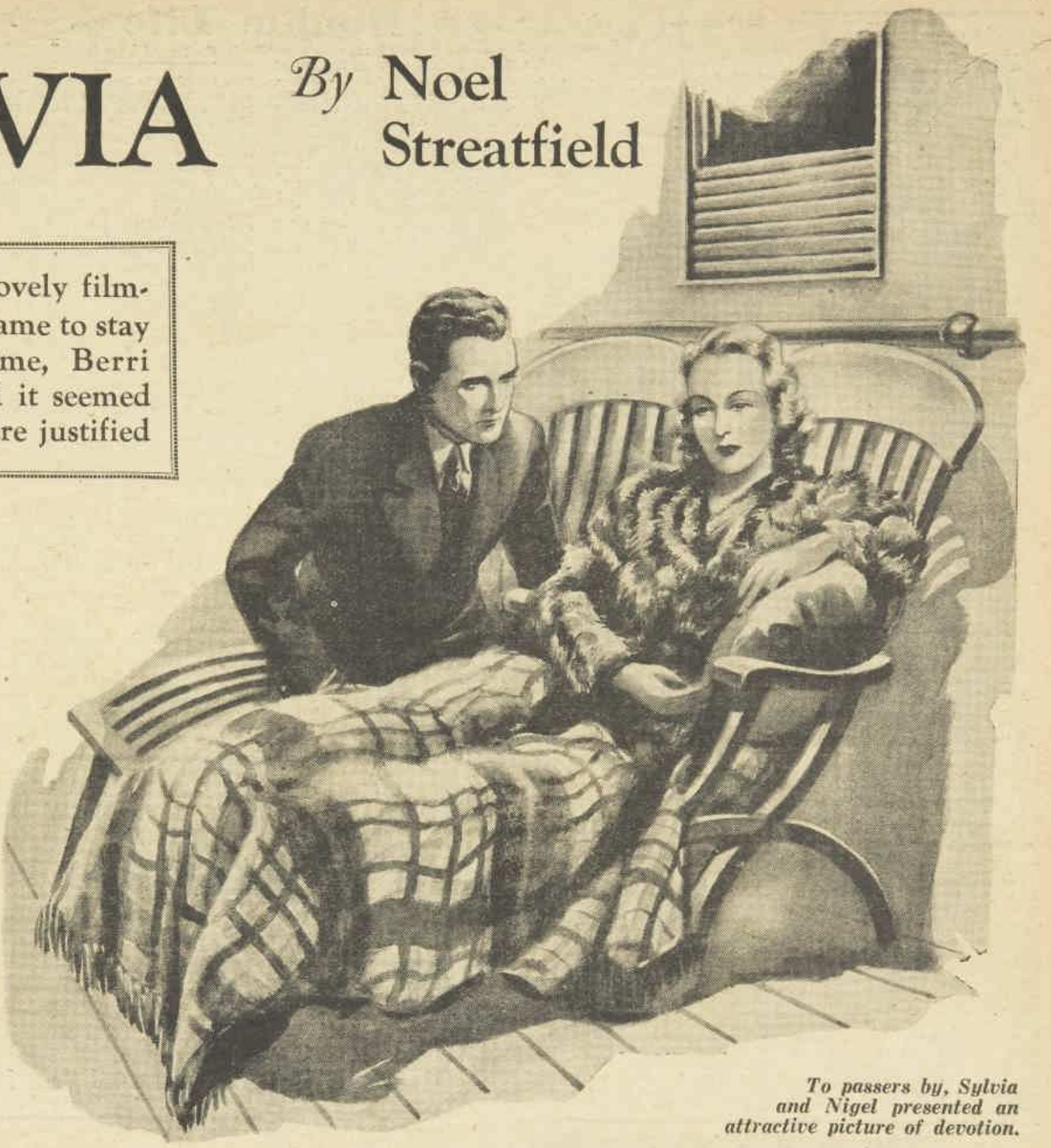
SYLVIA

By Noel Streatfield

WHEN her lovely film-star sister came to stay at her little home, Berri was afraid...and it seemed that her fears were justified



To passers by, Sylvia and Nigel presented an attractive picture of devotion.

She took the paper from young Fred. She carried it into the kitchen. She laid it on the floor beside her while she basted the joint. As she shut the oven door a headline caught her eye:

"Film stars coming home. Sylvia Moon and Nigel Monk sail."

Berri sat on the floor. She leant against the leg of the kitchen table.

Sylvia coming home! What fun! They had not had much in common as children, but of course now they were grown up it would be different. Then her eyes grew thoughtful. Would Sylvia be very grand? Then suddenly she laughed out loud. She got up.

What a fool she was. Here was her sister coming home, whom she had not seen for six years. And did she think of killing a fatted calf? She did not. She sat on her kitchen floor and wished she had bought that fur coat in the sales. She went to her rack and took down four plates. She put them to heat. They were nice blue plates with cows on them.

She focused on one of the cows.

"All the same," she said to it mentally, "it's not so funny. How would you like a film star sister to come and see you when you'd nothing to wear in the evenings but an old tweed coat?"

. . . .

Sylvia, wrapped in a mink coat and a rug, lay in her chair. She had placed herself in a becoming position because there were plenty of people passing to and fro who wanted to stare. But once certain she was nicely laid out for admirers to look at, she forgot them. She let her mind drift.

What fun this going home was. How different from the way she had come out. Nearly six years ago that had been. It felt like sixty, so much water had gone under the bridge. Second class she and the other girls in the chorus had travelled. Even then she had hated it. She had never thought anything but the best suitable for her. The other girls had seemed to find it fun. She had not. She had felt just as she had at school; unable to enjoy anything because the only places she could enjoy were head girl and captain of the teams, and she was never anywhere near those.

How she had hated New York. Everybody else had been sorry for Joe Moulin when the show flopped. She pretended to be, too, but inside she wasn't. She hated him. He was no longer worth bothering to smile at. He was a failure.

She shifted her position. Her neck was stiff from leaning over to the left. The right side of her profile was the best, but she would show it again presently.

It was the wildest fluke that had swung her to Hollywood. The talent scout looking for just her big-eyed baby prettiness. On the whole, the day when she had signed that contract had been about the best she remembered. Everybody else going back to England with their tails between their legs. What a moment it had been when she could give a casual nod to the stars instead of the over-eager "good mornings" and "hellos" she had before thought necessary. Reaching nineteen as a nobody, how good it had been to show off to the other chorus girls.

A faint frown at her memories crossed her forehead. What a spiteful, jealous lot they'd been. Saying that last party was only for failures, and not for film stars.

She pulled her rug more cosily round her.

A lot of this short visit must be spent on public appearances and publicity. But the rest of the time could be spent rubbing out old scores. Queer how somebody as famous as she was could care about things that had happened when she was a child, but they still nagged if she were awake in the night.

She would go down to her school. They would give her a bouquet and ask her to speak to the girls. What oil then would be poured over her snubbed, despised childhood. Miss Dean and the other mistresses had always liked Berri best. Berri had been popular. Goodness knows why. She had been no better at things, and of course had never had her looks.

How funny it must feel afterwards to be so wrong about two sisters. How they must curse themselves now for not taking more trouble with her. She could imagine the conversation. "I wonder why we bothered with Berri. She's never done anything. Just married a rather unsuccessful artist. Sylvia was the one. She must have had all that charm and beauty even then. Queer we never knew." But more likely they didn't admit their stupidity. People were so dishonest. They probably said now they'd always seen what was in her.

"Well, how's Sweetness?"

Sylvia looked at Nigel. She hated the way he called her Sweetness. There was something rude in the way he said it. As if it was a joke which she ought to be able to share. There was nothing funny in the nickname, Sweetness, that she could see. It had been the title of one of her films. However, people were passing. This was no time to argue. She turned on him her "wife-welcoming-husband" look.

"Very comfortable. I was just thinking of all the old friends I'd look up."

Nigel's eyes twinkled.

"You ought to make a list of them. You'll never be able to put over your 'Sweet simple girl unspoilt by fame' act unless you make sure they've time to put up the decorations. It's a pity any of them should miss hearing you say, 'Oh, you shouldn't have taken all this trouble for me.' There's nobody living gets a humbler inflexion on the 'me.'"

Sylvia turned her eyes gravely to him. Her voice was low. To passers-by she and Nigel were a charmingly devoted couple.

"You're a beast."

Nigel got up.

"That's the end of to-night's bedtime story, kiddies. Beauty was left lying all alone, and the bad beast went into the bar and had a drink."

Sylvia looked after him.

How tiresome he was. Really, if she'd known what he was going to be like she didn't think she'd have married him. But her agents had suggested that a marriage would be good publicity. It had seemed like fate that they were starred together in a picture. As it had been fate that he had fallen in love with her.

She had rather liked him then. Being engaged had been fun. Only he would take it all too seriously. All those stupid questions as to whether she really loved him. She had never understood why he had changed directly they were married.

After all, even on a honeymoon you don't want to see the same person all the time. It had been a good idea of hers asking those people out to the ranch that first week-end. A good thing she had, too. Nigel had been so queer. Getting drunk, which was not a bit like him. Making dreadful jokes about "O perfect Love," the hymn that they had had sung at the wedding. People didn't make jokes about hymns; it was in terribly bad taste.

All the same it had been good publicity. The marriage of two big stars like themselves made a very important place of their home. If only Nigel wasn't so queer. So cynical. What in the world had he to be cynical about?

. . . . . .

Berri was proud of her home. Nothing had cost much, but it was gay and charming. Much of it they had made themselves, she sewing, the children helping Oliver paint and carpenter. The days when they had all worked were treasured as her grandmother had treasured pressed flowers. It was as if they had been photographed and recorded and put away on a shelf in her brain. They were nice to have for when she was alone, or when Oliver grew particularly absorbed in his work and shut her out. They were her savings for the future, that chilly future when the children would be grown up. They were an insurance against a day when Oliver might stop loving.

It was Sylvia coming to stay that made her suddenly look at her house with new eyes. It was other people really who put the idea into her head.

"What, your sister Sylvia Moon coming here!"

The inflexion on the "here" made the house shrink back to the two fishermen's cottages it had once been. It made the simple, well-cooked meals she served seem very simple indeed. It made her checked linen tablecloths and golden yellow china comic peasant ware which would amuse. It made her spare bedroom very primitive. There was no dressing-room, no private bath. Until Sylvia was coming to stay Berri had forgotten there were people in the world who expected things like that.

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Romance of two sisters

Portrait

I think one dearly loves before one dies
To see oneself through other people's eyes,
And so I came to your artistic place
For you to paint the features of my face.
And so I sat in stillness, hourly blinking,
Scarcely aware of you, relaxed, unthinking,
Then, turning to your easel, paled to see
Most hidden dreams smile calmly back at me!

—*Yvonne Webb.*

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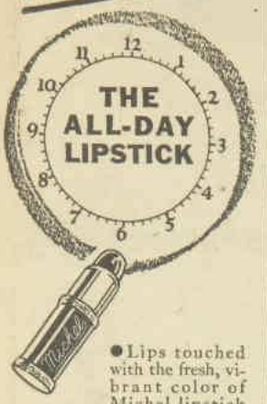
Michel



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"HE asked for you, Cathy, and sent you his love. He said he hoped you'd run in to see him when you were in Boston . . . and maybe he'd get up here some time. He's marvellous, isn't he? Aunt Mary swears by him . . . I didn't remember until he spoke that you had worked with him. How old is he, Cathy?"

"I don't know, exactly," said Catharine, "over fifty I should think. Yes, he's a great man."

"Didn't his wife die recently?" asked Elsie.

"Yes," said Catharine. "I wrote him at the time. She was an invalid for many years, but always sweet and beautiful. I liked her very much."

She changed the compresses, and patted Elsie's lax hand. She said, "I'll stop and have this prescription sent up, Elsie."

"Thanks," said Elsie. "I wish . . . Oh, Cathy, I'm getting so tired of these attacks . . . if only there was something . . ."

Cathy's heart beat quickly, warningly. She said, standing erect beside the bed, "There is something, Elsie. But you would not like it."

Elsie cast the compresses from her and sat up. She groaned and took her narrow dark head between her narrow hands. She said, with an effort, "I—I don't care what it is, Cathy, I'll take it, no matter how nasty——"

"It isn't medicine," said Catharine, "exactly. It's something we'll have to talk over. Not to-day, not now. When this attack is over come and see me in the office. There is just one remedy left, that I know of, Elsie. We'll try that . . ."

"I'll come," promised Elsie, bewildered, "but if it's something . . . I mean—why not now?"

"These last two or three days, don't they?" asked Catharine.

"Generally, worse luck."

"Then, on the first day you wake up with a clear head, call me and come over," she said, "and now, I must hurry."

Stopping at the drug store and hurrying back home again all took time. She couldn't play with the children. They were at supper when she came in. Tim was home, taking a shower. She stuck her head through the curtains and he shouted cheerfully, "Where the heck have you been? I thought you'd left me."

"I've had quite a day," she said. "Will you kindly get out of that and let me have a whang at it?"

Later, they sat over their after-dinner coffee, in the living-room. It was pleasant, with the long golden shadows of late day lingering across the polished floor. Dinner hadn't been too bad, although she had forgotten to tell Gloria about the way Tim liked his chops. He'd had a fairly good day, fired one incompetent, which meant progress . . . And how had her day gone?

Double Life

Continued from Page 7

"Average, I suppose," she told him. She smiled at him from her corner of the deep couch. Tim was so—solid. So dependable. She did understand. She could not of course discuss her cases with him. Sometimes he complained, laughingly, to their friends, "Cathy's the closest mouthed woman I ever knew . . . She never tells me anything . . ." But she could submit a sketchy outline for his inspection.

"Poor old girl, hadn't time for a hot bath and a nap," he said, put out his arm and drew her close, ruffling her hair with his free hand. "You need a change, Cathy; I'll try to get a couple of weeks off. I earn them—the kids will be all right with Nannie . . . we'll take the car and go somewhere, anywhere . . ."

"It would be heaven," she said, "but I can't. Not now."

"You haven't had a vacation in three years," he reminded her.

"I know. Perhaps later in the autumn. It would be wonderful, just the two of us."

Just the two of them. She loved the children, she more than loved them. But to be alone with Tim, for a little while. She would come back to her job and her children refreshed, renewed . . .

She remembered the first time she had seen Tim at a party. He had looked up across the room and his eyes had laughed at her. He was working in Boston then on a big job. They had fallen in love that evening before the introductions had taken place. One moment she was free and the next she was bound. They had left the party and gone for a long walk, around and around the Common. They had taken a taxi and driven beyond the city limits. They had gone to a shabby all-night roadhouse and sat and talked over a highball and three cups of strong black coffee.

SHE was on her way up. Doctor Edwards, a friend, although not a contemporary of her father, had been interested in her from the time she entered the hospital, and even before that when she had sat before him as a medical student and he had lectured to her class.

He had watched her during her hospital days. And when that was over and her service at a state hospital for the insane was concluded, he had asked her to come into his office, an almost unprecedented honor for a young woman.

She had been very happy there, friendly with the two other assistants, working hard, learning so much. Then Tim had come along, and they were married. Tim understood about her profession. He had his, he said; he could understand her feeling for medicine. It wouldn't interfere with them, they loved each other so much, there would be room in their lives for two careers.

Then right after Peter was born Tim got this job upstate, within easy distance of Seward, and she had given up her job and followed him to establish their home, and her practice, in the town.

Her decision had meant so much to her. She was passionately engrossed in her work with Edwards. She knew that some day he intended to retire from active practice and to establish a research laboratory. When he did, if she were still with him, there would be a place for her. It had been a goal toward which she might work, in the meantime acquiring invaluable experience.

To leave this, to surrender her ambition, had cost her sleepless nights, tears shed in secret. But she had elected to go with Tim. She must not stand in his way and she could establish her own practice. He had assured her that they would be safe in making a home, in settling down, that there would be plenty of work to keep him in New England. And Seward was a charming place.

So she had made up her mind and after a while Doctor Edwards had agreed with her that it was for the best.

She could see him still, sitting behind the big desk, a slim, small man with very dark eyes and iron-grey hair, swinging his glasses on their black ribbon, regarding her thoughtfully.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Catharine," he said, "you had a future here, I think. But wherever you go you will have a future, of course."

She liked him so much, she was so sorry for him. More than able, he was brilliant, the finest diagnostician with whom she had ever come in contact. No day passed working with him that she did not learn something . . . He was a quiet man, not given to long speeches. He was childless. His life was bound up in his work and his wife, who was carried from her bed to her couch by the window and back to bed again in the big upstairs room in the old brownstone house.

As a youngster in the hospital Catharine had fancied herself in love with him a little. After she met Tim she knew that she had confused admiration and devotion and a little awe with love. It wasn't love at all, not as she knew it with Tim. It was something else; it still had a place in her life.

Things had gone all right for Tim, after their removal to Seward. There were always jobs, no matter how small, nearby, so that most nights he was home.

Now she leaned against his arm and thought of the children sleeping upstairs, of their own belongings around them and of this peaceful ending to an average day. She was too pleasantly tired to move.

The doorbell rang and she jerked herself upright. She said: "Who in the world . . . Oh, Tim!"

Gloria was pattering hastily to the door, and Tim said, getting up: "Gosh, I'd forgotten. Don't worry, Cathy, it isn't a broken arm or a case of colic . . . it's just the Brents. I asked them to come in and play a rubber. Brent went past when I was putting the car away."

Catharine rose. She liked the Brents, and enjoyed playing contract with them. But to-night it would have been pleasant just to sit quietly in the circle of Tim's arm, not talking much but remembering a good deal and with the awareness of his nearness and their need of one another. But now the Brents were coming in, and Tim was getting out the card table.

Catharine slipped out to the kitchen to tell Gloria that she needn't wait up, she could go to bed if she liked or to the movies, and she looked in the ice-chest to see if there was any beer on ice. There was, plenty of it. The Brents liked beer. And there would be crackers and cheese, she supposed.

She went back to the living-room, a tall, thin woman in a dark red dress with garnet clips in the lobes of her flat ears, and lipstick to match brushed over her wide, generous mouth. She sat down at the table to cut . . . And Harriet Brent said, sympathetically:

"You look tired, Cathy, I do hope you won't have to go out to-night."

"I hope so, too," said Catharine. She won the cut and began to deal the cards deftly. She thought, "Well, perhaps after all this is what I needed, distraction and people."

PETER'S school opened toward the end of September. He was an old hand in the schoolroom, having started with the pre-school classes, but had been absent for long periods with one thing or another—ears, last winter. Catharine arranged for his transportation as usual, by the school bus, which would pick him up at the corner. It was an expense, but she simply could not take him there and call for him; her free time did not work out that way.

Later, when Peg started school things would be even more complicated; there would be the additional interruptions of dancing and riding lessons, parties, scout work.

She had had the opportunity to observe the Seward routine of the average married woman, with several children, all keeping up with the little Jones'. Yet you had to do it, you couldn't let your child become the odd one, the lone wolf, the one who wasn't allowed to run with his pack.

Peter would have done as well, or better, in the public school. But all his friends went to the Academy. And that was that. She thought, waching Nannie escort him to the corner that fine September morning, "Perhaps I was foolish . . . he would have made friends in the other school . . . it's only an added burden and a complication. The public school was nearby, Nannie could have walked to and from it with him and simplified matters."

Gloria, the cinnamon bun, had departed for various reasons, so once again a call to the agency, once more the wait, the interviewing.

"Why in the world can't you keep servants?" Tim had inquired at breakfast, not critically but with curiosity. "Other women do."

"Name some!"

"Well, Elsie Haggerty, for instance."

"She's had her couple for two years," said Catharine, "and goes down on her knees each night to pray that nothing will happen to uproot them. She's had to make all kinds of concessions to keep them. Top wages, naturally, and Sam even bought them a little car. We can't afford that, Tim. If we spend on Nannie, we have to scrimp somewhere else. You know that."

He said hopefully, "If you'd get a green hand and train her——?"

He was tired of the constant shifting, the difference in food. Catharine didn't blame him. She said, soberly, "I haven't time, Tim, that's all there is to it."

No, she hadn't time. He looked at her thoughtfully and fear nipped at her heart like a malicious finger, pinching, prodding.

Please turn to Page 14

"WHY WORRY ABOUT WEANING?"

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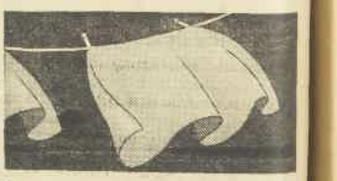

unless they have the last rinse in BLUE . . . White things that have gone greyish-yellow can only be restored to sparkling whiteness with a last rinse in Blue water on wash-days. . . . Remember! There can be no pure white without Blue.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Doctor, I can't sleep at nights."
"Take a glass of milk every half hour during the night."
"Will that send me to sleep?"
"Well, even if it doesn't, it'll help to pass the time away."

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. "When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"See here, this is much too slow! Can't you take dictation in shorthand?"
"I can, but it takes longer!"

"Yes, we call our maid Dawn, because she's always breaking."

"You know, you're rather a good-looking girl."
"Oh you'd say that even if you didn't think so."
"We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say it."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE worried-looking woman approached the shop-walker. "I was to have met my husband here two hours ago," she said. "Have you seen him?"

"Possibly, madam," replied the shop-walker. "Anything distinctive about him?"

"Well, he'd be purple by this time!"

"YOU think more of that old wireless than you do of me."

"Well, I get less interference from it."

"WHAT do you call men who are lucky in love, grandfather?"

"Bachelors, my boy!"

"MABEL, when you wait on my guests at table to-night, please don't wear any jewellery."

"I have nothing valuable, mum, but thanks for the warning."

"I AM a crooner on the radio," announced the customer to the chemist. "What's the best thing for my throat?"

"A razor, sir," answered the chemist, who was an opera enthusiast.

HE: Will you love me when I'm old, dear?

She: Don't be old-fashioned! We'll be divorced long before that.

TEACHER: Your mother buys a hat for two guineas, a coat for five pounds, and a pair of shoes for thirty-five shillings. What is the result?

Small Boy: A row with dad.

Look to your LINEN CUPBOARD says Miss OSMAN

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An Editorial

JULY 22, 1939.

WIVES DON'T MAKE FORTUNES

AN interesting sidelight on the wealth census to be taken throughout Australia is the financial status of women it is likely to reveal.

One wonders just how many women have the right to fill in a card as having £500 in their own right; and one wonders just how many men would be bothering about the wealth census at all were it not for the work of their wives.

The women of Australia taken as a whole have very little money of their own.

True, money comes to some women from inheritance and the pursuit of a career, but very little from the greatest career of all—that of wife and mother.

Husbands provide for their wives in many different ways, by life insurance, by property, and other provisions; but a man does not usually give his wife money except for a specific object—the purchase of a car, a fur coat, clothes, or something else she has set her heart on.

The family income is usually vested in the man.

There is no such thing as basic wage for the housewife. Despite the freedom and independence woman has won in the past half century, there is still no financial index to her importance in the community.

Women are the supreme socialists. They work to help their husbands in a career, to build up a home and a competence; they scrape and save for the education of their children. No one could assess their true financial value in a home and yet they, or most of them, will appear on the census cards as dependents.

They may be so financially, but who would be the dependent ones were mother to withdraw her physical and moral support from the family in disgust at being its worst paid unit? It isn't hard to guess.

It doesn't need a national register to show us how much Australia owes to its womenfolk, but the wealth census certainly shows us how much we haven't paid them.

—THE EDITOR.

She sang of our own wide, brown land

Dorothea Mackellar's poem cured our inferiority complex

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

AN unusual accident last week brought the name of poet Dorothea Mackellar into the news.

She collapsed in a city beauty parlor when the specialist in charge had a heart attack.

A few days previously Miss Mackellar had received an anti-tetanus injection after having been bitten by her pet dog.

Her medical adviser said she was not a good subject for anti-tetanus serum, and this may have contributed to her collapse in the beauty parlor.

I was reading the item on the way home in the train, and a girl sitting in the same seat and peeping over my shoulder at the news gave a tiny gasp of excitement.

"Is that Dorothea Mackellar?" she asked, referring to the news item.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Of course," she replied. "Everybody does." And that is true. Dorothea Mackellar is the Australian poet everybody knows of, and they know her especially for one poem, a burning, patriotic verse about our own country. Remember the lines in our schoolbooks?

"I love a sunburnt country,
A land of rugged plains,
Of rugged mountain ranges.
Of droughts and flooding rains.
"I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel sea,
Her beauty and her terror,
The wide brown land for me."

Glorious words about her own country. I can remember how they thrilled me when as a little country kid I first read them hidden among English poems about the wolds of Kent and the cliffs of Dover that I had never seen.

The lines sang in my head like a melody. Here was something I knew.

From my desk in the schoolhouse I could see out into the paddocks across the shimmering heat haze to the purple mountains on the far horizons.

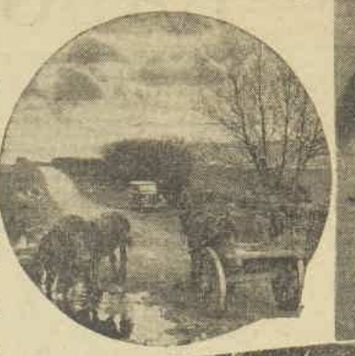
"Yes, the wide brown land for me." The words seemed like an act of faith in Australia.

Best-known verse

IF you ask the average Australian to-day to recite a piece of Australian poetry, it's ten to one he or she will begin with these words of Dorothea Mackellar's:

"Core of my heart my country,
Land of the rainbow gold . . .
For flood and fire and famine
She pays us back threefold."

Brave words, happy words, for a country which in the days in which the poem was written was suffering from a terrific inferiority complex.



IN CIRCLE: England's beauty, Dorothea Mackellar urged us to seek beauty at home. Lovely Australian scenes like the lower picture inspired Dorothea Mackellar's poem, "My Country."

Adam Lindsay Gordon had written about our country as having "scentless bright flowers and songless bright birds." All the books I could get to read about Australia dealt with conflicts and disaster, convicts, bushfires, and drought. It made me a little ashamed of the Australian scene.

But here was a woman making melody out of the melancholy landscape.

"You may sing of your leafy lanes of England," she said, "of your too green hills and your pocket-handkerchief farms, your chequer-board paddocks, but my love is for the sunburnt country."

The straggly old bush paddocks and the tired gum trees had a new significance for me from that day.

Here was a thrilling message for Australians . . . a melody of our own land which had caught some of the blazing vitality of our country. It was the answer to the nostalgics who sighed for lands they had never seen.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR, whose poem, "My Country," did much to cure our national inferiority complex. Last week she figured in an unusual accident, but has recovered.

It is said that Dorothea Mackellar, who is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Mackellar, was staying in the country when she got the inspiration for her poem.

It's a dangerous thing to forecast the future, but if there is one poem that will survive in our literature I think it is the verse or two I have quoted of Dorothea Mackellar's "My Country."

It was written when the third and fourth generations of Australians had arrived and were asking themselves, "To which country do I owe my first allegiance? The land of my forefathers I have never seen, some misty island in the Highlands, the rainy hills of Connemara, some English village hidden in the folds of the English hills, or this country of my own?"

Supplied the answer

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR supplied the answer in her stirring poem. Other poets have written in praise of Australia, but none has put our thoughts into such challenging and splendid music, the voice of a brave new world growing up and feeling that it had something to boast about.

The poet herself is the least boastful of persons. For years she has lived quietly in Sydney, her poems and novels her best spokesman. She is known to a wide circle of friends, but not to the public generally.

They know her only from her verses, those proud lines which have helped many a man and woman to a realisation of their Australianism . . . to a love of the wide brown land . . . the happy land that has swept to even a broader destiny than Dorothea Mackellar dreamed of when she wrote those beautiful lines.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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"Full steam A HEAD"

. . . a phrenological fantasy

How to capitalise on your bumps, if you're careful

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Did you read in the papers how an old gentleman of eighty-one got his job originally as the result of a phrenologist declaring that the bumps on his head showed that he was eminently suited to be a clerk?

I haven't noticed any eighty-one-year-old clerks in The Australian Women's Weekly office, but quite a few of them act that way. They realise that if they want to live to the age of 250 they must conserve their energy.

LOOK at me! Thirty-eight. Just a worn-out husk. All due to excessive zeal.

People who come to our office complain of the draught.

"Why, I felt a positive gust go past then!"

"That was our Mr. Lower going past."

"But I didn't see him!"

"No, madam. We have to use split-second photography to get a glimpse of him ourselves, and even then he's all blurred at the edges."

My grandfather says that this is the wrong attitude to take to trade and business matters. He says, "You orta say to yourself, calm-like, 'Now, is the buildin' on fire? No.

"'It is possible that goin' at too fast a pace along the corridor I might strain a fetlock, or slip and break me neck and be away from work for a coupla weeks. Is it worth it? No, it ain't. When you have a task to do, me lad, sit down and view it from all angles, and on lots of occasions, and if you consider it long enough, you'll find that in the interval somebody else 'as 'ad to do it. The trouble with you is you got too many lumps on your 'ead, me boy.'"

Wise words! Of course, my grandfather, even if he is practically lumpless on the head, has a great many wrinkles on his fore head.

Need for precision

WRINKLES are not a liability; they're an asset. Every washing day, Arburthnot—that's my grandfather—hires himself out as a washing-board to the neighbors. He just rests his chin on the edge of the wash-tubs, and the woman who's doing the washing rubs the things up and down on grandfather's forehead.

He makes quite a deal of pocket money that way, although at first business wasn't too brisk, as housewives complained that they had to boil the clothes all over again after using Arburthnot's forehead.

Now, through constant use, he has one of the cleanest foreheads in the district.

Professor Lower gives a demonstration of phrenology before an interested family gathering.

The only fault is that once a fortnight the family has to hold him down while one of us de-soaps his ears. We average about half a pound of soap to each ear. We have a large room full of soap-balls at our place now.

Reverting to phrenology and the bumps-on-the-head business. At present, phrenology is an inexact science.

If the lump is not in the correct place on the cranium, the child may grow up a weakling; yet, if the same lump is just one-sixteenth of an inch away, the boy would very likely become a brilliant politician.

From this it may be gathered that the skilled use of a tack-hammer on the dome or belfry (commonly known as the bean or nut) of the child; I assert again that if a light, two-pound hammer were used by a trained phrenologist just when its intelligence was budding, as it were (yes, I know! I know! But I can't turn back on this sentence) it would make for a much greater diversity of character and talent than has yet been revealed by our present slap-dash idea of tipping the kid out of its pram to land on its melon in the gutter, and you'll never get a really good bump without carefully mapping the skull first.

(Time off for a breather, ladies! Sentences like that are very exhausting).

For hundreds of years the head has been one of the principal parts of the body.

In many places of employment one can hear the awe-stricken whisper, "Look out! Here's the Head!"

Millinery aspect

COMING back again to the subject of bumps, or, as some will have it, lumps. I am of the opinion that, in some cases, these lumps or bumps as they are termed are quite unnecessary.

I know many people who should have dents or depressions instead, and when you meet someone with a well-defined bump of knowledge who can't even tell the time, it makes you think.

I am in favor of a perfect skull sloping slightly downwards towards the front like one of the better-class suburban fowl-houses, with a tarred surface about half an inch thick—sanded, of course.

A hat could be bolted on if required. I would suggest something like a kerosene tin sawn in half, or a smaller tin such as a treacle tin about three-quarters filled with good loam, well mulched with blood and bone fertiliser.

In this could be planted flowers in season or, for the more utilitarian, vegetables.

The idea is practical and cheap, besides having "that touch of Nature which makes the whole world spin." Or whatever it is.

It seems that I have progressed from phrenology to millinery. It is a natural progression. As one married woman said to another, "You've got to have a head to get a hat."

Never wear pink or any of the pastel shades if you are lop-eared. It shows Arrogance, Cunning, Jealousy, and a Latent Skill at Wood-Carving.

Self-inflicted lumps to go with the latest fashions are frowned upon, not to say scowled at.

For my part I never go to a phrenologist. I'm scared he might tell me my true vocation is blacksmithing, coalmining, or hod-carrying or something.

Ignorance is bliss, so I keep my hat on.

Why does she look so Young for her Years

IT'S hard to imagine her the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, for she's so astonishingly youthful. How does she manage to look ten to fifteen years younger than she really is?

She retains her youthful figure and radiant health by taking Bile Beans nightly. Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They ensure perfect digestion, keep the blood-stream pure, and health at concert pitch.

You, too, can rejuvenate—take years off your appearance—if you only remember to take Bile Beans every night.

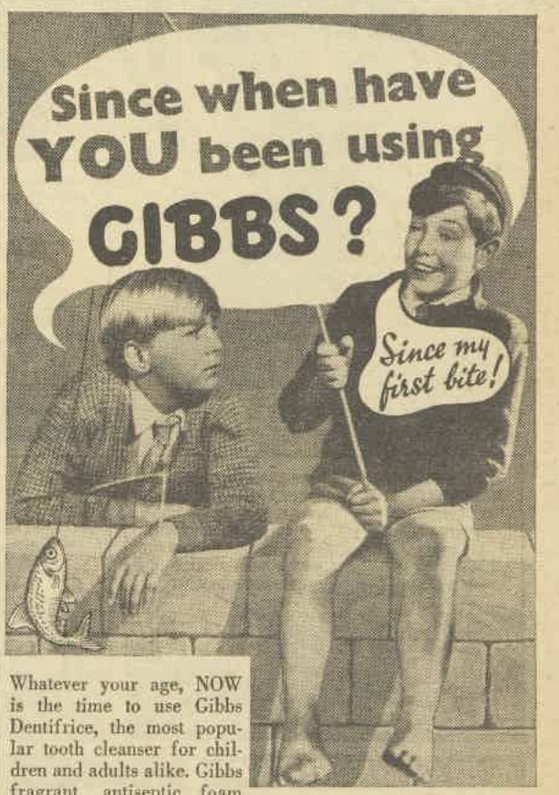
"Quite recently I was told by friends from abroad that I looked just as slim and youthful as I did when they left England ten years before. They were greatly impressed when told that I owed it all to Bile Beans. Bile Beans have reduced my weight by eighteen pounds and they keep me ever so fit."—Mrs. W. Ruddlesden.

* * *

"I cannot speak too highly of Bile Beans. They have given me a slim figure, made me youthful in appearance, and improved my health in a wonderful way."—Mrs. K. Pickets.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND YOUTHFUL



Whatever your age, NOW is the time to use Gibbs Dentifrice, the most popular tooth cleanser for children and adults alike. Gibbs fragrant, antiseptic foam penetrates, searches, cleans, polishes — so gently that there is no risk to delicate enamel. The teeth are left sparkling white, the mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical too — lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Small tins .. 1/- Large tins .. 1/6
Large refills .. 1/3

Write your name on your own tin!

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Double Life

Continued from Page 10

WAS he seeing her for the first time, wondering why he had fallen in love with her . . . wondering why he hadn't chosen a woman who would stay home, whose world would be her home, a woman with time for her children and her cooks, with time for her household, time to dress for dinner and assume the hostess role as easily as she slipped her frock over her head?

Was he thinking about this and wondering, forgetting their warm and secret ardor, unabated, always somehow new and fresh and enchanting . . . forgetting the early years, forgetting that far-away night, and the shabby roadhouse and the coffee smoking on the red-checked tablecloth?

But he hadn't been wondering, after all, because he said suddenly, "I don't know why it is, Cathy, your hair's a sight, you've a smudge on your nose, you smell, at the moment, exactly like a hospital, but you're still the most attractive woman I've ever seen."

That was Tim, unexpected and very dear. After that she could take up her routine, smiling, braced for her session with whatever horror the agency might next send, thankful that this morning, at least, she need not go to the hospital but could start out early on her calls.

His mention of the Haggertys recalled Elsie to her. She had seen her several times since the day of her headache . . . at the Haggertys' for dinner and here, during the evening. But Elsie did not come to the office as she had promised.

Eva Mallon had come to the office, flying in one day last week, breathless as usual.

"Not a social call, Angel, purely professional."

"What's the matter—if anything?"

"I think I'm to be a mother," said Eva. "Isn't that dreadful?"

"Brace up," said Catharine. "You have lovely children, and always seem so happy together."

"That's all very well," said Eva, sitting upright in the straight office chair, and shedding no tears. "This makes four. We can't afford them. Oh, I suppose we can . . . there's always something you can give up." She looked at Catharine with big grave blue eyes. "What in the world is one to do?" she asked. "Bert wants a family, lots of family. He has a sort of patriarchal obsession. He's delighted with me because I have had a family. But he's sore as can be if I give the children more attention than I give him. He's so inconsistent," she said wearily.

"You don't mean that," said Catharine quickly.

"No," said Eva, "I don't mean it; it's one of those things we all say." She rose and dropped her hand on Catharine's shoulder. "Thanks, anyway," she said, "and this time you're elected to be godmother."

She'd gone, driving with a reckless disregard of speed laws, life and limb, and Catharine had not seen her since.

The new agency find looked hopeful, a young red-cheeked country girl, sturdy as a pony and evidently very willing. She wasn't trained to wait on the table but she told Catharine eagerly she could learn. She swore that she could cook. "Not fancy things, Mrs. . . . . I mean Doctor Gregory . . . but plain things . . . before my mother died she was sick a long time and I took over the house." She added that she hoped Catharine would be patient with her and tell her what to do.

After her calls, thought Catharine, she could stop and buy a couple of uniforms. And possibly get home a little early to help Mary with the table-setting and give her a few simple instructions on waiting. Oh, she thought on her way to the garage, I hope she'll do—she looks reliable . . .

When she reached home there was a message that Mr. Gregory would not be home for dinner. He had been called to Boston.

Her office hours dragged on, people came in late, it was after five when she finished, and was called almost immediately to a child in the neighborhood. The diagnosis was measles. And as the youngster had been at a party a day or so before it meant that there would be plenty of measles before long.

She dined alone, seizing the opportunity to help Mary, to teach her what she could. She liked the girl, she seemed solid and amiable and she tried very hard. After her early dinner she went upstairs and played with the children for a little while. Then she went to her room and lay down with the book she had been trying to read for months. It was quiet in the house, and cool. It was pleasant lying there with the light on her book and the pillows against her back. She did this so seldom, it seemed an exciting novelty.

At eleven Tim had not returned. There would be just one more train, reaching Seward something after midnight. Around twelve Catharine went down to the kitchen and hunted in the ice-box. Milk and crackers and cheese and some left-over chicken. She was sitting at the kitchen table, her book propped against the milk bottle, when she heard his key in the lock.

She went to meet him, and he caught her in his arms. He smelled of clean brisk air, tobacco and good Scotch. He was, she saw instantly, terribly excited.

"What are you doing up . . .?"

"I've been reading; I was hungry and came down to find something to eat. Where in the world have you been? Why didn't you call me from Boston?"

"I couldn't talk about it over the phone; I had to see you." He went into the kitchen with her, his arm around her. "I'm starved. Talked so much at dinner that I didn't eat."

"Where'd you have dinner?"

"Parker House, with old Howard Lacey."

"Howard Lacey! You haven't seen him in years . . . How nice . . ." She was getting out more milk, more crackers. Tim watched her, smiling. His eyes were very bright, he looked like a man who had dropped a burden. Yet she hadn't been conscious that he felt himself under one.

"Why didn't you bring Howard home with you?" she demanded.

He sat down at the table, poured himself some coffee.

"He had to go to New York, then West again. He was just on to see his mother, she's been ill . . ."

"Oh, I'm sorry—" she told him, sitting down opposite him.

Tim said, "I haven't seen Howard since we were on that job together first year you and I were married. He's on leave now, Cathy—he's chief engineer on a big job—in Colorado——"

She said, smiling: "That's fine . . . I——"

But he broke in, urgently:

"He has a place for me. It's a good job, Cathy, it should last at least two years."

"But . . . in Colorado!" She looked at him, paling. "But that's insane, Tim, you couldn't!"

He pushed his cup aside, and folded his arms on the table.

"Couldn't? It's you that's insane, Cathy. It's my chance . . . not just another job . . . like these fiddling little jobs I've had for the last couple of years. This is a big one. And I'll be back where I belong. Cathy, can't you understand how I've missed the sort of thing I can get my teeth into . . .?"

"Darling," she told him instantly, "I do understand. But Colorado . . . to leave us, to leave me . . . for all that time. It just isn't possible . . .!"

"Leave you?" he said. His jaw tightened . . . "I'm not going to leave you, you little goof. You and the kids are coming with me. There isn't a heck of a lot of money in it, but it's three times what I've been getting. Enough to live on . . ."

She looked at him, stupefied. She couldn't believe that he'd said it. Yet he had. He was going; he'd made up his mind. And she was going with him.

Her lips felt stiff, brittle. She moved them carefully and spoke.

"Do you really mean that? Have you made up your mind?" she asked.

"Naturally," he answered, impatiently, "how could I afford to turn this down? Howard's right-hand man out there has had an accident. Oh, don't look at me like that! Accidents happen on every job. Howard came on to see the New York outfit, ran over to Boston to see his mother, thought of me, got hold of the Carstair office, found out where I was, and telephoned. It was as simple as that. Gosh, what a break!" he added exultantly . . . "the kids are going to be crazy about the West . . . You'll like it, too."

Please turn to Page 22

SUZY'S forward-tilting toque of frosty white grosgrain with witchery in the glowing violet veil and ribbon trim.

"B.O." *(Body Odour)* **Handicaps Romance**

"B.O." (Body Odour) is seldom suspected by the offender. *Never* take the risk of offending with this most serious social fault. Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its gentle lather, containing the famous health element, removes stale perspiration waste. Lifebuoy leaves the skin clear and naturally lovely because it is so mild. 6,000 tests by a leading Australian skin specialist proved Lifebuoy milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. *Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.*

2.410.15a

A LEVER PRODUCT

Middle age is when you most need energy

Most middle aged people know that feeling of being old beyond one's years . . . easily tired . . . no vigour or joy of living. It's not natural. A really fit middle aged person feels as youthful as ever!

If YOU don't then you need Wincarnis—the no-waiting tonic . . . the tonic that makes you feel better AFTER THE FIRST GLASS . . . gives you the will to recover.

Read this tribute: "I must write and tell you I was wasting away to a shadow, and my nerves were in bits. I couldn't eat or sleep for worrying. Then a doctor told me to get Wincarnis. I felt better at once. Presently my old strength came back, my high spirits and fun too. Now I look and feel years younger." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

The reason WINCARNIS rallies you so quickly is that it acts at once on the blood stream . . . gives it two kinds of vitamins essential to health. Wincarnis has received over 25,000 recommendations from medical men — because they know it rebuilds vitality . . . know that its rich extracts are even more effective because they are blended in choice Wine. Get Wincarnis — and get better — now! Remember, a long course is unnecessary. From all Chemists.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

BRIGHT BLACK . . .

● SMARTEST of accessories for bright black are black envelope bag and kid gloves saddle-stitched in white.

● A DISTINCTIVELY NEW FROCK of black crepe, with bracelet sleeve and long V neck-line bound with pique from which fall clumps of white porcelain berries. (Above).

● A STRIKING DINNER DRESS introducing the Javanese sarong effect in the brilliantly swathed long waist, with a full skirt of billowy tulle over taffeta. (Right).

"You can't always marry a peer,
To keep you in stockings — my dear
But don't be dismayed,
For Kayser are made,
They are Hose that are thrifty and SHEER!"

I prefer KAYSER "MIR-O-KLEER" hosiery — because I'm woman enough to appreciate a "luxury" stocking at a most reasonable price! Exquisite Sheers from 4/11 to 7/11 and sturdy Service Weights from 4/6 to 7/11.

I INSIST ON

KAYSER

HOSIERY — LINGERIE — GLOVES

H.93

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POLONAISE and . . .

for DAY

● BLUE WOOL suit after Schiaparelli—a Polonaise effect captured by the three wide tucks at the bottom of the longish jacket.

● TYPICALLY OLD-WORLD, with its skirt fullness flowing from a frilled bustle, and an uprush of snowy muslin at the neck.

● BALENCIAGA'S brown surah silk, with a bulky swathe round the hipline bunching into a bustle-like bow at the back.

● THE APRON FROCK, beloved of Paris, with the skirt fullness caught at the back with a lavish bow.

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. . . BUSTLE INFLUENCE

for NIGHT

● ROMANTIC GOWN of deep dahlia faille, with ultra feminine ruffles outlining hem, apron and Winterhalter neckline.

● DRAMATIC POLONAISE silhouette by Balenciaga. In leaf-green tie silk, with fashion details that make it smart to turn your back.

● SCHIAPARELLI adapts the Polonaise line for a dinner gown of black satin spotted with red.

● RUSTLING FLORAL TAFFETA, with a manifest bustle that ripples almost to the hemline. By Schiaparelli.

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Sketched by PETROV

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

1 PARIS to-day is nipping in waists. Boned waist-bands pull in some of the skirts, while others are disciplined with a wide sash or tucked corselet.

Smartest accessory is the wide patent leather belt, five to six inches in front and narrowing on the sides to two or three inches.

It laces down the front like a gipsy corselet, and worn over "little-girl" frocks it is very youth-making.

2 WHITE PIQUE GLOVES are very popular for wear with plain dark-colored linen or wool suits. They are usually sold with matching flower, belt and up-standing collar finished with a neat bow.

3 LARGE SIGNET RINGS with the crest cut in cornelian, agate, jade or bloodstone, such as were worn by the Regency bucks, are part of every smart Parisienne's afternoon ensemble these days.

Sometimes measuring an inch in length and half an inch across such rings are usually worn on the first finger of the right hand and are considered particularly chic for bridge-party wear when they show up to great advantage.

4 BELOW-THE-KNEE BLOOMERS for beachwear and cycling, like plus-fours, but a trifle more baggy. In gay colors. Worn without stockings.

5 FRINGE, sometimes a yard and a half in length, is decorating satin evening frocks. It is caught loosely at the waist with a wide gold leather belt.

Tennis is my Number One Pastime, and No. 1 BLOCK is my Number One Chocolate.

No. 1 BLOCK "FRUIT AND NUT" —one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is Mac-Robertson's famous "Extra Cream" chocolate with delicious toasted nuts and choicest raisins. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Old Gold", "Extra Cream" and "Nut Milk" — all in the smart new packs.

MacRobertson's NO. 1 BLOCK CHOCOLATE

THE S-M-O-O-T-H-EST EVER MADE

THRILLING AID FOR WOMEN'S SKIN!

'SKIN-VITAMIN A' now in Pond's Creams

Lady Ursula Stewart

"This new development in beauty creams is marvellous. Thanks for putting the 'skin-vitamin' into Pond's Creams."

To-day Pond's Creams bring you extra beauty care! Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin", vitamin A, which is essential to skin health and beauty. Every time you use Pond's, you cream this precious vitamin right onto your skin.

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. To make your complexion thrillingly radiant, clear and smooth, use these two creams every night and morning. During the day, too, whenever you change your make-up.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 2½ times as much.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS — *the active "skin-vitamin"*

"THOSE WE LOVE." *The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's . . . every Thursday at 8 p.m. on 3CR, 2GZ, 3DB-LK, 4-BK-AK, 6IX-WB, THT; at 7.45 p.m. on 3SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 5AD-MO-PI-SE; every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2KO.*

FREE! *Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin". Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL (Brunette) ( ) *LIGHT CREAM NATURAL*
SUNTAN (Dark Brunette) ( ) *(Rose Cream)*
LIGHT NATURAL
ROSE BRUNETTE ( ) *(Naturelle)*

POND'S DEPT. X (1), Box 1131J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

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TAILORED or TOUSLED

LONDON likes a variety of hair styles to suit different occasions and so takes to the "bolster" hair-do. It's an obliging style — the hair can be kept in smooth control or combed into profuse curls.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London.

ABOVE: The "bolster" hair-do with the bolster fringe combed out into a profusion of soft curls which fall in careless array from the top of the head down over the forehead. Suitable for evening wear.

CENTRE: Showing a formal arrangement of the "bolster" fringe in which the hair is combed across the top of the head and formed into a thick roll on top of the forehead. The hair at sides and back is combed upwards.

TOP LEFT: Another view of the formal "bolster" style, showing how the roll is arranged across the forehead and how the side hair is rolled upwards off the ears towards top of head.

ANOTHER lovely hair style in which the hair is worn fairly short and is combed upwards all round in soft waves. The top and front pieces form soft rolls across the top of the forehead. A flattering evening wear coiffure.

LONDON, July 4.

THE bolster fringe, rolling off the forehead by day and combed into a confusion of fluffy curls by night, is a new hair style which is going to the heads of fashionable women.

Designed by a leading London and Paris hair stylist, it represents a revolt against the Pompadour, which was unmanageable for the modern out-of-doors life, and is a compromise with the Edwardian, which proved so popular but lost-out through the constant attention it required.

Named Variete by the stylist, because it incorporates two entirely different coiffures to suit day and evening clothes, it requires a minimum of attention and suits the prevailing demand for short hair.

The Edwardian, although admirably adapted to present millinery trends, like the Pompadour, never really acquired whole-hearted approval because it required the hair to be cut in varying lengths, which gave little scope for change.

Worn natural

WITH the bolster fringe the hair is worn four inches long all the way round, and for sports and informal occasions can be combed out naturally without looking undressed.

For afternoon wear the tailed "bolster" is rolled under to stand up and away from the forehead, the sides being taken up in a soft wave which eventually rolls round to join the hair swept up and across at the back.

This gives the upward sweep off the nape of the neck which was such a charming feature of the Edwardian style.

A little careful combing of the bolster fringe gives that tousled, youthful air so decoratively effective with evening clothes. Under the comb the bolster breaks up into separate little wisp curls spreading completely over the top of the head and falling well over the forehead.

The picture at lower left shows another arrangement suitable for evening wear. In this coiffure the hair, which is fairly short, is simply combed upwards all round and formed into soft undulations. The side, top, and forehead pieces are arranged so as to form soft rolls across the top of the forehead.

GOODBYE..GREY HAIR!

Years drop off your age when the grey hair goes

THE grey in your hair is not wanted—nor is it one of those evils that must be endured— any more! This inexpensive home treatment brings back the NATURAL colour to any hair — blonde, brunette or auburn. If it was auburn — to auburn it returns . . . if it was black — black it becomes and so on. There is NO repulsive off-shade appearance — for this natural home treatment is *not* a dye, and it is as simple to use as it is effective in treatment.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with one ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce Glycerine and one half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful.

ORLEX COMPOUND

Nicholson's
"THE MUSICAL FIRM"
416 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY
(Between King & Market Sts.)

Generous Trade-in allowances arranged. Telephone our Radio Department, MA6021.

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You do get extra brilliant whites

– BECAUSE THE NEW RINSO SUDS ARE EXTRA RICH !

Here's WHY New Improved RINSO gets whites whiter!

LAZY-BUBBLE SUDS—the big, flimsy suds you get with ordinary washing products. Loose, weak, full of air—they burst and fade away in no time.

FINE-BUBBLE NEW RINSO SUDS—rich, long-lasting suds that stay piled high until every trace of dirt is removed. Each bubble is small—contains less air, more real washing help.

It takes good rich suds to get clothes really clean—and the New Rinso suds are richer than any you've ever used before! That's why New Rinso washes are extra white! And with the New Improved Rinso you get *more* than a wonderfully white wash—you get hours more leisure and absolute freedom from hard work. You get absolute safety, too, for all "light" washing—colours come up fresh and bright, silks and woollens stay lovely as new.

Your hands—really safe in EXTRA-MILD NEW RINSO SUDS

There's absolutely nothing in the New Rinso's rich, *gentle* suds that could harm the most sensitive skin. No more sore hands or brittle, easily-broken nails—your hands are as safe as if you did your whole weekly wash with your favourite complexion soap.

WHITES Sparkling! Snowy!

COLOURS Fresh! Brilliant!

SILKS and WOOLLENS Soft! Like New!

FAMOUS RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL IMPROVED . . . . NO SOAKING NEEDED NOW!

Look for the BIG NEW PACKET

Rinso GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS

A LEVER PRODUCT

A.306.85

It's such a SMART KNITTED

THE ideal cold-weather pullover — easy to knit and flattering to wear. Start it now!

BROWN and maize with a touch of green are the colors used in knitting this attractive pullover. The main portion is knitted in maize wool with the contrasting yoke in brown and edged in green.

The high neck and long sleeves are cosy and the design is not at all difficult to do.

Here are the knitting directions:

Materials required: Sun-glo shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, 7oz., shade No. 2185 (maize), 1oz., shade No. 2123 (brown), 1oz., shade No. 2137 (green), 1 pr. No. 9 needles, 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles, 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 32 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, maize; br., brown; g, green.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and m. wool cast on 88 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3½ inches, and working 1st row into back of sts. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K.
2nd Row: K 2, p 2, to end of row.
3rd Row: K.
4th Row: P 2, k 2, to end of row.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 96 sts. When work measures 12 inches, change to br. wool and continue in pattern, shaping armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and m. wool cast on 92 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 40, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 40.
2nd Row: (K 2, p 2) 10 times, k 2, p 8, k 2, (p 2, k 2) 10 times.
3rd Row: K 40, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 40.
4th Row: (P 2, k 2) 10 times, k 2, p 8, k 2, (k 2, p 2) 10 times.

Repeat last 4 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 100 sts. When work measures 12 inches join br. wool and continue in pattern, keeping the 12 centre sts. in m. wool. Shape armholes as for back. When armholes measure 4½ inches shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 30 sts. (leave on spare needle); cast off 8 sts., work 30 sts. Continue on last 30 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and m. wool cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 84 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles and m. wool, pick up and k 119 sts. around neck. Work 107 sts. in rib of k 1, p 1, and purl the 12 centre sts. for 5 inches. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on front of jumper. Using double g. wool embroider around yoke as shown in illustration.

THIS unusually smart pullover is knitted in maize with contrasting yoke pieces in brown and edged with green wool. Instructions for knitting on this page.

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE

WW2941.—School tunic. 8 to 16 years. Requires: 2¼yds. to 3¾yds., 36ins. wide, or 1⅞yds. to 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2942. — Chic for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 5⅜yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2 9 4 3. — Shirred evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6¾yds. to 7½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2 9 4 4. — Sophisticated mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2 9 4 5. — Slimmaking coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. fur fabric. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2946.—Draped style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2947. — Bodice and skirt fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. for draperies. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Special Concession Pattern

THREE SMART FROCKS FOR BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS—

Sizes: 12-14, 14-16, and 16-18 years, or 32, 34, and 36-inch bust. No. 1 requires: 4 3-8yds., 36ins. wide, and 3-8 yd. contrast. No. 2 requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide, for frock, 1½yds. for bolero, and 3-8yd. contrast. No 3 requires: 3¼ yds., 36ins. wide, for frock, and 1yd. lace.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

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COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

NATIONAL REGISTER CENSUSES

17th to 29th JULY, 1939.

Every Male Person aged 18 and under 65 years must obtain and furnish a Personal Card.

Every Person, irrespective of sex or age (including corporate bodies and the agents of persons overseas), who owns or holds on trust Property of a value not less than £500 must obtain and furnish one or more Property Cards.

Cards, pre-addressed Envelopes, and Instruction Sheets will be available on demand at all Post Offices from the 17th July to 29th July, 1939, inclusive.

PENALTY: A person failing to send in the required form or forms, or knowingly making a false statement therein, is liable to a maximum penalty of £50, or 3 months' imprisonment, or both.

ROLAND WILSON,
Commonwealth Statistician.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moone's Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.***

Double Life

Continued from Page 14

SHE said slowly, "You can't actually believe that I could come with you?"

His face darkened, his brows grew together. He said, "What do you mean by that? Of course you're going with me. You're my wife!"

"I'm your wife, yes. But I have my profession, my practice."

"Oh, that—" He made a slight, dismissing gesture. "I supposed you'd argue that out with me. But there isn't any argument, really. Two years, Cathy. I might not be able to get back. If I got a vacation it would be short, and it's an expensive trip. Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you'd let me go alone?"

"Tim, what else can I do?" she whispered, and the tears rose in back of her eyes, burning them, spilling over, running down her cheeks. Her mouth shook, utterly out of control.

"You could practise out there just as well," he told her.

"I'm not licensed to practise there . . . I'd have to take the State examinations——"

"Well, what's so hard about that?" he demanded.

"It isn't that. Don't you see, my work is here, Tim, how can you be so—so stupid," she cried at him, in anger and resentment. "I gave up the work I was doing to come with you to Seward and establish myself. I've struggled and fought and worked to get a foothold. I belong here. I can't pull up stakes and move on, hang up a shingle for a year or two and then move on again, heaven knows where."

"Other wives have given up their work," he told her, "and gone with their husbands. Look at Dorothy Blair."

"She was a business woman," said Catharine in despair. "Is there no difference in your mind? It was a sacrifice for her, Tim . . . she was doing very well in the advertising field in Boston. But she would have an opportunity in San Francisco, she hoped, almost as good. But that's so different. I'm a doctor . . . a professional woman."

He asked, "Then you put your profession above me?"

"You've never talked like this before," she said, twisting her hands together. "Tim, for heaven's sake, try to see it my way. When I met you my life was planned for me. I had work I loved, with a man who understood all it meant to me. I had an opportunity to go on, to do the things I wanted to do. If I had stayed with Doctor Edwards it would have been only a matter of time and experience before I would have achieved something. But I didn't stay. I came with you and made my life over. I have fought hostility in this town, I have broken my heart over it. I've led not one but four lives . . . I've been your wife, your housekeeper and the mother of our children. I've managed that and my profession, too. I've had my cake and eaten it, too, Tim . . . been your wife, gone on with my profession. Before we were married there was never any question of my giving it up. I can't give it up now."

"Then I'm to turn down my big chance," he demanded, his eyes blazing, "and plod along, taking whatever comes . . . so you can go on being Doctor Gregory, doing the major supporting c? the family . . . is that it?"

She said, low, despairingly, "How was I to know you felt like this?"

"Well, I do," he told her, "and if you had an ounce of intuition you would have known it all along. Good Lord, Catharine, a wife isn't just a woman who orders meals! She's part of a man, she works for him, not against him. She makes his career her own . . . If you don't come West with me I'll understand that you aren't willing to be my wife."

She said, painfully:

"We should never have married . . . yet it took us nearly ten years to find it out!"

He uttered a short and ugly word and she winced. It was so unlike him. She didn't mind ugly words especially, she had heard them all, from medical school days to ambulance service . . . but this wasn't Tim.

She said, "Oh, darling, what's happened to us? Why couldn't we have foreseen this?"

"How could we?" he answered slowly. "We were crazy about each other . . . I thought, there's always compromise . . . I didn't dream that you . . . In those days I thought there'd always be work, that I could pick and choose. That some day I'd have my own offices as consulting engineer. Now I'll have to take what offers if it's in Colorado or Alaska or Russia for that matter."

She said, hopelessly:

"I suppose so . . ."

"And you've made up your mind?" he asked her steadily.

"Tim, I can't let my profession down," she told him. "I can't let my patients down. It isn't that they couldn't get along without me, I suppose they can. But I cannot get along without them, I cannot live without my work."

She pushed back her chair and rose, and he rose, too. He said, staring at her:

"By heaven, I don't understand you. I thought you were a woman!"

"Am I any less a woman," she asked miserably, "because I have taken an oath and an obligation?"

"All you're telling me," he said, "is that your profession comes first . . ."

She was silent for a moment. Then she cried desperately, "If only there was a way to make you understand I love you. I've loved you from the first moment I saw you. There's never been anyone else, there couldn't be. I—I would die for you to-morrow," she said humbly, "if it would make things any easier for you. But my profession is bigger than I am, Tim."

There was a pause, then he said, "Well, there's no use sitting here all night. You're shivering."

She moved mechanically, putting things in the ice-box. Baked funeral meats . . . funeral of life, of love, of companionship. All these years she had lived on the edge of an abyss, and had not known it. They had been strangers to each other, and had not known it. Not until to-night.

Later, in their bedroom:

"Tell me about the job," she said dully.

He told her briefly that it would be the biggest project he'd ever undertaken, hard, long, possibly dangerous. A job he could work at with everything in him. Howard Lacey was a really fine man. They'd get along well together.

"Is his wife with him?"

"Sure," said Tim, "she's out there, and the kid. . . ."

Presently they lay, wakeful, the width of a night table between their beds. The night was black and starshot beyond the open windows. It was cold. There was a smell of apples. . . .

They had talked and gone on talking. They had lost their tempers and shouted. They had been humble and asked for forgiveness.

"Cathy——?"

He got out of bed, and went over to sit on the edge of hers. He said, "Your hands are like ice, darling."

He lay down beside her and took her into his arms. He said, stifled, "You can't leave me, Cathy——"

"It's you," she said, weeping, "it's you——"

"No."

She clung to him desperately. She said, "I can't let you go——"

"Yet you won't come with me?"

"No——"

"Oh, hush," he said savagely, "why do we quarrel when we love each other! You love me, I know it, I can't doubt it, even now. . . . We have so much, Cathy, we can't give it up, everything we've shared, all there is between us. We can't give it up, you crazy little fool, don't you know that——?"

Night was an interlude, an interval between dark and dawn. . . . The sun rose, the world was unchanged, between herself and Tim there had arisen an unaltering resentment, and nothing was solved.

BEFORE breakfast Alice Richards, the hospital receptionist, called her to say her mother had "taken a turn for the worse," and would she come at once? She drank, in the kitchen, a scalding cup of coffee, gave Mary hurried instructions, and called upstairs to Tim that she was leaving, and she did not know when she would be back. His answer reached her muffled by the roar of the shower.

Driving to the Richards', she found that her mind was not intent upon her patient, the old, resigned woman, dying by degrees, but upon her own immediate problem. If Tim thought he could solve it by taking her in his arms, by drugging her with love!

She resented that, savagely, resented her own acquiescence, her eagerness to grasp at a momentary respite from thought and decision. As long as the world existed, she thought unhappily, there would be the rosy clouding of vital issues, this escape into brief oblivion for two who loved each other. She could not prevail upon him through sheer honesty or force him to comprehension by the integrity of her mind and spirit.

AND it was altogether likely, she concluded, stepping the car at the Richards' modest door, that Tim resented last night as much as she . . . for purely masculine reasons.

She went up the steps of the brown frame house and Alice opened the door, her face streaked with pitiful tears. She cried, "I'm so glad you've come!"

It was worth everything, the reliance they had upon her, these people, the way they turned to you, looked to you for help. But you couldn't help, not always; you had to fail them, she thought, following Alice up the stairs. And a moment later, completing her examination of the quiet grey woman, she knew that she had failed, that anyone must fail, that the enemy was the stronger and perhaps the more merciful.

She stayed, doing what she could to make the last difficult step easier; she closed the tired eyes and busied herself with the living, telephoning for Alice's brother to come on from Boston, sending for Alice's closest friend in Seward, a young married woman, to come and be with her. It was late when she left, going out into the clear sunny air of life, leaving death and drawn shades behind her.

Losing a patient was always a great grief to her. On this case the patient was lost before ever she laid hands upon her, but it did not make things any easier. She returned home, dispirited, to find that Tim had driven Peter to school and left word with Mary that he had to go to New York and would not return until the following day. No note, nothing personal, just the bare message.

"You look tired," said Mary timidly, "shall I make you some more coffee, nice and fresh? You didn't eat a bite at breakfast."

Sitting there, grateful for the girl's company and thought for her, Catharine looked out at the zinnias still bravely blooming and tried not to think of Tim. New York? To make his final arrangements? How final? she thought, dully.

There was no compromise here and no solution. Either she had to go with him or she must stay. And she knew that she must stay.

In the afternoon during her office hours Elsie Haggerty came in. She asked as Catharine opened the door, "Many people waiting?"

"Two ahead of you," Catharine told her.

"I'll wait. . . . I've got to see you, Cathy, I've been getting up the courage for some time. I drove three times around the block before I came in."

To be continued

As pretty as a picture

AND THESE PICTURES SHOW YOU HOW—

—YOU CAN HAVE A LOVELY 'SET' AT HOME

Sit down in front of your mirror and follow the *full* easy directions enclosed with Amami Wave Set. Quickly you will have lovely deep, broad waves! Fascinating little curls! Amami Wave Set is *non-oily*, non-sticky, non-powdery. Get a bottle now: STANDARD in the Green Carton, SPIRITOUS in the Yellow Carton.

Amami WAVE SETS

If unable to obtain Amami Products, please write to: *Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt St., Sydney.*

SHAMPOO in luxury!

For fresh, fragrant, lovely hair, shampoo *regularly* with Amami—the luxury shampoo. Amami No. 1 for Brunettes. Amami No. 5 for Blondes.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT ★

He hardly eats a thing

You spend hours cooking a tasty dinner and your husband just picks at it. Don't blame your cooking—and don't blame your husband. When the rush and strain of modern life plays havoc with digestion, appetite goes and stomach trouble begins.

De Witt's Antacid Powder kills excess stomach acid, quickly stops after-meal pain, builds up a sound digestion and restores healthy appetite.

Here is convincing proof:—

"I have been afraid to eat my favourite pudding because it gave me awful heartburn, but since I have been taking De Witt's Antacid Powder I eat anything I fancy. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to all who would like to eat things but are afraid to," writes Mr. A. G. Holmes, Lithgow, New South Wales.

De Witt's Antacid Powder did a fine job for Mr. Holmes. This new-principle, triple-action remedy will do the same for every indigestion sufferer. Enjoy *every* meal . . . take—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence or Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

MANDRAKE'S PAL

FOR a week I had been teaching a fifth-grade class about Luther, and the following Monday asked one lad who he was and why he was remembered.

Without hesitation the boy answered: "The chap who goes round with Mandrake. His job is to do any fighting that has to be done."

Seeing my dumbfounded expression, he added: "You know, those two chaps in the Women's Weekly. They're great!"

Although in despair over his history I was in agreement with him as to the "chaps."

10/6 to Mrs. W. H. Newton, Curramore, via Maleny, Qld.

MILLION TO ONE CHANCE

LOSING a valuable gold pencil given him by his wife, my brother advertised for it extensively without result. He had given up hope of recovering it when his employers, a firm of silk merchants, received a letter from a Fremantle firm, stating that, while unpacking a shipment from Melbourne, a gold pencil had been found sewn up in a bale.

My brother had supervised the sewing up of several bales, and in bending over had evidently dislodged the pencil from his vest pocket!

2/6 to Miss Nancy Mortley, Belmont Ave., Glen Iris, Vic.

KILLED "THE SNAKE"

IT was 9.30 p.m., and when I answered a knock on the door a young man asked for the loan of a spade to kill a snake.

This seemed strange in a busy suburban street, so we all watched. The young man, who had left a girl friend to keep an eye on the "snake," made a mighty chop, and then there were roars of laughter.

The "snake" was an old tyre from a child's bicycle.

2/6 to Mrs. Campbell, Pine St., Randwick, N.S.W.

BEGINNERS' LUCK

"SON OF MINE" was my pet name for my only son; my husband's was "Father's Heir."

Consequently when we came across two racehorses with those names we decided to put £1 on Son of Mine and the winnings (if any) on Father's Heir.

Both won, and we received well over £100, which we placed to our boy's credit in the Savings Bank.

That was years ago, but we have not had a bet since.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Colbun, Heidelberg, Vic.

TRAM HOLD-UP

AFTER seeing my husband off to work I noticed that he had left his tobacco on the table, and rushed out the gate, thinking I would catch him before he got into his tram.

The tram, however, had arrived at the stopping place, but the driver, seeing me running, held the tram.

Much to everybody's amusement, I calmly walked up and gave my husband his tobacco.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Hudson, McLean St., Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

THE LAST PATCH

UNCLE'S best-loved trousers were so ancient that aunt grew tired of patching and darning them.

"This is the last time I'll mend them. After this you'll have to throw them away," she said firmly, and got out her rag-bag.

Next day work on the station was held up while the men stared at uncle.

In the seat of his trousers was displayed a large patch of cretonne, in a cheery design of roses and green leaves.

2/6 to Miss Jean Bull, The Range, Toowoomba, Qld.

When a "gunman" wanted to sell his gun

TRAGI - COMEDY IN THE GULF COUNTRY

SOME years ago I used to travel from Port Augusta to Cook, on the transaustralian railway, as postmaster and Commonwealth Savings Bank agent.

On the down trip I was accompanied by the railway pay clerk, whose duty it was to pay all the railway men along the line.

Between the two of us we usually carried about £3000 in notes and silver, and were supplied with firearms, the railway clerk "packing" a revolver, and I an automatic pistol, with which I could shoot reasonably straight.

We made the trip fortnightly and on one of these journeys we pulled into Wocolla siding, where the stationmaster paid us a visit and informed us that there were two desperate criminals from the West in the locality. They had arrived that afternoon by the express, having "jumped the rattler," and the S.M. had beeen asked by the police at the Port Augusta end to keep them under surveillance and advise which train they left on.

On receiving this information I immediately inspected my automatic, but to my dismay the mechanism jammed, and just as I had it nicely to pieces, on the office table, in full view of anyone at the counter, in walked two men.

I knew the pay clerk, who was behind me, would have his revolver ready, but as he was a terrible shot, and would be more likely to "drill" me than the intruders, I sat transfixed, hoping he would not get panicky.

Without indulging in any formalities, one of the intruders calmly produced a revolver above the counter, and presented it in what seemed an extremely businesslike manner.

I must have presented a terror-stricken picture, but when the tension was at its worst one of the men asked, "Is this any good to you chaps? I'll sell it to you for a 'quid.'"

"I'll sell it to you for a 'quid'," he said.

When I realised what was happening I snatched the revolver from his grasp and forced a pound note into his hand.

That was the last I saw of the men, and I was so flabbergasted that, much to the disgust of the police, I was not able to give them descriptions of the men.

£1/1/- to Pat L. Tilgner, Port Elliot, S.A.

What a day!

IT was Anniversary Day in Wellington, New Zealand, and seven of us, four adults and three children, decided on a picnic to Butterfly Creek.

Approaching the stream the children ran ahead and one of them tripped, almost impaling herself on a manuka stake. She fainted.

Later, one of the women, not a good swimmer, was paddling in the stream, when she found herself out of her depth. She opened her mouth to scream. Instead she filled it with water and sank, and was only got ashore with difficulty.

After lunch another child got her foot wedged between the slats of a bridge and a hole had to be cut with a dinner knife to free her.

When we had settled down again we were informed that the King had died.

On reaching home I discovered that my safe had been rifled of eggs meat, butter, bacon and fruit.

2/6 to Miss D. McKenzie, Huia Rd., Day's Bay, Wellington, N.Z.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Just in time

RIDING to school on a railway fettler's trolley, we were approaching a bend in a narrow cutting when I saw a goods train bearing down on us.

With a cry of horror I jumped clear with the fettler and almost simultaneously the train hit the trolley, smashing it to pieces, some of which struck me on the knee as I lay half stunned in the cutting.

The blow put my knee out of joint, but the fettler escaped with bruises.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Cronk, Daniel St., Nambour, Qld.

Lucky shot

DURING a lull in cutting timber my brother went away after pigeons and, in his absence, I fell asleep against a tree.

Suddenly I was awakened and, glancing up, saw a huge, dry limb about to fall. As I sprang away it crashed down on the spot where I had been seated.

It transpired that my brother had been following the pigeons from tree to tree without getting a shot, and when they worked back to where I had been asleep he decided to have a flying shot at them.

That shot awakened me and saved my life.

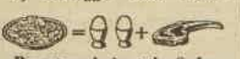
2/6 to Robert F. Ball, Esmond St., Lismore, N.S.W.

"That flavour of KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES is a knockout!"

— say all the Hughes family after making Kellogg's* Blindfold Test!

* 403 Australians have now made Kellogg's Blindfold Test. These include such famous taste authorities as Wine Judges, Tea Experts, Champion Cooks, highly-paid Chefs and scores of Australian families. All taste four popular breakfast cereals whilst blindfolded. (Each cereal is referred to by number only.) Then they are asked to vote for the one that tastes best. It's amazing, but true!—403 out of 403 votes have gone to Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Scientific Proof of the Great Energy Giving Power of Kellogg's Corn Flakes



Recent analysis at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.

HEARD KELLOGG'S THRILLING NEW RADIO SERIAL?

"HOWIE WING"—A Saga of Aviation. "Howie Wing" is sponsored by Kellogg's over a nationwide broadcast every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at Stations 2CH, 2KO, 4BK-AK-IP, 7.30 p.m. 2GZ, 2LM, 2TM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-MU-PI-SE, 6IX-WB, at 6.45 p.m. 7BT, 7.45 p.m.

Kellogg's also present "Hollywood Dick"—*the real low-down on Hollywood by candid cables hot from Hollywood, every Monday night at 8.15 p.m.*, over stations 2CH, 2GZ, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, 3SR and 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

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VITA·BRITS

will help you make scores of delicious dishes

for MORNING. NOON and NIGHT

TRY THIS FOR LUNCH

Vita-Brit Grilled Cheese

4 Vita-Brits — 4 oz. Cheese — 2 Dessertspoons Milk — ½ oz. Butter — Salt — Cayenne — Mustard. Split the Vita-Brits through the centre with a saw-edged knife or a sharp knife dipped in boiling water, and toast. Melt the butter and add grated cheese, milk and flavours. Spread Vita-Brits with butter and then the cheese mixture. Place under a hot griller and cook slowly until golden brown.

FOR A DINNER SWEET

Vita-Brit Fruit Betty

Apples — Crumbled, Vita-Brits — Sugar — Butter — Cinnamon. Prepare fruit and cut up. Put in pudding dish alternate layers of fruit and crumbled Vita-Brits. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over the fruit and dot with butter. Add a little water and cook in a moderate oven until the fruit is tender. Serve with sweet sauce or custard.

AND FOR BREAKFAST—

Vita-Brits are ready to serve

Just as they come from the packet—golden whole wheat, roasted, toasted and pressed into crisp "biscuits" of goodness —Vita-Brits are delicious. Try them with hot or cold milk . . . with stewed or fresh fruit . . . spread with butter or honey . . . with cream or jam . . . with golden syrup or maple syrup or just toasted and buttered.

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An Utterly New Man

A fatal accident to a film star on location had an amazing sequel . . .

The company moved forward in a body . . . there was Burt Hillson, in his costume for the scene, sprawled half sideways on the hard, hot earth.

THE film colony was astounded when it finally realised how Lance D'alroy had changed. He was, said Lotta Carlisle, an utterly new man. Everyone agreed. Twelve months ago Lance had made his friends sick with dread—or hope—for the crash that seemed so imminent. The producer tore his hair for temperamental displays, delays, moods, debauches, and hold-ups for back salary and higher pay, and the servants employed by Lance in his lovely Mexican-style home were driven to dislike him intensely. Then . . . he changed, subtly and imperceptibly at first. It was like one of those miracles of redemption picturised on the screen.

The girl who first fell in love with Lance's handsome looks, then fell out of love because of his discovered unscrupulousness and untruths, fell in love again with his changed character. Nor could she understand it. He was even kind to the dogs on his place, and went out of his way to speak to adoring youngsters begging autographs. It was just as though money and fame, achieved almost overnight, had piled a heap of rubbish on the real man, then, almost overnight, the rubbish had been shifted away. By what? Nobody knew. Men found out, after some natural doubt, that he was actually to be trusted. Women discovered that his gentle manner when off the screen was truly and honestly his own. The rubbish of his temporary evil and unscrupulousness had gone.

Lena, the girl who loved him, was not an actress, but the daughter of one, he not a star, but an elderly gentleman whose consistently authentic acting had won him an almost unbroken series of contracts.

DISILLUSION

The strolling minstrel sang his song,
Romantic, young, he told of Life,
Nor saw her wondering eyes go dim.
"Love," he sang, "can never die;
Love is sweet, and bravely gay."
His carefree voice fell silent then.
She had turned her face away.
—E.P.

She had no "glamor," but much sweetness of disposition, and her grace of intellect was matched by her mind which had long ago learned to value naturalness above artificiality, of which she saw so much in the strange world of film-creation. She had clear skin, nice teeth, and dark lashes that gave beauty to her grey eyes. One night, when watching her fiance intently, and thanking Providence for the change in him, she received a small shock. They had just become engaged and it was the night of the big party given in her honor at Lance's bungalow.

The change in him, she realised, had commenced to show after returning from location in Texas where, of course, Lance had not been required to manage a hot-eyed buckjumper entering into the story being filmed. His shadow had been with him, a reputed and tested rider of outlaws. The shadow was Lance's double, and an accepted state of affairs in the movie-world. The many acrobatic and heroic deeds required of just one actor made shadows, or doubles, essential. The two men were amazingly alike, and the make-up, hair-cut, clothing, and copied mannerisms completed the likeness almost to absurdity. Lance was paler, a trifle thinner, more languid, and smoother of speech than Burt Hillson, and Lance had a small mole behind one ear.

On location, just as almost the last exterior shot of "Desert Saga" was ready for the cameramen, drama and confusion stepped in to pale the fiction by forcing hard fact on those about. Burt and Lance were some distance away in the dazzling sunlight, idling a waiting ten minutes by several Wild West tricks including horse and saddle. Unease began to spread through the minds of those staring into the golden distance. Lance had dismounted after a few moments from the half-wild horse, and Burt was in the saddle, having trouble with the brute. Suddenly Lance was knocked aside and the horse went mad, apparently, rearing, lashing out, hurling itself about as if prodded by invisible daggers. The

By . . . NEIL SANDS

pounding of hoofs coincided with the approach of the maddened animal, and as the company scattered away from the cameras in sick alarm the wild horse and its rider hurtled past them—but only a yard or two, for Burt was thrown with a sickening, scraping crunch to the ground, and the animal went on. The company moved forward again in a body . . .

There was Burt Hillson, in his costume for the scene, made up brightly for the camera, never to take his picture again. He lay sprawled half sideways on the hard, hot earth, the shadow of his hat throwing dimness on his rigid face. He was dead. A girl, tense for a moment, screamed, and the sound cut through the hot stillness, galvanising everyone into action, not, this time, to be filmed.

Lance arrived from the distant spot in the silence to stand looking down in horror at his shadow, his own face not much less livid under the paint. The dead man was taken gently away.

On with the scene! Lance went on with the final shot after the respectful pause automatically coming about, and each day, through more rehearsals and to the last hour on location, became more suntanned and hearty of appetite. He had never acted so well nor been so free from temperamental outbursts. It was obvious to everyone that Lance, as well as less mighty folk, reacted sharply to the subduing influence of shock, and the eternal reminder, in life, of the nearness of death.

Lena knew the whole story, and, while her engagement party was in progress, thought it out. Recently Lance had had the mole removed from his neck. It had shown in close-ups, he said, and soon after returning from Texas had gone to a doctor. The small incident made a link for Lena in a thought-chain, and she nodded to herself.

Lance was dancing with a blonde who had a pouting mouth and hair like corn floss. Lena waited, then signalled him, and they went out onto a porch gleaming silver in the lovely Californian summer night-time. He kissed her tenderly, nestling his face against her neck for a moment. "Darling . . ." she heard, "the realest person in the place, and yet you care for me. Why do you?" He asked the question again: "Why do you, Lena?" then added: "If I were not a film-star would . . . would you care just the same?"

What had made him ask just that? "It's the man I love, not the clothes and contracts. I'd love you if you were a . . . a dustman, a . . . I'd love you," she said with a significance that made her voice husky, "even if you were Lance."

A dead silence followed. Then, thickly: "You know?" Yes, she said, she knew. "Then . . ." he faltered, "If you know, others might . . . guess?"

"No, I think not," and in one gesture, placing a hand on his shoulder, released his mind from a net of conjecture.

"Strange justice, I'd call it," he said grimly in undertones. "He was a rotter, Lena. A liar, a cheat, a go-getting conceited fop, in debt to his eyes, with half a dozen scandals to his discredit. His parents—nice, simple folk in New Orleans—he treated like dirt. They're old. Now . . . since I . . . well, they'll never want or worry again. Justice. He virtually owned nothing. This house was mortgaged and bound to go. Gambling debts, women, other debts . . . I'm paying them off, and as I go on earning so will creditors be met. When his lordship started bullying me out there . . . that day . . . he insisted upon showing me how to pose in the saddle. The horse knew him as I did. You know what happened. On the way back to the cameras I had no idea of taking his place, but they all thought it was I who was killed. So . . . I'm dead. Lance is alive. And all that I earn in the future is my own, for if the others are satisfied I'm giving them what they want . . . But, how did you guess? How on earth?"

"THE mole you had removed," she laughed softly with a catch in her voice; she touched his neck. "Clever of you, to have a scar to show where it had been, and nobody noticed it, anyway. Only me . . . for a specific reason. I notice everything about you. But darling, that mole was beneath the other ear . . . so?" She paused. Then: "But darling, if Burt Hillson is no more, what of . . . haven't you any people?"

"I've adopted his," he said in sudden satisfaction. "In a few years I might see them, and I'll not be spotted as . . . anything I'm not supposed to be. No, I've no people. Orphanage, wandering about, ranch life, then doubling for him . . . But I have more than 'people' now. I've a wife . . . to be. Dear . . . when did you start caring? Tell me."

"When?" she said. "Why . . . when he . . . when you became a new man, of course. And I'm glad it is as it is, for . . . well really, darling, it would have been simply too good to be true, otherwise. Now it's too true not to be good."

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Epilogue

Continued from Page 5

HE just made the train, and once in his compartment spread out papers, figures, reports, correspondence, drawing himself into the work as a man would plug along a road, elbows jogging, training for a race.

Finally he came to the thought of the men he was to meet in the morning. Gardner, who had stepped into his shoes at the plant, had been on to New York several times, but the other fellows he hadn't seen since he had been moved to the main office. Fat, bald Gardner had poked him in the ribs and said, "How's it feel to make a jackass of yourself at your age? Too bad the missus caught you. Funny thing, her taking it so hard. She seems a sensible kind."

"That wasn't how it was." Brent was angry. "We agreed to separate, and of course I let Agnes get the divorce."

"You mean you wanted to break?" Gardner whistled. "Whoe-o-o! I can see a passing attraction, but—"

Brent was angry again, remembering. That would be what the town thought—that Agnes had thrown him out. An insult to all three of them!

Agnes had managed the divorce with her usual competence, a stay in Switzerland with the girls in school there, and no one knew anything had happened until the local paper picked up a paragraph about his marriage to Melicent. He had already been spending so much time in New York that his permanent transfer had been inconspicuous. Agnes may have had awkward moments. "Are you going to keep your home here? When do you join Mr. Forrest?" She wouldn't let them get her down, though.

Of course she was older, almost twenty years older, than Melicent—well, fifteen, then.

He'd been a callow, inexperienced boy, not yet through college, when they married. She had said then, "I'm ten years older. That gap will stretch as we grow older." But he had insisted.

He'd like to see Agnes. He might give her a ring when he was done with the conference, just to say, "How are you?" to hear the latest news of the two girls. He had not foreseen how completely he was separating himself from them, but he told himself that a man's daughters were only a temporary possession.

Queer, the way Melicent wanted him to hate Agnes.

Melicent's own marriage had exploded into shattering, tearing fragments. Hilary Post had refused to let her go, threatened, implored—what scenes those two must have blazed through!

By noon the next day Brent saw he couldn't make the evening train. He'd telephone to Melicent later, catch a plane to Detroit in the morning. He needn't have worried about any awkwardness in meeting again the men he had worked with. They had matters to consider more urgent than his private life. And after all, there wasn't much any of them could do. They had to wait for settlements and court decisions and the end of fighting in other industries with which their own was tied.

He reached his hotel room that evening with exasperated fatigue buzzing along his nerves. He put through a telephone call to New York; he heard the swift linking of exchanges on the way; he heard the vibration as the bell rang in his house, but no one answered. One of the maids should be there, if not Melicent. The operator spoke up pertly at his insistence, and finally Brent gave it up. He'd wire in the morning. His hand reached again for the instrument, dropped back to his knee. Melicent would say, "You meant to miss the train; you wanted time enough for Agnes." If he could say, "No, I didn't even call her——" His hand picked up the phone, and he gave the familiar number.

"Hello? Is Mrs. Forrest in?" He didn't recognise the voice, curt, impatient. "Tell her Mr. Forrest wishes to speak to her."

"Who?" squeaked in his ear, and then thin, aslant: "Mother! Murr! Here's father wants to speak to you!"

"Is that you, Hilda?" Brent got no answer, but after a moment Agnes spoke: "Is it really you, Brent? Where are you?" and next: "Can't you come to the house? I'd like to see you."

"I just wanted to ask how things are going. I'd better not come out."

"Do come." Behind Agnes' words sounded Hilda's voice, rapid, expostulating. "I'll drive down and pick you up. At the side entrance." She had clicked down the telephone before he found a plausible objection.

He had to wait for Agnes. Hard to believe it wasn't any night of the past ten years, with Agnes driving down to get him. Cars passed slowly along the next blocks, hunting a place to park.

There was Agnes waving to him; he hadn't recognised the car, a new small coupe. She must have turned in the large car. Didn't need so much room. He looked at her in the light from the hotel entrance: same old Agnes, her plain face altered briefly by her generous, lovely smile.

"You're looking well," she said. "I hadn't heard you were in town."

Brent explained. "Aren't you—haven't you lost weight?" he had only glimpses as the globed lights beside the drive looked in.

"Wouldn't hurt me, would it? You should have come out for dinner."

"Should I? I didn't know whether you'd care to see me."

"Why, yes, any time, Brent."

Need she be quite so casual, so impersonal, as if she ranked his departure with the minor catastrophes of life not worthy of any emotion? He didn't want her unhappy, of course, but after all——

"HOW are things going at the plant?"

"Not too well." He would match her impersonality with curtness.

"I've been thinking—— Can you make all your ends meet, Brent?"

"So far."

She turned into the driveway and dimmed the headlights. The shrubbery along the curve, with its fine spray of new buds, blurred into darkness. "Hilda. She's at home. She's been sick. Nervous indigestion. Too many parties, night clubs, roadhouses, cocktails. Your daughter has gone a little wild. She got in with that country-club crowd last summer. It would have been better if I'd stayed abroad this year, but I was lonelier there, and I thought American schools were better for them. I've always trusted Hilda. She liked a gay good time, she had endless followers, but she had her own code, and it wasn't a poor one, and she had intelligence enough for ambition, and other interests. But now——

"She's intolerant of advice. You see, I've lost caste with her. I am an old-fashioned prude who couldn't keep a husband. Her latest admirer is married. He has an apartment in the city where he gives house parties. So far, Hilda hasn't gone there alone, she says. When she heard your voice to-night, she was frightened. She thought I had sent for you. Perhaps you can do something. I don't know."

Brent watched the headlights touch shrubbery, trees, the doorway of the red brick house, into exaggerated color and emphasis, and within him was movement like that of a snake caught under a crotchet stick, writhing and lashing to escape, the futile movement of evasion.

"I don't know what to say to her," he said miserably, as he stepped from the car.

"You wish to see her, don't you?"

In other words, Agnes wouldn't help him. "Naturally!" he said, and went into the house.

His glance was restless, searching for changes, for indications of his absence. But the spacious, tranquil rooms were unaltered.

There was a fire, as he had thought, and in the low chair sprawled Hilda, feet outstretched to the fire, a scarlet cushion dented by her head, her light hair—ecru color, she called it—pushed into a fluff about her face. "Hi!" she said, rolling her eyes at him.

Brent sat down on a hassock. He didn't like it, but it was near Hilda and it brought him to her level.

"What brings you back to the old rooftree?" asked Hilda. Her mockery subsided, and under her soft lids her eyes grew wary. Brent, watching her, smiled; she was young again, a little girl, hurrying to forestall by an attack of her own some attempt of his to scold her, to punish her. "I don't know just what one says to a prodigal father. Emily Post ought to have a chapter."

"I'm in town on business. I wanted to see you."

"But you didn't know I was here, did you? Mother said you didn't."

"I meant you in general—Agnes, you, anybody."

"Well, how've you been? You're looking very smart. Nice suit, that."

"Hilda, my dear child——"

"Don't you do it!" Hilda's feet made circles, toes curled. "Don't you start on a sermon! I don't care what mother said to you." She sat up, shaking back her hair. "I'm not a child. I'm not your dear child. You haven't any right coming back and looking solemn down your nose at me because I want to have some fun. You did what you wanted to. Why, I shouldn't think you'd even want to come back here." Her face flushed, color spreading to the tips of her ears; her mouth trembled.

BRENT tried to push his spine up straight; the hassock slumped him like a culprit; his mouth was dry.

"I'm not blaming you at all," Hilda said, with airiness making a treble of her voice. "I think it's just grand! Everybody happy in his own way."

"You're not making your mother very happy. You might think of that, even if you no longer care for my opinion."

"That's good!" Hilda laughed, flinging back her head.

"It is funny," she said. "Look! You wouldn't give up your—what you've got, and come back, would you?"

Brent heard, appalled. For an instant there crawled in him an ugly suspicion, almost as if Melicent spoke. Had Agnes suggested that?

"You wouldn't. Not on your life! All right, don't preach to me!"

"Are you offering to bargain with me?" Brent's anger lifted him to his feet, thrust him towards Hilda. "You little fool, throwing yourself away, ruining your health, your life—" Hilda put out her hands, palms up, against his approach. "Can't you see the difference?" She stared, child fear dark in her eyes. He'd humored her too long; he'd stood too much; he'd ride her down! But before he spoke again, Agnes spoke from the doorway.

"I can't help overhearing" she said, "if you shout so." She came unhurriedly towards them, a quiet dignity in the movement of her compact body.

"I hadn't realised before how romantic you are, Hilda."

She stood between them, her eyes on her daughter, the irregular planes of her face emphasised by firelight as a log broke and flames leaped from the severed ends.

"You sound as if Brent had deserted me and broken my heart. That's absurd. We separated because we chose to do so. I'm still fond of your father but I wouldn't have him back. We had a good life together, but we could no longer give each other what we needed. You seem to have the impertinent notion we should have stayed together in order not to annoy you. Brent was reluctant to make an end. You can't blame him for my decision. After all, it was I who got the divorce. You are rather young to understand, but I am a middle-aged woman, and Brent——"

Please turn to Page 28

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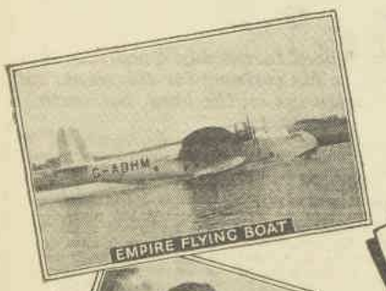

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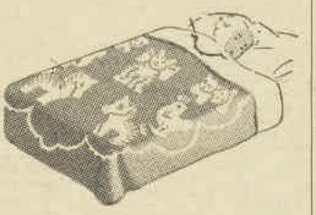

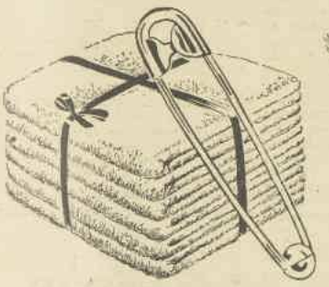

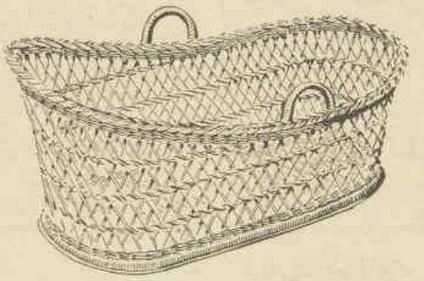

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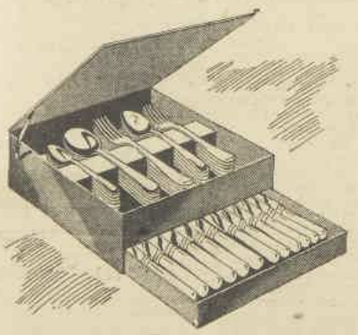

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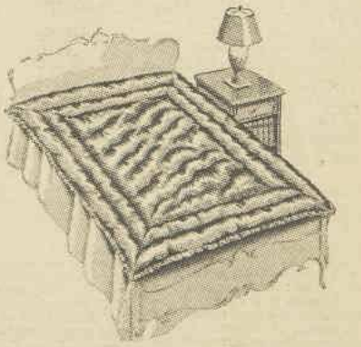

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Epilogue

Continued from Page 26

SHE turned her eyes towards Brent, the little crow's-feet at the corners deepening. "Probably you don't seem exactly young to Hilda, do you?"

Brent was frowning. Her voice was a cool, firm hand closing over the nervous vibrations of dissension. But what was she driving at? What lay behind that lurking smile, what exactly did her steady eyes offer him? Had she, perhaps, cared less than he had thought? She had always consumed her own pain—strong fare on which she grew strong.

"I prefer my life as it is. Peaceful. It's always a shock to an egotistic child when parents act like human beings. You've always felt possessive about your father. What you mind now is not so much his going. It's his marriage. To a younger, a—a beautiful woman. That is the dark side of your love for your father."

Hilda, retreating, came against a high wing chair, hooked an arm over the top to steady herself; the color had left her face, her mouth was uncertain.

Agnes watched her, and although her face had no expression beyond that intentness, Brent felt that she rushed past him so swiftly, so surely that wind from her garments brushed him. "You are childish to say that you do as you please because he did. He really had no choice. Are you trying to get even with him? No one else is responsible for your actions. A sad alibi. Your father is quite right about what you are doing, ruining your health—you're nervous as a newt—your work, your chances of marriage. I don't see why he should continue to support you so generously. You ought to be working hard enough to earn your own living presently. Brent has too many women to support. Christine needs at least six more years of care. But you're almost twenty. A great deal has been invested in you. If you have no self-respect, can you be honest and explain why Brent should go on meeting your heavy college expenses?"

"I haven't done anything so terrible." Hilda's voice, her hands fluttered, moth wings of defence against a down-closing hand. "All the girls—" She looked from Agnes to Brent, and under the half-sulky confusion in her eyes Brent saw a dark, unconscious, tragic reproach against them both. "I—I hadn't thought about the money," she said. "I just—we always had enough."

"I still have," began Brent, but Agnes went on as if he had not spoken.

"You need to think a little," she said. "If Brent is to send you on through college——"

"What else could I do?" Hilda cried out. "Who'd give me a job, if that's what you mean? Why, lots of the college boys can't find anything to work at, and the girls——"

"You are quite useless now, of course. But it would cost less for you to sit right here at home and continue to be useless than to use college as a sporting base. I think you must make a choice."

She walked away from them. At the door she turned. "I'm sorry I jammed into you that way, father. I—I didn't know how things were." Then there was the soft spatting sound of her feet on polished wood, running, running up the stairs.

Agnes put out a hand towards a chair and sat down. She bent her knuckles against her mouth, supporting her chin on the palm of the hand, and under the glow from the table lamp into which her face thus came, Brent saw fine drops of moisture along her upper lip. She did not look up at him or speak.

"You needn't have gone quite so far," he said.

"Hilda will be happier, blaming me. Her devotion needs to exonerate you. And in a way it was all true enough."

"That you prefer it—this way?" He had to ask.

She let her hand fall and leaned back. "Must you have that, too?"

Brent's eyelids burned, his throat ached, he wanted to fling himself beside Agnes, his head against her knees, and beg her to comfort him, to absolve him. Good Lord, what kind of mawkish ass was he turning out to be? He drew a long breath, affecting manhood in his straightened shoulders. "I'll walk back," he said. "I shouldn't have come, but I wanted to see you."

"It was a good thing, on the whole. But try to see Hilda once in a while. She could meet you in Detroit if you come west again. It would be good for her."

The chair concealed her, when he turned at the doorway. He could see not even the grey crest of hair, the toe of black oxford. The room contained her; he was an intruder, belonging here no more, having no claim, not even to his own past.

He walked alone down the familiar street, noting dully lighted windows, the sound of a radio, children's voices, in houses he had known. The air had a wet smell, and when he held out his hand, rain touched it, cool and pointed on his dry skin. If it stormed to-morrow, what about flying? He walked more quickly. He would call Melicent again. The sound of her voice would answer his dark mood, would draw him instantly into the present.

He could not wait to reach his own room in the hotel, but requested the call in a lobby booth. He leaned against the wall, his heart, his breath slow, his body strained, all its secret busy processes slowed into waiting. It wasn't late; she wouldn't be sleeping.

But the voice was not Melicent's. One of the maids. Mrs. Forrest was out of town. She had left a note for Mr. Forrest . . . No, she didn't say where she was going, nor when she'd be back.

For all he determined to go straight to bed, to sleep, sleep would not come. He held himself rigid, hoping if he made no movement, thought no thought, sleep might be tricked into approach. But his nerves crackled, having in their fibres prescience of strain before Melicent relented, warmed, admitted love again. He had no certainty of her. Always he had been sure of Agnes, had known——

Late the following afternoon, Brent stepped out of a cab in front of his house. As he started toward the door, a young woman bounced between him and the house, her thin, shrewd face thrust close to his.

"Oh, Mr. Forrest, I've waited hours for you. If you'll just give me a brief statement. Our readers want to know how you feel about it. Just a word. You think he killed himself, don't you? Is it true you've been visiting your first wife? Are you and Mrs. Forrest planning to separate? Or if you'd give me your views on divorce——"

BRENT tore the sheet from the girl's hand, brushed her aside with his arm, and strode to the door. It opened before he touched the bell, and a maid, her nostrils flaring with subdued dramatic zest, admitted him and closed the door sharply against the reporter.

"They've been hanging around all day, sir. The nerve they've got!"

"Is Mrs. Forrest here?" Back in the house a bell rang, persistent, continuous, and a second maid came hurrying into the hall, stopping as she saw Brent. "Tell them to clear out, or I'll call the police. Is Mrs.——"

"Yes, Mr. Forrest. She's in her room. She came in an hour ago."

Brent climbed the stairs, away from their prying eyes. Trust them to see the tabloids! He paused at the top, winded, waiting for force to gather in him against this calamity, whatever it was. He ruffled through the sheets of the paper, and found, towards the end, a summary, a resume of the headlines of yesterday, a small photograph. Brent looked at the man. He had never seen him. Dark brows, high arched nose, a thin, proud, undisciplined face. So he was dead, and Melicent had been involved.

Mr. Hilary Post, who was found dead at the wheel of his car, died of carbon-monoxide poisoning. He had driven into his garage, and the doors were closed; the engine had been running, although it was cold when the body was found. Rumors at first hinted suicide, because the doors worked on automatic levers, and a note to the beautiful Melicent Forrest, the dead man's divorced wife, was found. Friends stated he had been drinking heavily at the club that afternoon.

Investigation showed that a broken part on the automatic lever might have allowed the doors to blow shut, and a high wind had been blowing that evening. Marie Post, sister of the dead man, stated that he had complained of engine trouble, and that he might have sat in the car, experimenting with the motor. "The rumor of business trouble is unfounded. Mrs. Forrest refuses to divulge the contents of the note. Mrs. Forrest is at present the wife of Mr. Brent Forrest, of Forrest and Lathrop, importers of raw rubber. Mr. Post leaves, besides his ex-wife, a son, fourteen, and the sister with whom he made his home."

The paper rustled down from Brent's hand, and he stepped over it, going towards Melicent's closed door. What would this mean to her? How would she take it? His imagination struck a barrier harder, more impenetrable than wood. Why had the papers picked it up, trying to make a scandal——

"Melicent," he said softly. "Melicent." He knocked, and the thick panelled door had only silence behind it. He tried the handle, and then, in quick panic, he crashed his fists against the wood. "Let me in at once! Before I smash the door down!" He could hear the maids in the hall below; he knew how they stared upwards, ears stretched. There was no sound of a key, but under his grasp the handle turned and the door swung open.

"You frightened me!"

HE followed her as she stepped back. "You shouldn't lock yourself in. If something happened to you——"

She was in black, a street dress of heavy, lustreless silk with a broad silver girdle; her eyes were enormous, the pupils dilated and opaque; her dark hair lay flattened against her head, as if she had torn off a hat which bound her temples, and she warded him away, fingers contorted.

"My poor darling!" said Brent. "Why didn't you send for me?"

"I asked you not to go." Melicent's voice was like an echo, returning only what she had said over and over to herself. "I asked you not to leave me. I knew that something dreadful would happen."

Brent made a protesting gesture, but he bit back his words. What had his going to do with Hilary's death? Melicent walked now where reasoning could not reach her.

"If you had been here! They sent for me. Oh, it was dreadful! The note, in his pocket. I had no one, no one. His sister hates me. She's made Paul hate me. She says I murdered Hilary. He had no right to do this to me." Her words ran, and she pushed her hands against her temples, lifting the soft hair, dragging the skin back from the bones of her forehead. "It was a cruel note, and I can't ever answer! He's dead. Brent, I'm not wicked. Am I to blame if he was weak?"

"I thought it was an accident."

Melicent's lip curled away from her teeth. "They said so. Marie saw to that. For the boy — his father's name—after she'd let them drag me through the mud——"

"But you can't be sure."

"Yes." (That note, death missive, contents unrevealed!) "I wish I'd never seen you!" She folded her hands over her breast, arching her body. "It hurts so! His dead, dead face; And you had gone away from me."

"I had to go! Must you make things worse by turning on me?" Brent stepped towards her; clumsily, he tried to pry loose her hands.

"Don't touch me. I can't bear it." She shivered. "I'm so cold—so cold."

Brent looked at the dark, bent head, at the disordered feathers of hair at the white nape of her neck, and suddenly pity ground down under slow heels the anger he felt.

The anger was against the circumstance itself, that Hilary had died thus, involving her and, through her, Brent. We are involved, he thought. Agnes, Hilda, Paul, Hilary. We can't escape. A net, strong-meshed, the net of human relationship.

He had thought he could free himself; Melicent had never doubted that she was free; they had only struggled under folds of the net.

"We're in this together," he said. "Don't shut me out." She has to strike at me, he thought, since Hilary has escaped her. An ugly crack across the mirror in which she saw herself. His mind turned slowly, wearily, searching for words to reach her.

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BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bed-ridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently, you can end your trouble by taking De Witt's Pills?

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain.

Remember this. De Witt's Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. They cleanse the system and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witt's Pills go to the seat of all your trouble—the Kidneys.

They are safe and sure in all cases of

RHEUMATISM BACKACHE JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO SCIATICA KIDNEY TROUBLE or any Urinary Irregularities

Sold only in the white, blue and gold box. Be sure you ask for and see you get the genuine—

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Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain. How To Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed, and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from your nearest chemist or store some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid, and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.***

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SHE SLEPT LIKE THIS

● When a glamor girl wants to keep her glamor — there's nothing she won't try. Going to bed with a mud-packed face was only one of the things this girl did. Some of the other things she did are shown on the next page.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4627177

A GLAMOR GIRL goes to her hard-earned rest

BEING a glamor girl is no easy job. Celeste Brown is a leading London mannequin and photographers' model. Her face is literally her fortune. To keep her face the way photographers like it, Celeste has an hour's hard work when she comes home each night—and then has to sleep in a mudbath.

YOU CAN SLEEP when you come home . . . Glamor girl Celeste must rebuild her glamor against the next day. All traces of make-up are whisked away with special pore-cleansing lotion. Her face is given a thin film of tissue oil. A mud-pack follows. She will sleep in both of them.

IN BED two wads of cotton wool soaked in boracic solution are placed over her eyes to make them brilliant in the morning and a muslin strap is adjusted to ward off the dreaded double chin.

TO BED AT LAST goes Celeste. Her long preparations have made her ready for sleep—as much sleep as the stiff face-pack allows her . . . But while she sleeps the mud-pack, uncomfortable now, will feed the worn face-tissues, loosen dead pigmentation as it dries. In the morning she will chip off the mask. Her renovated beauty will be fit to face the world—and its cameras. Glamor, you see, is chiefly hard work—and the grimmest determination.

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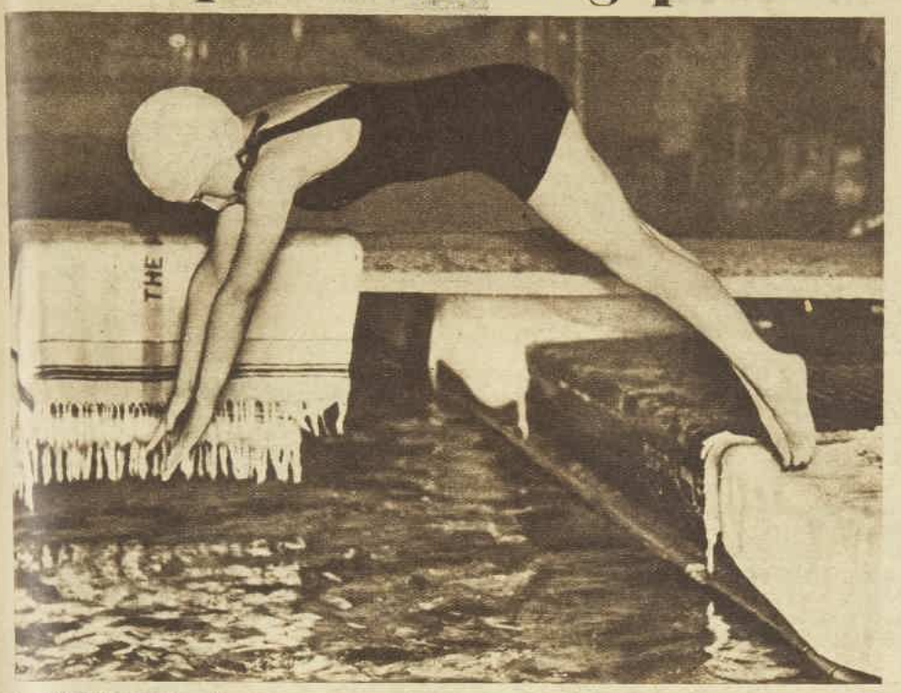
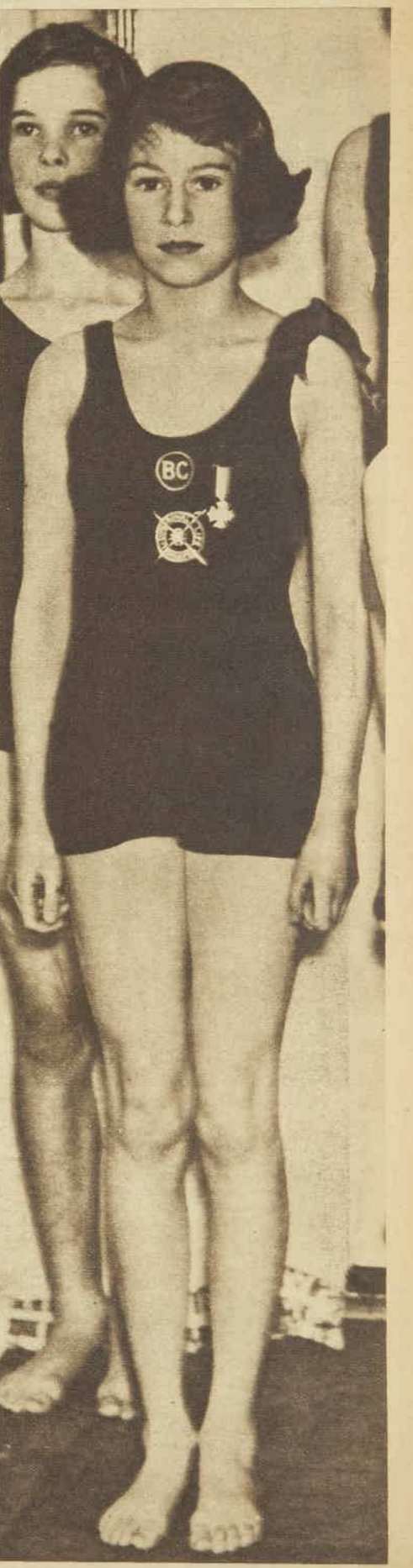
Unique swimming pictures of Princesses



A PRINCESS DIVES . . . Second daughter of the Queen, Princess Margaret Rose competed at the carnival of the Bath Club, Piccadilly, in the section for girls under nine . . . and walked off with the cup.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH rescuing a "drowning girl" in the life-saving contest. She won the Children's Challenge Shield for children under 14. Nine other girls competed against the Princess in this event.

HAPPY TASK for Queen Elizabeth when she returned from her tour of America was to present sporting trophies won by her daughters. Princess Margaret Rose won Challenge Cup for girls under nine.



AN ENDEARING glimpse of our probable future Queen —the first picture of Princess Elizabeth in a swim-suit.

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Out Next Week!

Another new, exciting issue of "Fashion"...

Available next Tuesday, FASHION again presents a style show never before equalled in Australia.
64 pages of smart Spring clothes. Every frock up to the minute in style with practical patterns available for every design.
Again Miss Margaret Vyner has chosen four smart frocks, and patterns for all four are enclosed absolutely FREE!

with

4 FREE

EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS

SPECIALLY SELECTED BY

Margaret Vyner

HOW TO USE FASHION TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

FASHION will be useful to you whether you make your clothes yourself, buy them ready-made, or have them made for you. You can depend on the information which **FASHION** gives regarding colors, materials, and styles—not only for frocks, but for hats, underwear, overwear, shoes, and accessories. If you follow the practical advice **FASHION** provides, your frocking will be unimpeachable and you'll avoid the waste inseparable from the mistaken choices most of us make at least once a season.

EVERY STYLE AUTHENTIC

FASHION is developed each month from designs air-mailed from the world's fashion centres—Paris, London, Hollywood, and New York. Brilliant Australian artists and writers interpret these designs in the light of Australian seasons and conditions. Patterns are cut from them in a wide variety of fittings. These patterns are inexpensive and the directions for making them up are clear and comprehensive. By their means you may be certain that your clothes will always tastefully represent the "mode of the moment."

Be sure, therefore, to reserve a copy of **FASHION'S** Special Spring Number—out next week.

Hand the Special Reservation Form to your newsagent **NOW** and make certain of obtaining the advance information **FASHION** will give you regarding the 1939 Spring styles.

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SPRING STYLES NUMBER

Fashion

Published Each Month 6D 2nd ISSUE

This way! This way! To the BIG SPRING SHOW — What they're wearing this year — What Paris says — and New York — and London — and Hollywood!

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Check this bill of contents for yourself — Never before in Australia has any Fashion paper presented such an extravagant array of up-to-the-minute style news and pictures. Never before have such excitingly different patterns been made available to Australian women.

Here's what appears in FASHION'S Big Spring Styles Number—

64 pages of brilliant color and rotogravure, including 4 FREE patterns selected by Miss Margaret Vyner.

Special introduction of Spring Styles.

The fabrics for Spring with frocks styled for them.

Special article by "Worth," famous Parisian designer.

Pages and pages of designs for Evening Frocks—Awkward Age Frocks — Sports Wear — Children's Wear — Smart Matrons' Clothes — Underwear—Day Frocks—Knitwear—Designs —Hollywood Styles—Spring Hats—Needlework Patterns — Spring Make-up Hints — Exciting Recipes—and Fiction.

But nothing we can tell you can adequately describe **FASHION'S** Spring Number to you. It costs but sixpence at your newsagent's. Ask him to save a copy for you, or hand him the reservation form below.

JUST TO REMIND YOU!

Tear out the reservation form now and slip it in your purse. Hand it to your newsagent or tell him to-day that you want your copy of **FASHION'S** Spring Styles Number.

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Antoine, noted hairdresser, now puts

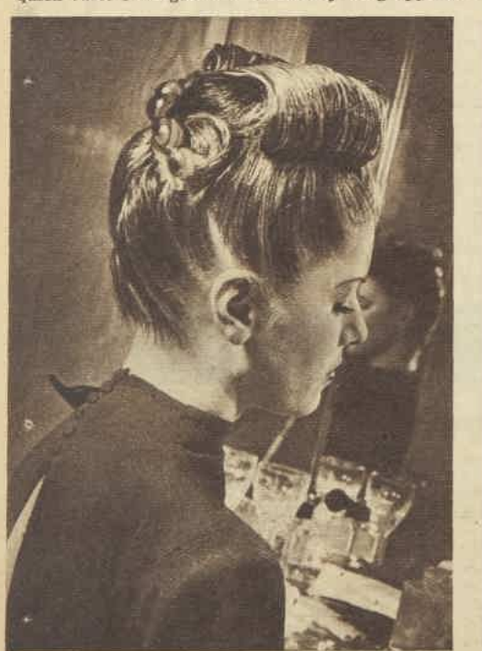
HAIR ON TOP OF THE HAT

● ANTOINE, of Paris, is the world's most noted hairdresser, originator of the up-swept style and other innovations. Like all hairdressers, his greatest problem is modern hats . . . a crazy hat can spoil the most elaborate coiffure. Pictures show how he tackled the problem.

¶ ANTOINE sleeps in a glass coffin . . . He exercises a mauve-dyed Russian wolfhound. He wears superbly tailored white evening clothes . . . He lacquers his finger-nails black. Mirrors gleam in the heels of his shoes, a platinum bracelet on his left wrist, another on his left ankle.

ANTOINE BEGAN by being conventionally Edwardian. But a quick twist of fingers . . . butterfly wing appeared on crown.

THIS HAT presented a problem. Antoine won the day with curly, wreathed fringe and off-neck sweep. When he decreed hair should be worn high he didn't dream fashion would last.



SMALL WISPS of hair at nape of neck worried him so he slipped in jewelled comb to vary up-style idea.

NEXT he trimmed coiffure with flowers from milady's hat. And then the famous hairdresser had idea.

HE SNICKED off Madam's unwanted curls and trimmed hat with them. Hair-on-hat is now rage.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4627182

● JUNE CHAMBERLAIN and Jean Rofe go in for a little chicken-racing at the Egg Hop, a dance to help White Ball proceeds.

● DANCING in aid of Barnardo Homes at Elizabeth Bay House—Joan Scott Fell and her fiance, David Willis.

● ALISON McCULLOCH, an excellent scarecrow, being helped along by Harry Stone, a red devil on skates, at the Ice Palais masquerade last week.

● FAIRLIE ANDERSON and Pamela Holmes a'Court, who are rounding up hosts of friends for the Cranbrook anniversary dance at White City this Saturday

Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS

Unbridled comment . . .

I DASH out to Kyeemagh with a brand-new tartan neckband on my hound for the Town and Country matches. Young Gillian, the Geoff Ashtons' infant, is centre of all eyes. Her small cousins, Rosemary and Joan, also look adorable. Diana Downes comes muffled in polo coat, and so is Rosemary (Mrs. C. D.) Smith, of Calcutta . . . incidentally Rosemary is a sister of Nan Godden, who was here from India two or three seasons ago staying with the Skenes.

Mick Hooke, of Wiragulla, has four mounts. He calls 'em Drake, Cromwell, Nelson, and Wellington. All he needs are two more, Chamberlain and Hitler, and he'd have a fighting team.

In the swim . . .

MY dear, even the goldfish in the Minerva foyer rise in their bowls to take a peek at the furs and orchids at "Good Morning, Bill" premiere. Prize for THE largest orchids goes to Mrs. Evan Williams . . . two all-mauve cattleyas in a setting of silver fox. Craning my neck to see what's going on I rub shoulders with another super cattleya—Joyce Carpenter's this time, framed in arctic fox.

I struggle up the stairs for a better view of the crowd jamming the entrance and meet Mrs. Cecil Moses at the microphone. Thought she was doing a spot of broadcasting, but she says "No." it's the best place to stand to look for her daughter, Babe, who soon arrives preferring white camellias to decorate her fur coat.

Jekyll and Hyde ideas . . .

I GO to the Trinitarians' dance to find Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. They must be there, as they sent me some verse about the dance, signed Joint Honorary Organisers. But the only j.h.o.'s I find are Bill Pickard and Dal Cartledge. And I hear that they no longer wish it known that they are Jekyll and Hyde, because the verse goes something like this:

"Old Trinitarians will come from afar
By flying boat, bath chair, and car,
For gout or rheumatics cannot mar
Their annual ball at Broadway."

Shake the bottle well . . .

LET'S suspend operations while the medical students have their ball. Aunt Sarah tells me I should go along to see if I can find a cure for her arthritis, but I just go along to pick me up a headache.

Looking around at the gay practitioners and specialists and family doctors, I think what a lot of sick people there must be to go around. I didn't know there were so many doctors. It's like a new epidemic.

There might be something in getting flu, too. Such attractive doctors. Take Freda Roach, fr'instance, showing such a nice line of blue petticoats as she dances round. Thought she was probably making her debut, but she says no, she has been Dr. Roach since last November.

Lorna Patterson, all Old World in black lace and mittens, sells me a ticket for something or other. Helen Bruxner, Hazel Jackson in her coming-out frock, and Dora MacMahon all dance by with merry medicos.

Polo sidelight . . .

KEN MACKAY being asked by interested spectator at polo if he could say who Phyllis Skene married . . . and Ken meekly answering, "Me."

Rhymes of a socialite . . .

Now Sydney's clime is, oh, so cold,
That furs bedeck the young and old,
All round the town the best . . . and worse,
According to the owner's purse.

'Tis Joan McGrath I envy most,
She always makes a handsome toast!
Especially in her ermine coat,
Or matching foxes . . What's the vote?

Patricia Macken, so well dressed
With beige fox cape, quite looks her best.
And Amber Jacobs wears the same
With velvet gown and sweeping train.

Grey squirrel with a matching toque
Forms Marcelle Bishop's lovely cloak.
With muff of mole and jacket, too,
Pat Heaton sees the winter through . .

Oh, hurry spring, and blossom forth!
These furs just stimulate my wrath.
Because I know if I were able
I'd wrap myself in Russian sable.

Well, that's how my pretty friend, Rosemary, poetised it!

Barefaced, etc. . . .

THIS strip-tease stuff! Let the Crazy Ball have it. It's crazy anyhow. It leaves me cold. It also leaves Mr. Gollan, Chief Secretary, cold. He's had to put on extra staff to cope with those who feel so strongly about strip-teasing that they write about it.

There were other ideas like a pistol-shooting act and a snake-charmer with his snake in the foyer, but I guess it was the strip-tease that resulted in me and the 1200 others being present. Crazy people everywhere, especially Jack Musgrove and Eileen McCoy, of the Trocadero, who coped with the committee's ideas.

Is that George Falkiner I see over there with Elva George in Tim Curtis' beer garden? Yes, I think so. Bob Kirby trips a measure with Sheila Curtis—then they go back to the beer garden for a pretzel or two with the Leo Curtis', of Melbourne, who came over for the ball.

Well, aren't we all? . . .

PAT NALL suggests to me at the ball that we all aren't crazy, but I say we are. And aren't we? We dance till midnight, and then someone says, "Let's go somewhere." Do we say we've been somewhere already, and go home to bed? No! We just agree. Why? Because everyone does, and it would be silly not to. So we go there for a while, and then someone says, "Let's go somewhere." So on we go and try to buy the horse at the Cafe de Fairfax, but Charlie says "No thank you," because he could sell him every night anyway with a plate of peas. And then someone says, "How about sausages at the railway?"

Have you heard . . .

THAT a well-known young girl and a city solicitor who were both at Maitland polo carnival will announce their engagement any day now?

Covent Garden Russian Ballet will return in October—probably with Baronova, Lichine, Dolin, and Riabouchinska as principals?

Amusing Charlotte Greenwood, who, opening in "Leaning on Letty" on Saturday at the Royal, is mad about Australian boronia perfume? She has bottles and bottles to give friends at Christmas. Charlotte returns to America in August.

● SCONE POLO PLAYER, Hugh Finlay, assists his bride, Enid Hornabrook, to cut the cake at Elizabeth Bay House after their wedding at St. Mark's.

● MRS. PERCY WILLSALLEN at Kyeemagh watching the polo with Frank Crane—and between chukkas persuading everyone to go to the Polo Ball this Thursday.

● MARY STRINGER and David Stevenson dine and dance at the Carl Thomas Club.

● NANETTE WILLIAMS and Jill Roberts were two of the youngest in the Minerva Theatre audience at the "Good Morning, Bill" premiere.

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Betty's "racey" narratives

My new system of betting on the jockey is very profitable

By BETTY GEE

Doctors may have excellent bedside manner and other qualifications, but don't they lack common sense?

When sounding me for what he said was a virulent attack of flu, he insisted on my stopping in bed for the week, knowing as he should that I had to follow W. Lappin's mounts at Gosford, Menangle, Canterbury, and elsewhere.

I SIMPLY had to content myself with getting my bets on through a friend whom I told to invest 10/- on Lappin's first mount, and if it won increase to £1 on his second ride, and if that also won go to £2 on the third, but to stay at that, and then return to the original 10/- bet after the first failure.

I consider it no mean effort to evolve a successful system like that. It provides for the inevitable, that a jockey can't go on winning all day, yet gives you a worth-while rise while he keeps on landing winners.

Dickie, coming to visit me, was a little dogmatic about its practicability, pointing out that the greatest jockey we ever knew, Jim Pike, was not profitable to follow.

Dickie remained dubious, but knew better than to argue. And when Lappin rode three winners at Gosford and then another three at Menangle, he didn't broach the subject again.

The wonderful thing was that Lappin did each of these hat-tricks in successive rides, so that my bets rose and fell in perfect tune with his successes, and there were no midway losses to dump me into heavy loss.

And when failure sets in your losses become minimised. I've heard keen poker players say it's the money you save on bad hands which increases your profit in the long run.

The same applies to my race betting system.

THE LADY takes a spill. Miss P. Alee, of Windsor (England), parted company with her steed just as the camera clicked. The occasion was an amateur sports meeting, in which Miss Alee rode Red Shadow.

Double charts

WELL, *during my convalescence, on days when Lappin wasn't riding winners for my profit, I had to content myself with a deep study of the double charts on the Epsom and Metropolitan, but whether it helped me to a solution of the problems of the spring I will not know until early October. And at present I don't know for sure what horses Lappin will ride in the two races.*

I know that Early Bird is the best lady racehorse in the Epsom Handicap, but old dogs for the Turf's hard roads say that mares are not at their best for spring racing. I believe in 40 years only one won the Epsom (Capris), and she had to get it on a protest from Gay Lover, in 1936.

Georgie Price's best horse for the Epsom may be Mildura. We had a good win on him when he won the Moreton in Brisbane, in May, and Lappin may ride him if he comes through.

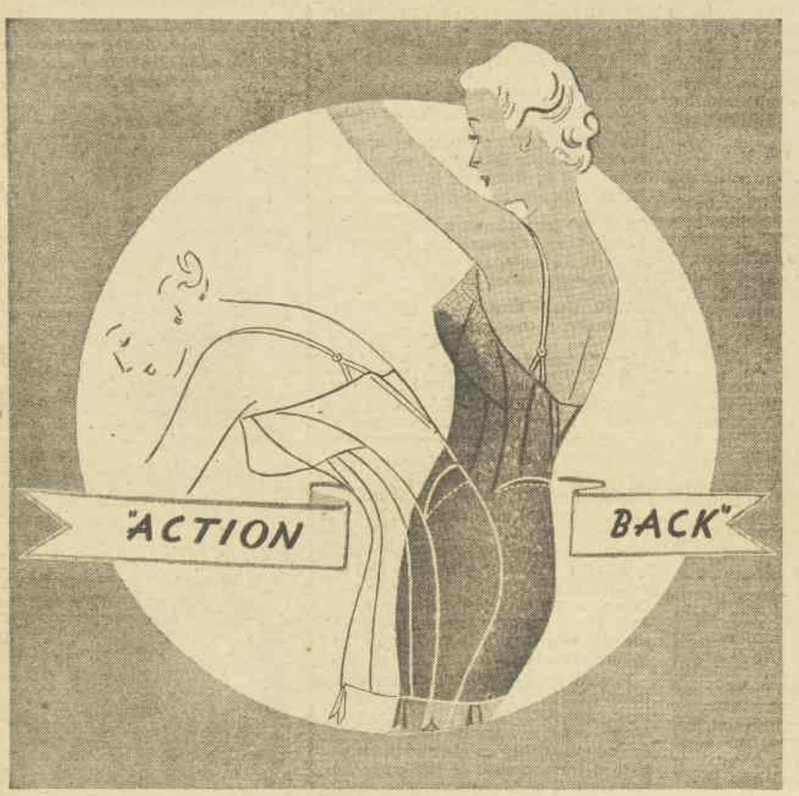
The best mares in the Metropolitan are Cooranga and Feminist, and more mares win this race than the Epsom. Cooranga ran third in the race last year to Royal Chief and Buzalong, and they were horses of the highest standing, or, rather, running. But she has exactly 14lb. more weight this year, and if she's beaten we can blame the handicapper.

Feminist, on the other hand, is only a middle-weight at 7.12, and if she strikes form, believe me, it'll take a good one to beat this good mare of such determined stamina.

Early Bird and Feminist sound attractive. But perhaps we must not forget Mildura-Feminist.

In perhaps these and other big races of the spring we shall have to look out for the New Zealanders. Defaulter, who won three out of his four races at Easter, is coming, and so is Beaupartir, who kept running second to him in the New Zealand classics, and, when he went away, burst into a glory of success. Mustn't it be aggravating to own a good horse but always strike one just a little bit better?

The races are at Ascot this Saturday. But not even the entries are taken at time of writing. Aren't they slow? So we'll have to wait till next week's Moorefield meeting to pick something. In the meantime, follow Lappin. He may go to Grafton to ride Hilarious in the Cup this Thursday. Follow him there, too.



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HOSPITAL WALLS look like FAIRYLAND

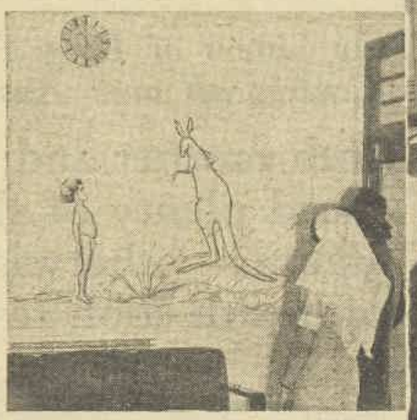
Artist's baby was model for Wade House murals

When the children take possession of Wade House this week, their very own new hospital block at the Royal Alexandra Hospital, they will forget all about hospitals.

From the moment they step through the entrance door they step into fairyland.

TWINKLE, baby son of artist Pixie O'Harris, as sketched by his mother.

PETER PAN in his bird nest boat, a wall painting at Wade House. In the picture above is shown a section of the nursery at Wade House.



ONE of the charming wall paintings in the children's section of the Royal Alexandra Hospital.

PIXIE O'HARRIS, who painted the murals, at work.

KOALAS climb up tree-trunks and perch among the gum-leaves, kangaroos hop about perfectly at home on the walls, a fat old platypus leans his swag against a milestone which reads "To the Lounge," and a wise owl has a notice tacked to his tree, "The Lift."

How could a small child remember to be gloomy for one minute with all these creatures beckoning to him to explore? And who would mind going up in a lift with two gay lovebirds showing him the way?

The creator of this fairyland is Pixie O'Harris, friend of all Australian children, who has illustrated so many nursery books and who loves drawing animals and elves and fairies better than anything in the world — except playing with her own real fairies at home.

She has three of these. Halcyon, Robiny and Megan are their real names, but each one has a fairy name, Piccolo, Timity and Twinkle.

Twinkle is the baby fairy, just 11 months old, and she played a very important part while her Mummy drew and painted the fairyland hospital. For Twinkle went up with her every day, and naturally, when a fairy model was needed, there was Twinkle always on hand.

But the hospital decorations were Twinkle's in an even more important way still.

When Twinkle was born, her mother looked round at the bare walls of her hospital room and thought how much she would like to draw and paint delightful pictures on them—particularly she would love to draw animals and fairies for sick children.

And then, because she believes that when one wants to do things badly enough, they come to pass—behold, as soon as Twinkle was a few months old, there came a ring on the telephone. "Would you like to decorate a children's hospital, Miss O'Harris?"

Inspiration

"OF course," she answered, "that's what I have been waiting to do."

And immediately, because she had been thinking about it in the back of her head ever since the first inspiration came, fairies, and children, and animals came tumbling out of her imagination.

Her hospital was not nearly ready, so she painted the walls at home.

And so Piccolo, Timity and Twinkle began to live in a fairy home.

There were gnomes climbing up the staircase, fairies in the bedrooms, a great red kangaroo took up his dwelling on the kitchen wall . . . and the lounge was only saved from invasion by a stern husbandly reminder that "this has gone far enough!"

But the children didn't think so. And no wonder! What child could resist a bathroom with gay fish wriggling all round the walls, with little verses below?

The flying fish, one often hears,
Forgets to wash behind the ears.
That one is over the basin!

Or the general reminder as one goes in the door:

"I'm sure, indeed, you often wish
To be as cleanly as the fish!"

And Pixie O'Harris has made up some of her own rhymes in the hospital playroom as well. Here's one written for Timity.

Bridget O'Bride on a windy hill
Met Timity there in the evening air,
And said, "Will you dance with me
Where the grasses blow to the emerald sea?"
And Bridget, she said, "I will."

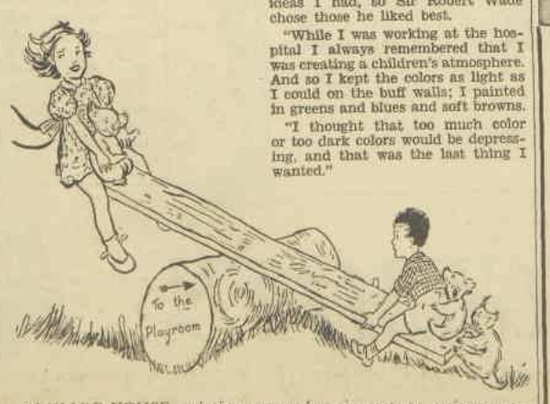
Playroom and sheltered sun-roof are ideal places for little convalescents, and they are filled with every kind of toy, from cuddly bears and dolls' houses to motor cars and railways and rocking horses.

"I did hundreds of sketches," Pixie O'Harris said. "I drew Alice in Wonderland and the White Rabbit and Hiawatha and the Water Babies, then there were all the fairy-tales the children brought me. Each one seemed too good to leave out.

"But there wasn't room for all the ideas I had, so Sir Robert Wade chose those he liked best.

"While I was working at the hospital I always remembered that I was creating a children's atmosphere. And so I kept the colors as light as I could on the buff walls; I painted in greens and blues and soft browns.

"I thought that too much color or too dark colors would be depressing, and that was the last thing I wanted."



IN WADE HOUSE, paintings are used as signposts to various parts of the hospital. The one above is a pointer to the playroom.

How to Overcome Fear of
FALSE TEETH
that "refuse to stay put"

The illustration shows how receding gums cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel tighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wabbly, slipping plate. Thousands overcome loose plate worry in this simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you eat and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), FASTEETH soothes tissue made tender by chafing of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasures.

FASTEETH

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

Embarrassed by a SKIN BLEMISH?

Here is a quick, easy way to conceal pimples, spots, blotches, scars, skin discolorations, freckles, birthmarks, etc. From your Chemist get some COVERSPOT and simply rub it over the blemish like an ordinary face cream. You'll be amazed how easy and effective it is.

Clean and pleasant to use, COVERSPOT does not fade or easily rub off. Cannot be felt after application, because it remains soft and pliant all day long. COVERSPOT is also ideal as an allover make-up. Hides uneven sunburn on face, neck, shoulders and arms. Prevents windburn, too, if applied before spending a day outdoors.

Purse size costs only 1/6 at all good Chemists and Stores, or write to British Harold P. Ritchie Co. Ltd., 55 York St., Sydney.

Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

SHINING WINDOWS 3 TIMES QUICKER

Goodbye to water splashing — goodbye to hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too — a tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass!

Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture glass. Send today for a sample tin of Windolene to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A, Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BABY'S GRIPE PAINS

for INSTANT RELIEF GIVE ....

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
'California Syrup of Figs'

Laugh!

If your ribs ache when you laugh,

DON'T LISTEN

But if you CAN laugh,

DON'T MISS

Jack Davey and Jack Lumsdaine

as

"Dill and Daffydill"

2GB Tues. Wed. Thurs. 9.15 p.m.

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"Babies thrive when they get these three vital Vitamins"

say Sisters of Baby Health Centres all over Australia

B1 B2 P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Both mother and child need plenty of these Vitamins – otherwise loss of health soon results.

Here's the concentrated supply of these three vital vitamins ...

VEGEMITE *the extract of yeast*

recommended by Baby Health Centres all over Australia

Doctors, as well as Sisters of many of Australia's Baby Health Centres, will tell you that your system needs these three Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P. —every day!

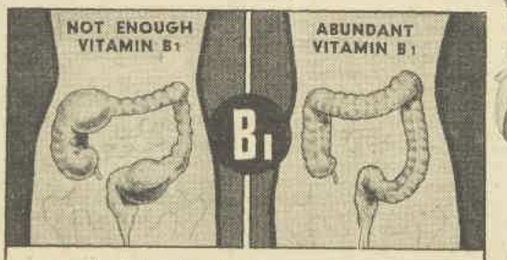
Unfortunately, it is possible for you and your children to eat three big meals a day — and *still* not supply your system with these three vital vitamins! That's because our modern over-refined foods are lacking in this respect.

Now, just by adding Vegemite to your ordinary diet, you can give your system a *special* supply of these three vitamins!

VEGEMITE—the delicious, highly-concentrated extract of yeast.

Vegemite is a *concentrated extract of yeast*, deliciously flavoured with pure vegetable juices —and as you know, the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy than anything else in Nature. *Yeast is the richest known food source of the combined Vitamins B1, B2 and P.P.* Because Vegemite is concentrated at a specially low temperature it contains *intact* and gives you all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration.

So give *your* system these three vital vitamins — add Vegemite to your daily diet. Vegemite is so highly concentrated that even a little every day does an amazing amount of good to your system. You'll love the exciting, appetising flavour of Vegemite, too. So use Vegemite on bread, biscuits, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings and with salads, in soups, stews and gravies.



Vitamin B1. Fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see above), and many obscure nerve disorders can come from an under-supply of this important NERVE VITAMIN.

To assure a healthy intestinal tract (see above), active bowels and steady nerves, your body needs a rich supply of this NERVE VITAMIN. Vegemite gives your system a good supply of Vitamin B1.

TOO LITTLE VITAMIN B2 MEANS POOR GROWTH

B2 Fretful, weak, undernourished children are often poorly supplied with vitamin B2—THE GROWTH VITAMIN. A generous supply of this vitamin is especially needed to ensure proper all-round development of body tissues and to build up general good health. Vegemite gives you this Vitamin B2. Eat Vegemite daily.

P.P.

PIMPLES! SKIN ERUPTIONS!

When these break out it is usually a sign that your system is not getting enough of the vitamin P.P., the anti-Pellagric factor. Keep your skin clear and healthy by eating Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with the vital vitamin P.P. . . . to keep your skin free from pimples.

SEND FOR VEGEMITE RECIPE BOOK

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (VA.9), 181 Cleveland Street, Chippendale, Sydney.

Please send me free copy of Vegemite Booklet containing delicious, appetising ways to serve Vegemite. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Ask for—

VEGEMITE

the concentrated extract of YEAST

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Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of page 3.

So they Say

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

ART OF LIVING

MANY people complain about the monotony of their daily lives. How often do we hear a person bemoaning the fact that "nothing ever happens."

It is only when calamity intrudes into their peaceful existence that they realise that this so-called monotony was the joy of living a contented, well-ordered life.

Only those engaged in daring and hazardous pursuits can fully appreciate the value of serene, unbroken days.

In his philosophy of life a wise man once said: "To live each day comfortably is to have accomplished something."

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. Ormsby, 14 Bundarra Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

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WOMEN GAMBLERS

THE opinion has often been expressed that women are worse gamblers than men.

This seems hard to believe. It appears to me that men have far greater facilities for gambling and betting at their clubs or in hotels and billiard-rooms.

Wives may not make the money they spend, but surely they have far less temptation to waste it.

Mrs. R. M. Moody, Mason St., Warragul, Vic.

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BE PATRIOTIC

OVERSEAS tourists frequently remark on the lack of patriotism displayed by Australians.

That there is some justification for such statements is obvious to an observer who watches when the National Anthem is played.

Most men stand to attention and remove their hats, but there are many who show no acknowledgment.

Out of sheer laziness, many Australians fail to accord the National Anthem the respect due to it.

B. E. Buchanan, c/o Box 603J, Brisbane.

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LOSE INTEREST

WHEN some girls become engaged they lose interest in their appearance. Some even wear dowdy clothes, and discontinue the permanent wave that is such a blessing to those who are not blessed with naturally curly hair.

This often occurs when the fiance of the girl is transferred to some other town.

With these girls pride in appearance is used only to attract men.

Miss Isabel Carr, Box 61, Condobolin, N.S.W.

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SIMPLICITY BEST

WHY the tendency of modern mothers to make their children look artificial?

They send them to school with their hair dull and frizzed and looking anything but natural. Perhaps it has been tonged or left damp in rags all night, with the result that it lacks lustre and is unhealthy.

Children with straight hair look ever so much better if their hair is shining and neatly trimmed to the ever-popular fringe.

Miss Anna Lockhart, 6 Cheeseman Ave., East Brighton, Vic.

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DEMURE GIRLS

HAS any other reader noticed into what disuse the adjective "demure" has fallen? Nowadays one hears a girl referred to as "sweet," "delightful," or "dainty," but never as "demure."

Is it because there are no "demure" girls in the world to-day?

Sylvia Lowe, 79 Naysmyth St., Young, N.S.W.

Are modern hats becoming too exaggerated?

WOMEN'S hats are certainly "crazy," Miss M. Howard (1/7/'39), but I think they are far more attractive than the hats we used to wear.

There are many styles to choose from, whereas a few years ago almost every woman wore the same type.

I think the "crazy" hats of to-day give charm to the wearers.

Mrs. A. Parker, 40 Guildford Rd., Surrey Hills E10, Vic.

Only for youth

THE majority of the present-day hats are delightful, but so many of them are for the very young.

When the not-so-young woman sets out to buy a hat, the pill-boxes, fezes, poke bonnet styles, and so on, despite their "whimsicalities," are not for her, nor have they the chic of the plain tailored hat.

Miss Malone, 8 Canterbury Tce., Black Forest, S.A.

Help industry

MODERN women's hats are to be admired. They are a departure from the "useful" and sombre styles that have been followed for so long.

Though the new hats may be unconventional in style and treatment, few of them look bizarre because they are generally worn by smart dressers.

The fact that modern hats cannot be worn too long without tiring of them has its economic value, as it keeps the wheels of industry turning.

Mrs. John Richards, Won Wron, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Can amuse men

THE hats of the moment are dashing and fascinating.

Men have enough worries in this topsy-turvy world, and when they see a gay hat set at a jaunty angle on a feminine head they must feel their troubles blow away just as that little hat would do in a puff of wind!

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Pde., Alderley, Brisbane.

More healthy

THE new "crazy" hats are far more healthy than the heavily-trimmed models which used to be in vogue.

Those old hats weighed a lot, and covered our hair completely, giving it little chance of getting direct sunshine and air.

Nowadays we dash about in a tiny hat that looks smart, is comfortable, and lets the sunshine help to give the hair the glossy, well-cared-for look that is so much admired.

Miss M. Solomon, Williams Rd., Windsor, Vic.

Wrongly named

WHEN a woman to-day talks about her new hat, she is really not using the correct term. A hat is something designed to cover the head, and the mad little bits of feathers and veiling that dip pre-

"Buying a hat to-day is fun . . ."

ariously over the foreheads of most women are certainly not head coverings.

How they stay on surprises me, but being only a man who jams his own hat well down over his ears when it's windy I can watch and marvel at the ingenuity of the feminine sex.

S. L. Reynolds, Balfour Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Ability of women to become good car-drivers

F. McCABE (1/7/'39) condemns women car-drivers. They neglect to indicate when they intend to turn to the right, he says, expect precedence when they haven't the right of way, and are too indecisive in dangerous situations.

The only conclusion I can arrive at is that he has seen only learners. The majority of women are careful, capable drivers.

Mrs. H. H. Toynton, Bonnie Brae, Guerie, N.S.W.

Observe rules

WOMEN do not presume on their sex when car driving, although they may not possess a natural road sense and ability to act competently in an emergency.

Until comparatively recently, women were not trained to take the initiative and act for themselves; consequently they have not been able to adapt themselves entirely to modern needs. But I think most women realise this and endeavor to atone for it by a rigid observance of traffic rules.

M. Price, 41 Thomas St., Moonee Ponds W4, Melbourne.

Are more careful

IT may take a woman a little longer than the average man to learn to drive a car, but once she has mastered the job she is as capable and efficient as any man.

How many drivers in car accidents are women? A very small proportion!

How often have we to speed up and pass men motorists talking to their friends regardless of congested traffic? Frequently.

In my three years' driving experience I have had no bumps or accidents to record. How many men can say the same?

Mrs. F. Thomas, Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

Cause expense

WOMEN are not good car-drivers.

When it comes to danger they are apt to throw up their hands and leave the wheel unattended; and a mention of fashion from the back seat takes their eyes from the road while they turn to listen.

Husbands are always complaining of heavy tyre bills caused through bad cornering and fiercely-applied brakes.

No, I would not travel in a car with a woman driver for quite a lot of money.

Mrs. M. Kaye, 16 Ah St., c/o Mildura P.O., Vic.

Presence of mind

I'M a woman driver, and I love driving! There have been countless occasions where my presence of mind has averted accidents when a careless man driver has turned round or pulled out suddenly without warning.

Why point to women drivers when there are so many negligent and inefficient men on the road?

Miss Janet M. Burge, 33 Breakfast Ck. Rd., Newstead N1, Brisbane.

Is national city in right setting?

WHY is it that Canberra has such a strangely detached air?

Is it because the quiet and peaceful countryside in which it is set is not in keeping with the austere modern buildings of the Federal Capital?

Coming back from its planned and ordered by-ways, through the haphazard, natural country that is Australian pastureland, is like passing from 1990 to 1939. Almost like reading H. G. Wells on a country holiday.

Miss Dorothy O. Sinclair, 9 Fairfax Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Is feminine chat disturbing at the pictures?

MRS. B. WILLIAMS (1/7/'39) is rather hard on the women who talk about their homes before and during the interval of a picture programme.

The busy housewife has little leisure, and so combines meeting

"No place for gossip."

a friend with a visit to a picture show.

Then what is more natural than a discussion of their homes, as the home is the thing that is nearest to every woman's heart?

A. M. Dow, 48 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Similar interests

THE reason why women discuss their home affairs while they are at the pictures is that they have nothing else in common, and they feel that it is much better to bore those around them than to bore each other by their silence, or efforts at making conversation.

No doubt if these women had the leisure and the means to take up sport or other interests outside the home they would have much more to talk about.

Mrs. C. S. Day, 184 Richmond Rd., Richmond, N.S.W.

Spoil pleasure

MOST of us have suffered like Mrs. Williams from the annoyance of sitting near women who gossip at the pictures.

It is amazing that women bother to pay to go into the theatre, when they spend so much time chatting in irritating whispers.

If asked politely to stop talking, they often become most offended, or giggle together like silly schoolgirls.

Why don't they stay at home and have their talk, or else visit a cafe, where they do not spoil the enjoyment of others?

Reginald Tulloch, Port Pirie, S.A.

COST OF WEDDINGS

TOO much money is wasted on elaborate wedding ceremonies. I know couples whose weddings have cost £50 or £100 and who have then settled down to life on £5 or £6 a week. Would not the money be better spent on furniture?

Costly weddings are not only a burden to the bride and her family, but they impose on friends.

A traditional bridal frock is of no use afterwards. Why not wear a plain frock and have no guests? If two people are really in love they do not need a big wedding celebration.

Miss J. Sampson, Hamilton, Vic.

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BETTER PROGRESS

ARE people honest with themselves when they say that they hate modern progress?

Some people have recently expressed such views, and they infer that, owing to "progress," the world is in a worse state now than ever it has been.

Many of the great men of the world have always maintained that if a nation does not progress sooner or later it will go back to a low standard of living.

Who among us would care to go back to the Dark Ages? To sleep in the boughs of trees, or live in mud huts scattered along the banks of rivers? Not I.

L. Smith, P.E.I. Works, Sarina, N. Qld.

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NOT TIME TO READ

HOW inconsiderate is the husband who reads a book or paper at the table.

Even if he is weary and he has nothing to tell his wife he should be interested in hearing the news of his family.

Personally, I would be deeply hurt if my husband could not wait till the meal was over before commencing to read. We share the paper afterwards.

Mrs. R. G. Chew, Cohuna, Vic.

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BOYS' SEWING CLASS

IN these modern times when people are trained to be versatile, and women take a more active part in public life, it would be a good idea if our Education Department provided for a boys' sewing class at school.

Boys could at least be taught to mend and patch their own clothes. Why should women have to do all the mending?

Miss N. Harding, Denah, MacDonnell St., Toowong SW1, Brisbane.

TO BEAUTIFY YOUR SKIN IS IMPORTANT

HINDS soaks skin to new smoothness — *lasting* softness. Its quicker-acting softeners sink in deeply, lubricating the skin, keeping it fresh, fine and smooth. Use Hinds Cream regularly—morning and night. It's quicker acting because extra creamy — every drop works!

1/- and 2/- everywhere
The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of the 1/- size.

HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD. Agents

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND Cream

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New PLASMIC Acts Like Magic

Removing almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 56.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, after using one tube of New Plasmic.

NEW PLASMIC restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of YOUTH.

Large tube, sufficient for three weeks' treatment, posted FREE FOR 5/-. CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION of this MARVELLOUS PREPARATION. It is guaranteed harmless, without any injurious after effects. Ladies unable to call can have a sample treatment posted FREE for 1/- and one penny stamp.

OPEN UNTIL 7 FRIDAYS

JOHN AFRIAT, Pacific House, 206 Pitt Street (near Bathurst Street), Sydney. 6th Floor. Take Lift.

Also obtainable at Washington Soul Pattinson and Co., and other leading Chemists.

SLIM APPEAL

Mr. LEN O. SIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effects; and on getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 3d. post, for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use, and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d.; and the Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts (for drastic reduction) are 2/- each, or 10/6 for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free.***

Many seek advice from radio "voice"

Novel 2GB session popular with women listeners

Who is Frank Sturge Harty? To many thousands of women in New South Wales he is a voice on the air—an unknown personality who helps them with their personal problems.

He receives each day probably the most extraordinary mail addressed to any man in Australia. And only a small proportion of the letters are signed or give any indication of the identity of the writer.

A MAN of average height, in his middle forties, strongly built, and with a close-cropped black moustache, he has seen life in many corners of the world, and in an extraordinary range of occupations.

He has been, among other things, planter, accountant, wharflaborer, soldier, journalist, clergyman, and industrial lecturer.

To-day, in his "Life's Problems" sessions from 2GB, he is presented with an amazing variety of individual problems in the thousands of letters he receives, mostly from women listeners.

Except when he is asked to destroy them, all letters are carefully filed away for record and reference when similar problems again arise.

The Australian Women's Weekly found Mr. Harty in his office at 2GB going through his morning mail.

Letters in front of him were from all over New South Wales — from women of wealth and social position, and from homes stricken by poverty.

No one but Mr. Harty himself ever sees the letters—he opens them himself, files them himself, and keeps them under lock and key.

"That fact," he said, "is the distinctive asset of my session. I can advise someone in difficulty only if I have the full details of all the circumstances; but I can expect to have all the facts only when I do not seek or want to know the identity of the writer.

"That is why I impress upon my listeners that, if they will sign only initials or pen-names they can recognise, I do not wish to know their names or their addresses or have any clue to their identity.

"The result is that, to them, I am just a voice.

"In their lives—in everybody's life, for that matter, I suppose—there arise problems so intimate in their nature that the individual concerned cannot discuss them with husband, family, or friends.

"But to an impersonal voice they can address every detail of their circumstances. They can pour out on paper pent-up feelings which otherwise might lead to tragedy.

Mutual help

"LITERALLY, by the way, I have been able to avert tragedy in more than one instance. Fortunately, I have been able to offer as advice the experience of other people similarly situated, and so have found a way out of what appeared to be the certain wreckage of domestic happiness."

His experience of the last few years, Mr. Harty continued, was the principal factor in arming him with that essential knowledge which gave him confidence to offer his advice, but he believed also that the experiences of his own life had provided an essential background.

Born in the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, Mr. Harty worked for some time on a sugar plantation and in a shipping office. Then came the war.

His experiences as a soldier aroused his interest in religion, and, before the demobilisation of the army in Egypt, he enrolled as a student in a theological college in Cairo.

After the armistice he completed his theological studies in England, and at the invitation of a New Zealander he spent all he had on his steamer fare to Auckland.

Arriving there, expecting to meet an Anglican bishop with whom he had an appointment, he found that the arrangements had been misunderstood and that the bishop was away.

Knowing nobody, and without money, he took a job on the wharves in Auckland until the bishop returned.

He was appointed to a New Zealand parish, and after several years there he came to Sydney, ultimately accepting an appointment to a parish in Western Queensland.

After a few years he decided that he would seek a wider sphere. He came to Sydney as editor of the "Church Standard," and often preached and officiated at St. James', Sydney.

Once more he decided to seek a wider audience for what he believed he could do, and so he transferred from the pulpit to the microphone.

Mr. Harty is on the air at 2GB each day from Monday to Friday from 2.15 p.m. to 5 p.m.

MISS JOY MORGAN, of 2GB, who was one of the first to broadcast in the 2GB Girls' Session. The Girls' Session has become a popular mid-week feature.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4 to 4.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 19.—Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, July 20 and 21.—June Marsden.

SATURDAY, July 22.—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY, July 23 to July 25.—June Marsden.

HE'S HERS -AND SHE KNOWS IT

LET Kathleen Court GIVE YOU, TOO, THIS PRICELESS ASSURANCE OF CHARM

It's one thing to possess Charm . . . but quite another thing to *know* you have it — to be utterly sure about yourself. Only then, when you are serenely confident about your appearance, can you be certain of winning *and holding* admiration. This is, perhaps, woman's biggest Secret. It is what makes great Stars of Stage and Screen; it is why some Girls and Women are popular, and some are not . . .

Be ever Lovely and Charming! Let Miss Kathleen Court put into your hands the power to bring about momentous, happy changes in your life. Literally thousands of grateful girls and women in all parts of the globe have taken this step and have won for themselves new courage, glamour, and happiness. "Undoubtedly," they write, "there is a real magnetic something in your Beautifiers that is not equalled in others."

MAKE THIS EXCITING TEST TO-NIGHT

Probably the best test you can make of Kathleen Court Beautifiers is to try Kathleen Court's world-famous "Facial Youth" Cream. No girl or woman can use this remarkable Beauty-Creator and fail to win new compliments on the heightened, exquisite and adorably new charm thus put into her skin! No ordinary vanishing cream, cold cream, "beauty pack" or foundation can possibly work such wonders, with such swift delicacy as "Facial Youth." As it soothes, as it softens, as it refreshes tired skins, "Facial Youth" holds your powder and improves your make-up as nothing else can. No grease. No oil. No trouble. Just a scientific achievement that proves it possible to gain, from one single Beauty Aid, far more than mere fleeting improvement in appearance. Get "Facial Youth" from any Chemist or Store 30-DAY! Tubes 1/3 and 1/9; Jars 2/6.

A WORD TO THE WISE . . .

There's still time for you to be a sensational Success at that dance or party to-night. Try Kathleen Court's "Rose Petal" Rouge (1/9); and "Spiral" Lipstick (2/9)—the smart new shades of Imperial, Royal Tan, Sphinx, Query, Glamour, Cyclamen and Rouge et Noir. Transform your hair with Kathleen Court's "Hennafoam" Shampoo Powder (7d.); Glamorise your nails with Kathleen Court's marvellous new Creme Nail Lacquers (1/6). All good Chemists sell these Beautifiers, but in case of difficulty, write direct to Miss Kathleen Court, Shell House, Carrington Street, Sydney.

A trio of famous beautifiers.

Kathleen Court

Supreme aids to LOVELINESS

LONDON — SYDNEY — WELLINGTON — NEW YORK

KC19-S39

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

AT THIS TIME of the year Leo the Lion, who has rule over all people born between July 23 and August 24, comes roaring into the limelight of things astrological and astronomical.

THE stage of life is now set for Leonians.

And do they love it? The role of "shrinking violet" is not for them. They have "It," and are not at all averse from your knowing it.

They are strong, vital and somewhat egotistical people, in love with life, with other people, and with themselves. They like the excitement of existence, and the entertainment value of meeting other people.

They are proud and keenly desirous of making a place in the world for themselves, and of keeping it. They like to act a part, to shine as hosts or hostesses, and to do things on a grand scale and in the correct way. Anything shoddy or haphazard appals their sense of fitness, and lessens their happiness.

They don't wish to be the little frog in the big puddle, or the big frog in the little puddle. They much prefer to be the big frog in the big puddle.

Like the lion which symbolises their zodiacal sign, they can also be arrogant, domineering, self-assured and somewhat contemptuous of the feelings and ambitions of others. And finally, they can be hard and cruel.

These characteristics, however, are usually confined to the less desirable type, for the average Leonian has enough self-pride and common sense to realise that such characteristics, if fully expressed, will get him nowhere in the world.

Therefore, with all the power at their command (and they have plenty of it), they strive to express their finer characteristics. They learn to develop their great resources of cleverness and charm, and when a Leonian bombards you with all the charm of which he is capable, you're up against a tough proposition.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Continue to live cautiously up to and including July 22 (late) and 23. Thereafter your stars come to your rescue. You can afford to chase a few rainbows on July 26, 27 and 28 (to 4 p.m.). Waste no time then. Plan well ahead.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Laggard Taurians will find trouble catching up with them at this time. Changes and risks of all kinds should be avoided on July 25 and 26.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Poor on July 26, 27 and 28 (early).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Concentrate on routine work; finalise matters already commenced. July 24 and 25 have slight possibilities.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): This is a good time to roar, and to go after what they want. July 26, 27 and 28 (to 4 p.m.) promise opportunities which lively Leonians should try not to miss.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days. July 28 (late) and 29 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Your recent troubles may lessen at this time. Be mildly cautious on July 26 (after dusk) and 29.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Hibernate awhile. Many Scorpions will find that their sins can find them out at this time. Be particularly careful on July 24 and 25. Avoid changes, risks and arguments then.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Snap into hard work on July 26, 27 and 28 (daylight). Fortune smiles then, and success should attend well-considered enterprises and diligence. Changes, removals, promotions and travel can all be attempted.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Most Capricornians can now afford to breathe a sigh of relief, for they have been laboring under difficulties. July 26 (late) and 29 mildly fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): You'll need the wisdom of Solomon if you are to avoid arguments, opposition, loss and upsets, especially on July 24 and 25. Run away from trouble (if you can) in these days. Live quietly, and avoid partings or irresponsibility.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just routine days for you now, so try to stabilise any gains made recently, by working hard and well. July 24 and 25 poor.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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WITH

PHILIPS "New Listening"

Illustrated above is MODEL 2052, A.C. All wave de luxe Console — 29 guineas.

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"New Listening" is for YOU! It brings the world infinitely closer . . . . keeps you in touch with current events . . . . entertains you with world celebrities and the music of many lands. Whether from local or overseas stations you'll hear radio the way it is meant to be heard . . . . the Philips way . . . . with "New Listening!"

"New Listening" is a combination of advanced new technical features, plus simplified tuning and delightful console and mantel cabinet designs.

Don't take it for granted! Hear "New Listening" for yourself. There's an Accredited Philips Radioplayer Retailer in almost every town or suburb.

PHILIPS radioplayers

Above we illustrate three of the striking "New Listening" cabinets. Each is available for A.C., A.C./D.C., or battery operation, making a complete range of models priced from . . 13 GNS.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST AUSTRALIA

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MARY BORDEN, American-born wife of an English soldier-M.P., whose latest novel is "Passport for a Girl."

ENGLISH GIRL'S *love for* REFUGEE . . .

Mary Borden shows what coming of Nazis meant to Austria

A Book to Read

When the Nazis marched into Vienna, a British passport and a timely warning from friends enabled April Goodchild and her fiance, Hans Hartmann, to escape to England.

But safety in England and his English sweetheart could not save Hans from the Nazi machine. When his mother was threatened with the horrors of a concentration camp, he had to go back, even though her release meant imprisonment for himself.

SYMBOL OF FREEDOM: It was a British passport which enabled April Goodchild to escape from Vienna when the Nazis came . . .

THIS tragic situation is presented by Mary Borden in her latest novel, "Passport For a Girl."

Her heartrending picture of what Hitler's coming meant to thousands of Austrians gives new meaning to the arrival of refugees in Australia.

She describes graphically the tragic flight of refugees across the Hungarian border.

We read of " . . . the quiet, panting, huddled mass that pressed round the lighted door of the Customs House, dense, cautious, oh, so careful not to struggle too much, push too hard, sob, cry out, or betray by any sound or movement their acute anxiety, the sick fear of what might come up the dark road behind them before they could get through, could pass into the lighted room, submit their passports, their underlinen, and their toothbrushes, and the schillings in their pockets for inspection, and stumble out through the other door into the blessed dark again and across the invisible line on the hidden face of the earth, beyond which lay freedom."

Scrubbed pavements

IN Vienna, Hans' cultured, beautiful mother, Greta, faces with dignity the growing threats to her security, and her husband's panic because, as the husband of a Jewess, he will be treated as a Jew.

Greta was one of those forced to scrub pavements.

" . . . The S.S. men burst in and told her to come along. They had a job of work waiting for her. They were drunk.

"One of them leered at her with his head on one side.

"'Beautiful, aren't you?'" he said, and struck her across the face.

"She was to scrub the pavement.

"They took her to a crowded street and gave her the bottle of acid and flung her to her knees and told her to use her fur as a mop.

"Most of the people passed with averted faces, but a few stood and stared while she scrubbed.

"But it didn't last long. The big one who had hit her across the face had lifted his boot to give her a kick; she could see it coming out of the corner of her eye, when he was flung aside and a hand took her by the arm and helped her up."

April and Hans arrive at Dover, penniless and dishevelled, at a time when her mother, wife of a Foreign Office official, is entertaining Cabinet Ministers and their wives and other distinguished guests at a dinner party.

The Goodchilds' friends express the different attitudes to the march of events in Europe.

All of them give vivid reality to this story of a period when "men told other men they ought to be shot because they didn't believe in the Munich Agreement, women burst into tears at lunch tables and rushed out of the house because someone criticised the Prime Minister."

Forced to return

HANS, who was a political journalist in Austria, becomes a boxing reporter on a London paper.

His garret flat, furnished with bare necessities, becomes a haven and meeting place for lonely refugees in London.

The Nazi authorities, informed of his movements in London, arrest his mother, and threaten her with a concentration camp unless Hans returns and gives himself up.

Hans goes back, and is himself imprisoned.

Through Abe Wiseacre, an American journalist, April and Hans are at last united after his release. From America April writes to her mother:

"It's so wonderful, darling, to feel safe and at rest. It's so wonderful to be happy. This valley is the most peaceful place in the world. I am sure that Hans will forget——"

"Passport for a Girl," by Mary Borden (Heinemann). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

"Help! Hel-pp! HEL-LUP! Whadayamean 'whatsamatter'? Look at Neddy! He says he won't go another step. Says he's hot and his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."

"Whoo-oo-ee! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house! No, no, Neddy, she is NOT bringing burrs to put under your tail . . ."

". . . she's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's—and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide . . . But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin, made from the finest talc. Doctors and nurses recommend Johnson's as the best powder baby can have. Use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, etc.

The Kraft way to make golden-smooth Cheddar Sauce

Take 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, ½ cup milk. Shred cheese into saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk. Heat and stir till melted smooth. Stir in rest of milk slowly over fire till smooth . . . and there's your luscious cheese sauce, all ready to pour over vegetables, salmon or spaghetti . . . gives them an exciting new flavour, and all these important food elements: proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the bone and tooth building milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. It takes a gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

LISTEN-IN TO KRAFT "DILLY" REVUE. Starring Dorothy "Dilly" Foster and Bert Howell and his Band. Every TUESDAY: 2WG at 7.30 p.m., WEDNESDAY: 2GB, 3KA at 8.30 p.m.; 7HT, 3YB at 7.15 p.m.; 2LM at 8.45 p.m., THURSDAY: 7EX at 8.0 p.m. SUNDAY: 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 7.0 p.m.; 2KO, 3AW, 4BC, 4SB, 4GR at 7.15 p.m.; 2GZ, 3SR, 3HA, 3SH, 6IX-WB at 7.30 p.m., 4RO at 8.15 p.m.

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ETIQUETTE

INVITATIONS—an important feature of SOCIAL LIFE

In this instalment of "Etiquette," which is being published in serial form, Mrs. MASSEY LYON, noted authority on social procedure, discusses the sending and receiving of invitations.

She points out that the form in which an invitation is sent indicates the character of an entertainment and therefore is a determining factor in the choice of dress.

— By —
Mrs. MASSEY LYON
Published by Special Arrangement.

For all occasions

TEN different types of invitation are issued for functions of varying grades of formality, Mrs. Massey Lyon states. They range from those issued by Royalty to informal invitations over the telephone.

Here they are:—

1. Invitations from the King and Queen, which are a command.
2. Other Royal invitations.
3. Invitations containing the word "Decorations."
4. Printed invitations with space for name of guest.
5. Printed invitations with guest's name written at the top.
6. Partly printed, partly hand-written.
7. "At Home," printed, all other details hand-written.
8. Personal notes written by the hostess.
9. Visiting card invitations.
10. Telephone invitations.

THE word "decorations" printed on an invitation is an indication that Royalty or Vice-Royalty will be present. Here the Earl of Athlone and the Duke of Gloucester are shown wearing formal evening dress. With them are Duchess of Gloucester and Countess of Athlone.

NOEL COWARD, the well-known playwright, on his way to a reception. At dinners and evening parties in England honored by Royalty, men wear knee-breeches with evening-dress coats.

AS a beginning let us consider the word "decorations" in the bottom right-hand corner of an invitation card.

Some people say: "Well, that doesn't affect me. I haven't any decorations!"

But if they understand the "social game" they know that it indicates the intended presence of Royalty at the party or that in some other way it is to be one of official significance.

In either case it means "war paint" for women, that the very smartest frock must be chosen and jewels worn.

When it is obvious that Royalty is expected, "decorations" means that arrival must be timed quite punctually—if it is to be a dinner, a quarter of an hour in advance of the time given.

(The same etiquette applies, in Australia, at functions where Vice-Royalty is present).

At a dinner in England honored by the presence of Royalty, men usually wear breeches instead of trousers with their evening dress suits, and not infrequently at evening parties also.

This attire is also indicated, of course, by the word "decorations."

Invitations for important functions are sent out on fully printed cards, on which a space or line is left for the name of the guest—or names, if husband wife, or mother and daughter, etc., are included—to be filled in in writing.

Sizes of the cards vary, but one about seven inches wide and five deep is the most usual. Sometimes they are considerably larger, and—in the case of official bodies such as for instance, the City Council—may have crest or coat-of-arms stamped at the top.

In the next grade—the most usual except for dinners—comes a card of similar size, on which the invitation is wholly in print, but without space for the name. The name is written in on the top, starting from the left-hand corner.

This is the way in which invitations to big parties are issued.

Then there are cards on which fewer and fewer particulars are printed, and correspondingly more filled in by hand, down to those which bear only the words "At Home" in the middle.

After that come written notes of invitation. These are always used for dinner parties unless the function is to be very important, when printed cards of the first or second degree are used.

The wording of these invitations indicates various types of entertainment, from an important dinner to a few friends at tea.

BEGINNING at the top of the scale, Royal invitations are sent out by the Comptroller of the Household, and, in the case of the King and Queen's important public entertainments, by the Lord Chamberlain.

For example:

The Comptroller of the Household
is desired by
Her Royal Highness the Duchess
of Kent
to invite
Mr. and Mrs. Somebody
to an afternoon party at ———
on Friday, July 28, from 4 to 6.30.

Everything is printed except the name, for which a line is left blank.

The answer would be as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Somebody present their compliments to the Comptroller of the Household, and have the honor to accept the gracious invitation of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to an afternoon party at——on June 4.

The envelope would be addressed to "The Comptroller of the Household."

Invitations to important dinners are issued on large cards, fully printed except for the line left for the name of the guest.

Like all dinner invitations, they are issued in the names of the host and hostess. This is an exception to the general rule, whereby the hostess' name alone appears on the invitation cards.

For example:

The Earl and Countess of
Wideacres
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Somebody's company
at Dinner
On July 24 at 8 o'clock.
Wideacres House, Mayfair. *Decorations. R.S.V.P.*

This tells us by the word "decorations" that Royalty is expected, so we know we should arrive very soon after a quarter to eight, and be prepared to stay until after the Royal guests have departed, as well as "dressing according."

In replying to the invitation a form such as this would be used:

"Mr. and Mrs. Somebody have much pleasure in accepting the Earl and Countess of Wideacre's kind invitation to dinner on July 24, at 8 o'clock."

If the invitation must be refused, it is gracious to give some reason.

NEXT WEEK.—More about invitations and replies.

What's the ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1. When it's 7 p.m. in Melbourne, in Adelaide it's—
   6 p.m., 6.30 p.m., 7 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 8 p.m.
2. If, when knitting, your instructions tell you to knit plain in every row, the resultant stitch will be—
   Garter-stitch — moss-stitch — stocking-stitch — cable-stitch — waffle-stitch.
3. Which is farther away from Sydney—
   Melbourne — Cairns.
4. If you had a spatula, you would use it for—
   Teaching yourself to swim — Mixing the ingredients of a recipe — Weeding the garden path — Beating a tough steak.
5. Who holds the England-Australia flying record for women pilots?
   Amy Johnson — Jean Batten — Mrs. Bonney — Amelia Earhart — Nancy Bird.
6. Each prong in your dinner fork is called—
   A finger — A point — A tine — A ting.
7. Can you have your passport photograph taken while wearing a hat?
   Yes — No.
8. The author of "Robbery Under Arms" was—
   A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson —— Rolf Boldrewood — Henry Lawson — Marcus Clarke.
9. Which of these was the wife of King Henry VIII?
   Lady Jane Grey — Catherine of Braganza — Catherine Parr — Elizabeth Woodville.
10. And now can you answer all these?
    Venus is the Goddess of . . . — Minerva is the Goddess of . . . — Mars is the God of . . . — Neptune is the God of . . .

Answers on next page

THE PERFECT FINISH TO A BEAUTIFUL HAIR STYLE

Californian Poppy
BRILLIANTINE

A NEW hair-style—modern and exciting, to make you into a radiant new personality. And then a touch of brilliantine—Californian Poppy Brilliantine—for that immaculate finish that good grooming demands. Californian Poppy gives the dullest hair a lovely silky gloss—a soft, rich sheen without a trace of greasiness. It's just that final lift to glamour—to make your lovely locks really and truly your crowning glory.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY BRILLIANTINE
. . . a distinctive preparation made from the costliest oils

Only the finest, lightest oil is used in Californian Poppy Brilliantine—that's why it's the safest for a girl's fine hair and tender scalp.

Just rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and lightly pat it on your hair before combing. This preserves the set of your wave, too, and prevents any possible frizziness or flatness. And then your hair takes on a richer colour . . . a gleaming, lustrous shine.

1/6 Per Bottle

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Tangee gives a dignified beauty because it's natural beauty

You will never appear excessively made-up with Tangee. Instead, it gives your lips a natural loveliness that is always in good taste. Because it isn't paint—it can't paint. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes magically on your lips to a blush rose, the color most becoming to you. Never that glary, painted look! Try Tangee for natural beauty! Your friends will approve.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melb. and Sydney.

"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 40 pounds weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and he has had none since—in OVER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

One Love had Sylvia

Continued from Page 9

AT first when her friends looked startled and impressed at the thought of Sylvia coming, Berri had laughed.

"You forget we're sisters. Even if she is a film star she was brought up poor like me. If she's got grand she'll have to get over it."

But after Sylvia had landed it was not so easy to laugh. A tiny nagging worry inside made the laugh sound a bit forced. She was less sure than ever that she wanted Sylvia. The Sylvia who smiled at her from every picture paper.

The Sylvia whose hotel was so surrounded that they had to get the mounted police to clear the crowds. The Sylvia who was deigning to spend her last week with her drab, unromantic sister.

She tried to pretend even to herself that she was making no special effort for Sylvia's visit. But, of course, it wasn't true. She cleaned the house from top to bottom. She fussed round among her clothes. Particularly she worried about coats. However nice your frocks may be they don't look their best at night under a tweed coat.

The day before Nigel and Sylvia arrived, Oliver decided to paint an open window with the sea outside. It meant nothing to him that it was the spare room. He came up with his easel and paraphernalia. Berri was standing on a step-ladder hanging the cleaned and reglazed curtains. He looked at what she was doing with disgust.

"I wish you hadn't had those cleaned. I saw them the other day. Some of the stiffness was out of them. They had some good shadows."

Berri sat down on the top of the step-ladder.

"Have you remembered what's happening to-morrow?"

Oliver thought a moment.

"It isn't the shove-halfpenny competition at The Penzance Arms, is it?"

She leant forward. She looked charming, he thought. Her neat, dark little head outlined against the sky. The printed linen of her frock laid out round her like petals. The crisp glazed curtain hanging from her hand like a cascade of flower-sprinkled water.

"Darling," she said. "To-morrow is the day Nigel and Sylvia are coming."

"Oh, so it is." He leant against the window frame where he could see another view of her. "Have they got a car, or have I got to go and meet them?"

She giggled.

He laid his things on the window seat. He put his arm round her, gripping her, curtain and all.

"What's the joke?"

Her heart throbbed at his nearness. She laid her cheek on the top of his head.

"Do you know a bit what they're going to be like?"

"Um. I saw her once on the pictures. Pretty little thing."

"Yes, but in the house. Do you know they're terribly important people? That ever since they've been in England they've been mobbed for their autographs? That they earn an enormous lot of money?"

Oliver chuckled.

"They don't sound much like us."

Berri joined in. They laughed together, the ladder swaying.

* * * * *

Sylvia lay back in her corner of the car. Her face was anything but amused.

The chauffeur looked in the mirror. Not only the road behind was reflected, but Sylvia's face. He gave the maid beside him a nudge.

"My word, Ida. I wouldn't be him for something."

Ida drew herself up.

"You've gotten no right to say a thing like that," but her voice was not severe.

The chauffeur gave her ribs another dig.

"All right, America. I know your bread's buttered to say the garden's full of roses. But there's no reason why you and me shouldn't have a look at the stinging nettles."

Nigel lit a cigarette.

"Just before you sleep, Sweetness, there's something I want to say." He shifted across the car. He tucked his hand under her unwilling arm. "Just let's be us for a minute. There was a time you know when you could talk to me. At your sister's let's live just as they do. We've got to park out Ida and the chauffeur. We've got no public appearances to make. With luck we shan't even have to sign our autographs."

Sylvia yawned.

"I can't think why I said we'd stay a week. It'll be ghastly."

"It doesn't sound like that to me. It sounds like something we're both needing." His voice was eager. "Give it a chance, Sylvia."

She turned to look at him.

"What on earth's the matter with you? Give what a chance?"

"Us. For one week don't be Sylvia Moon the great film star."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"So that for once you can try what it's like to be just Mrs. Nigel Monk."

* * * * *

"I'VE only seen the Boulder Dam in a picture," Nigel apologised. "I expect some of the mechanics escaped me."

John knelt half in the water and peered at their handiwork.

"It's stopped the water all right. But it isn't different from any other dam."

"Perhaps it isn't The Boulder," Nigel suggested. "Perhaps it's the sort beavers make."

Toinette leant over his shoulder. She put a sandy hand on him to keep her balance.

"I've caught a shrimp. Can I put it in there?"

John gave a man-to-man look at Nigel.

"This water's fresh," he explained patiently. "That shrimp likes sea water."

"This one's different." Toinette threw the contents of her pail into the dam.

Nigel smiled at John.

"It's never any good arguing with a woman. You may as well learn that early. If she says the moon's made of green cheese, then to all intents it is made of green cheese."

"I never heard any woman say that," John objected.

"No." Nigel stood up. He gave his bathing shorts a hitch. "They're more likely to bring you back to earth with facts about what it really is made of."

John looked up at him puzzled.

"It isn't green cheese, I know that."

"So do I. Sometimes I like pretending. I like to think that if I only run fast enough I could find the crock of gold under the rainbow."

"Mummy telled us that," Toinette broke in. "She said it was there."

Nigel held out a hand to her.

"Come on. It's time to bathe." He looked down at her. He smiled rather lopsidedly. "Your Mummy is the sort of person who finds it."

Berri met them on the beach. She came across from the house buttoning the strap of her bathing dress.

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting. I'm making a pie. The pastry wouldn't behave. I've left Mrs. Tregethern to see to it."

"I like Mrs. Tregethern," said John. "I wish we always had her here."

Berri rubbed his hair the wrong way.

"That's because she spoils you, you greedy little pig. But so do I like having her. We've got Auntie Sylvia and Uncle Nigel to thank for her being here now all day instead of for just an hour in the mornings. We're trying to entertain the distinguished in the manner to which they're accustomed."

Nigel gave her a quick look. In the six days they had been with her he had not once heard her use that tone. She had seemed to find Sylvia, with her airs and graces, funny.

"I'm afraid the so-called distinguished are being a frightful nuisance."

Berri flushed.

"Sorry. I deserved that. You know you're not being a nuisance. Let's bathe. I expect I got out of bed the wrong side."

"And the pastry wouldn't paste?"

Berri handed him Toinette's water wings.

"Blow those up. I expect that's my liver, too. Mrs. Tregethern says a light heart makes a light hand."

He took his lips away from the wings for a moment.

"And a heavy heart a heavy hand?"

"Aren't you inquisitive. Which ever way it is, it's liver. Come on, John, I'll race you. Dear kind Uncle Nigel will stay where it's shallow and teach Toinette to swim." She gave him a "that'll-teach-you" look and dived through a wave.

Nigel went on blowing. Toinette, hopping with impatience, gave him a dissertation on the home life of the starfish. But he was not listening.

After their bathe they climbed up the beach and lay in the sun. Berri looked towards the children.

"They'll miss you awfully. You've been marvellous to them."

Nigel stretched out on his back.

"I like kids."

"Do you? I mean, would you ——?" Berri stopped, suddenly sensing she had stumbled on a tragedy.

"Yes, I would," Nigel said. Then, after a time, "I'd have thought she'd have enjoyed her holiday over here."

Berri pressed her back against a rock.

"I expect she has really. I mean, she'll know she has when she gets back."

"No. Something's upset her."

Please turn to Page 46

FIESTA DINNER FROCK with shirt and bolero in riotous multi-colored checks is softened with a fragile white organdie blouse. By Jacques Heim and Jacqmar.

The answer is—

1. 6.30.
2. Garter-stitch.
3. Cairns.
4. Mixing ingredients of a recipe.
5. Jean Batten.
6. A tine.
7. No.
8. Rolf Boldrewood.
9. Catherine Parr.
10. Love. Wisdom. War. The Sea.

(Questions on previous page).

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have roused the hatred of
NICK BLOZZ: An international sports champion, who is a bully. Blozz wishes to marry
BETTY: The daughter of a rich man, but, so far, Mandrake has foiled all his plans. Incensed at this, Blozz plots to get Mandrake out of the way, by a fake telephone message from a woman asking his help.

Mandrake leaves Betty, and, in his absence, Blozz and his accomplice rob her father's safe of ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds, which they hide behind a mirror in Mandrake's house.

After waiting for the mysterious woman he was asked to help, Mandrake realises he has been hoaxed.

NOW READ ON:

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AREN'T WE ALL?

Well, some of us are—you continue to suffer the torture and agonies of rheumatism, backache, or lumbago year after year—doubled up with pain you eventually reach a despondent state mentally and physically, despite the fact that you have tried nearly everything—the pleasures and joys of living are gone. But wait, are they? Let Warner's Safe Cure attack the trouble at its source—rheumatism, backache, lumbago, and such complaints can usually be traced to the inefficient functioning of the kidneys and liver. These organs have become tired, or sick if you wish; they no longer throw off the poisons from the system, and these poisons filter back to the blood stream. With this condition, follow these painful complaints which can only be permanently cured by restoring the kidneys and liver to healthy activity. Warner's Safe Cure, which contains very valuable herbs, has been doing this to really sick people for over 60 years. You'll feel a whole lot better after a three weeks' course.

Mr. Monahan, Bundarra, N.S.W., says:—

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

One Love had Sylvia

Continued from Page 44

UPSET Sylvia! thought Berri bitterly. That's funny. However, he looked unhappy, and it was no good two people wanting sympathy.

"You know, you aren't using your imagination. I thought actors were supposed to have that. She's expected too much. The school disappointed her. So did all her acting friends."

"Don't see why they should. Everybody's made enough fuss over her."

Berri looked at him. Surprisingly stupid all men were. Enough fuss! Couldn't Nigel see it was the wrong sort of fuss? She had not exactly heard what had happened on the visit to the school, but she could guess. Miss Dean wasn't the sort to change her colors because of success. No doubt she had allowed the girls and mistresses the chance to see the famous Old Girl. But in her study it would be just as it had been when Sylvia was at school. Interested inquiries as to what she intended to do next. A total ignoring of what had been so far achieved.

To Miss Dean very few moving pictures had achieved anything, and Sylvia certainly hadn't appeared in them. Somehow Miss Dean would manage to make fame and money terribly unimportant. Her standards were what they had always been. "High aim! High aim in living. High aim in working." To Miss Dean perfection was the one thing worth struggling for. She thought perfection in love and home life the greatest perfection. She had often said so to Berri. No, Sylvia had not enjoyed her visit.

It was the same with her stage friends. A few had come to beg and to borrow, but the rest had made no effort to see her, or if they had run into her at restaurants they had smiled and said: "Is it fun being a lioness?" or other light things. If they, too, were successful they didn't envy her. If they were not they had too much pride to show it.

"I'd have thought she must have loved it here," said Nigel. "We haven't had a week like this since we married."

Berri's eyes widened. What had poor Nigel hoped from this visit? Hadn't he ever quite understood Sylvia? Suddenly, like a wave, her own misery swept over her. She was tired of dissecting Sylvia. She got up. She muttered something about "See to that pie." She began to run. Up over the sand. Across the bumpy road. In at the front door. Mrs. Tregethern called out something from the kitchen but she didn't stop to listen. Didn't stop till she was face downwards on her bed, sobbing with her handkerchief in her mouth so that no one should hear.

It had been her fault about the picture. It had been wet the day after Nigel and Sylvia had arrived. Sylvia was in bed for breakfast. She had on a nightdress and bed-jacket, which must have cost all that Berri spent on her clothes in a year. She had felt a sudden prick of envy. Down in the studio she had said:

"Why don't you paint Sylvia?"

Oliver was still fussing with the spare window views he had in mind. He hated not to paint things the moment he wanted to.

"What for?" he grumbled.

Berri was suddenly angry. Why should Oliver be so unambitious? Why shouldn't he try to get rich? So rich that she could lie in bed in hand-embroidered satin half the morning.

"Because if you did a decent picture of her and got it in the Academy, you could get a lot of that sort of work."

"The Academy!" All Oliver's loathing of that institution was in his voice. "Do you want me to do a pretty picture of her in evening dress?"

"Yes. I do. She's famous. Lots of people will come and look. It might make us rich."

Oliver had stared at her. There was a funny expression in his eyes she didn't understand.

"All right," he said. "I'll go up to my dear sister-in-law and ask her."

Since then he had been different. Every day there were long sittings in the studio. Nobody had been allowed to see the portrait. But Sylvia seemed pleased about it. That in itself was disturbing.

Oliver's portraits weren't the sort to please film stars. But it was something in Oliver that was so odd. He was himself with her, but he wouldn't let her inside the studio. Hours he and Sylvia were alone in there. Frightening thoughts battered at Berri's brain. This morning she had said:

"It'll seem funny when they've gone to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Oliver had looked startled. "I didn't know it was so soon." Then he added, "I wonder where she is." It was as if he couldn't bear to waste his last minutes away from her.

He had gone out of the room then. Berri had lost control and let her fears get a grip. Why was Oliver in this mood? He was more elusive even than usual. Sylvia was so lovely. Could a person who had seen the sun ever feel quite the same about the moon?

She sat up on the bed and scrubbed at her eyes. Oliver was calling up the stairs.

"Berri, we're all going to the shove-halfpenny match at The Penzance Arms. I think it's only fair to give the yokels a chance of looking at Sylvia."

Berri stood in the bedroom doorway. She couldn't go down with her face blotched with tears. She was shocked at her own voice. It sounded harsh, as though years of scolding had made it what it was.

"You go if you want to. I won't!"

Oliver's tone was full of surprise.

"Why ever not? You always do go."

Berri could have hit him. He might be infatuated with Sylvia, but at least he could remember she had nothing but an old tweed coat to wear.

"Well, I don't want to this time."

"Rot!" he said. "Of course you're coming." Then, as was his way, he thought the subject closed and walked out of the house.

Somehow, when it was time to get ready, Berri felt too low-spirited to argue any more. She went up to her bedroom and put on a black crepe-de-chine frock. Three times while she was dressing a tear dripped out of her eyes and took the powder off her nose. When it came to putting on the tweed coat she gave a sob. Oliver couldn't be blamed for preferring Sylvia. No man wanted a shabby wife.

They were all waiting in the hall when Sylvia came down. She had no hat on. She, too, had put on a black crepe-de-chine frock. But what a frock; Molyneux, and very good Molyneux at that. Over it, rather as other women might pull an old jersey, she wore her mink coat.

"Oh, Sweetness," said Nigel. "Aren't we a bit grand for The Penzance Arms?"

The other two said nothing. Oliver was staring at Sylvia. Berri was looking at Oliver. Well though she knew his expression, this was one she was afraid to read. Nigel spoke to her, but she couldn't answer for the lump in her throat.

. . . . . .

The car drove away. Oliver, Berri and the children and most of the artists' colony waved till it was out of sight. Berri sent the children across to the beach. She turned to go into the kitchen. Oliver caught her arm.

"Come to the studio. I want to show you something."

"The picture?"

He nodded gravely. He spoke as the religious might speak of a shrine.

"The picture."

It was on an easel in the studio. It was covered with a cloth. He whipped off the cloth as a conjurer produces a rabbit from a hat. Berri gasped.

This picture was like nothing he had done before. It was as near being a sweetly pretty picture called "Springtime" as any portrait could be and yet remain a portrait. Sylvia had on a flowered frock. She held a big hat by a ribbon. Behind her were massed flowers.

"I do hope I haven't overdone it," said Oliver. "After you were all in bed I used to sneak a few of them in here." He jerked his head towards the studios of his friends.

"OF course, everyone had a new idea how to make it worse. We laughed so much I was afraid you'd hear us."

Berri flung round at him.

"It's awful. Why did you do it?"

Oliver cleaned a palette knife.

"You wanted the money. I think it might sneak into the Academy. It was rather fun really. I don't mind doing a few like that if you like."

Berri snatched at the palette knife.

"You fool! You know I don't want you to do that sort of stuff!"

Oliver gripped her.

"Hold on. You can't scrape it off. I've sold it."

"To Sylvia?"

He nodded.

"We'll send the cheque back."

"It isn't a cheque." He went to the cupboard in the corner. He opened it. He brought out a mink coat. Sylvia's mink coat.

"You let her have that awful picture for a mink coat. It's robbery."

He grinned.

"I know. But she wanted it. She's set her heart on it being the picture of the year. I'd refused to sell because really it's a bit overdone. But last night when you came down with your eyes all red, wearing your old tweed, I had the idea. So I got her on one side, and said, 'You can have the picture for that coat. Take it or leave it.'"

Suddenly Berri was crying. Oliver had his arms round her. His face was against her hair. She told him an incoherent tale about having been a fool. The one phrase he caught was, "You see, she's so lovely."

Oliver pushed her away at that. He held her from him.

"Lovely? That chocolate box! I didn't dare look at you all the week. If I had I might have found her face too silly to paint even as a joke."

He stooped and picked up the coat, which had fallen to the floor.

"Put it on. I'd like to see how it looks on a real person."

. . . . . .

"Happy?" asked Nigel. "Glad we're sailing?"

"Yes. But this week's made me think. You know, seeing Berri and the children——"

He hardly spoke above a whisper.

"And the children? Yes?"

"How lucky we are. Poor Berri."

He began to laugh. Disillusioned, entirely mirthless laughter.

"What on earth's funny about that?"

He sobered suddenly.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

(Copyright).

Animal Antics

"SHE loves me, she loves me not."

Keep your head above water!

It's a comfortable feeling to know you have tucked safely away a little nest egg of savings—when sudden need comes your way. It is easy to acquire the habit, week by week—a few shillings—you will marvel at their growth. Interest helps, and you need never have that "sink or swim" feeling—you need never fear the future—*you're safe if you save!*

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The Movie World

July 22, 1939 — The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement — First Page

1 **CARLOTTA** and Maximilian (Bette Davis, Brian Aherne) reach Mexico.

2 **MEXICAN** liberator Juarez (Paul Muni) outlines his plans for freeing his country.

3 **FRENCH** Army Commander Donald Crisp announces that he must leave Mexico.

4 **FRANCE'S** rulers (Gale Sondergaard, Claude Rains) withdraw support.

5 **ARRIVED** in Paris to implore aid of Napoleon, Carlotta is told by his aides that the Emperor refuses to see her.

6 **IN MEXICO,** Maximilian has been captured by the victorious army of Juarez.

Tale of Phantom Crown

• *WARNER BROS.' new historical drama, "Juarez," covers those three fantastic years in which Mexico was an Empire. Set on the throne created by France, in 1864, the young Austrian Archduke Maximilian and his wife Carlotta ruled in Mexico until 1867. Against them were ranged the powerful Mexican armies inspired and led by the Indian liberator Juarez. Brian Aherne, Bette Davis and Paul Muni handle the tragic story.*

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Bette remembers

BETTE DAVIS is anxious for veteran actor George Arliss, now in England, to play an important role at her studio. It was Arliss who gave Bette her big screen chance in Hollywood's "Man Who Played God."

Wealthy Mary

ALTHOUGH "America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford, has been away from the screen these many years, she need never again be concerned with financial cares.

The interest alone on her income amounts to something between £150,000 and £200,000 a year.

Safe

TY POWER got quite a scare the other day when his bride, swimming in their garden pool, yelled out something about a snake.

Annabella was right. There was a big snake swimming around in the pool, but it was at a safe distance when she spied it.

House for sale

ANN HARDING'S home in the Hollywood Hills, which cost £27,500, and includes, besides the handsome mansion, a swimming pool and a theatre, has been offered for sale for half its cost. Ann lived there when she was married to Harry Bannister, and is at present staying in the home with her present husband, Werner Janssen, prominent musician.

Ann and Janssen will soon leave for Baltimore, where they will make their home in future.

Stoic

CHARLIE CHAPLIN always watches his weight closely. Having put on a few extra pounds, he is cutting down his puddings from three helpings to just one.

Rooney again

MICKEY ROONEY went to a Hollywood party, and did impersonations of Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, and Hedy Lamarr.

The guests were so delighted—and Mickey was so clever—that you will see the imitations on the screen—in "Babes in Arms."

Beauty retired

ELISSA LANDI, formerly one of filmdom's most beautiful actresses, is living in a seventeenth-century farmhouse, near Kingston, New York. Her father is with her, and she is very happy, as she supervises the cultivation of 120 acres of farm land.

In the autumn, Elissa plans to return to the New York stage, but she does not care to journey to Hollywood, for she feels that she wasted her time there.

Wanted—a garden

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, England's most famous director, has now settled down in Hollywood.

He's taken a flat with his wife in Beverly Hills, until he can find a nice little bungalow—with plenty of garden space and flowers.

Hitchcock's first picture will be "Rebecca."

Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New —*Relaxing*—Way to Relieve Pain— You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" . . . let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort —better than anything you've ever known!

New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain . . . and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by *relaxing* nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "doping").

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. . . . How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away —you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.

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"GOLDEN BOY" is HERE...

UNKNOWN WILLIAM HOLDEN GIVEN ACTING PLUM THAT THOUSANDS HAVE COVETED

From JOHN B. DAVIES in Hollywood

COLUMBIA has found an actor to play its "Golden Boy," and the feverish search of over a year has had a happy ending.

The fortunate youth, who had to combine the aggressive strength of a boxer with the sensitivity of a musician, is 21-year-old William Holden—who was discovered through sheer accident.

Director William Mamoulian began his search in March, 1938, as soon as Columbia had bought the screen rights of the New York play by Clifford Odets—Luise Rainer's husband.

The "Golden Boy" of the stage was Luther Adler—who later became Sylvia Sidney's husband. But Mr. Adler was not quite suitable for the screen.

He beat Tyrone

ATTRACTING as much attention in Hollywood as that search for Scarlett O'Hara, Columbia's quest had several contestants, or nominees, among the first-rank actors.

Favorites at one stage were Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Gene Raymond and James Cagney. The studio, in the middle of last year, thought it highly probable that a conventional star would be employed.

But Mr. Mamoulian began interviewing extras and bit players. He exhausted the types in the film colony and went to New York.

Then letters began pouring in—thousands of them from all over the world—from young men and even old.

Mr. Mamoulian thought it high time to define exactly what the Columbia hero should be like.

"Rare ability is really required to interpret the part," said he. "'Golden Boy' is a Hamlet of the prize ring—a mauling fury who tries to stifle his artistic soul in quest of quick fame and fortune."

Then he made a prophecy. "When Columbia does finally select the unknown player capable of portraying the role, a new and permanent film star will be added to the constellation of Hollywood celebrities."

Three had hopes

THE director then came back to Hollywood, and began sorting out the probables from the possibles. By this time practically every well-known young leading man in Hollywood had been film tested.

In all, 67 young men paraded before Columbia's cameras, knowing full well that "Golden Boy" would do as much for the man who made the film as "Gone With the Wind" would do for Vivien Leigh.

Five months ago, three unknown young men awoke to find themselves semi-famous. They were the finalists in the "Golden Boy" quest. Their names? Richard Fiske, Stanley Brown and Robert Sterling.

In the meantime, Columbia had set about securing the rest of its cast—for time was galloping on. Barbara Stanwyck was chosen for the leading feminine role, and Adolphe Menjou for the leading character role.

Would they be playing in support of Richard Fiske, Stanley Brown, and Robert Sterling? Luck stepped in to answer "No!"

For Mr. Mamoulian took time off to find a girl who could play Anna, the "Golden Boy's" sister. He got some film-tests on file at Paramount. And in them he saw a lad, assisting the young actress whom Mamoulian had in mind.

The girl's name is now forgotten. Mamoulian straightway sent for the lad, William Holden. In 24 hours, Holden had been tested and signed for the "Golden Boy" role.

Holden's reply to Mamoulian on the occasion has already become a screen classic.

"Why didn't you apply for the role during the past year?" asked the director.

"I never thought I had a chance," answered William.

Not only has William his chance—but everyone on the Columbia set is helping him.

Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou are both guiding him through the difficult role, telling him all the tricks of camera technique.

"He has such lots of natural acting ability!" exclaims Barbara generously.

• COLUMBIA'S film, "Golden Boy," will introduce young William Holden (above) to an eager public. ····· Barbara Stanwyck watches William practising the violin for a scene in the film.

They have all to show a leg

BATHING GIRLS ARE AS POPULAR TO-DAY AS WHEN SENNETT RULED

THOSE pretty girls who pose in every fan magazine—showing a shapely leg—are just taking part in an old screen custom.

An actress may be going to be famous one day: or she may be a failure in six months. It matters nothing to the publicity department. They are interested only in her photographs—and the photographs must all show a leg.

Bathing suits, beach togs, shorts, or frilly ballet skirts—every newcomer to a studio must pose, and pose again, while the ruthless studio cameramen take her leggy pictures.

The young ladies who go to Hollywood to work in motion pictures have all sorts of backgrounds. Some of them are established stage actresses. Some are radio artists with impressive followings of their own. Many are from small repertory companies, art theatres and college dramatic clubs.

All of them are grist for the cameraman's mill. All of them find themselves posing for "leg art" within a fortnight—unless Nature has been extremely unkind to them.

The strongest argument the studio photographer has is his undisputed statement that, "It always has been done."

Garbo in shorts

GARBO did it, unwillingly and not too well, perhaps. Bette Davis stood for it until she had established herself as a star. Kay Francis and Norma Shearer were not immune.

Joan Blondell, Myrna Loy and Loretta Young displayed their legs for years before they reached the place where they dared say "no" to a cameraman.

Heiresses and ex-waitresses, dramatic actresses and vaudeville comediennes, sub-debs and shop girls are taken to the portrait gallery and photographed as to head, shoulders and full-length view, fully and often elaborately dressed.

Then they are taken out to the beach or the studio gardens to pose for leg art. "Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise do it," grumble the photographers. "Why shouldn't you?"

The Hays Office says leg art can be made only if the picture indicates there was a good reason to show the legs. Swimming, climbing ladders and fences, falling off horses, elephants or surf boards are considered good reasons.

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Eighteen-year-old

Nancy Kelly SOARS

GIRL GROOMED TO SCOOP DRAMATIC POOL AT MAJOR HOLLYWOOD STUDIO

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood

SHE is no little Cinderella from some five and ten cent candy store with wings as yet untried—nor yet an exotic orchid from some far-off foreign strand.

The honored one, eighteen-year-old Nancy Kelly, is a typical American outdoor lass, full of youthful enthusiasm—and with years of acting experience to back it.

She is the screen's newest real star—the girl who is taking Loretta Young's place at Fox studios.

Loretta, you remember, left Fox several months ago to free-lance on her own account.

Now Nancy has become a star, and is to get all the top roles hitherto handed to Loretta as a matter of course.

She will not, however, follow in the footsteps of the glamorous Loretta. Strong dramatic roles are being planned for her.

For the first time in the history of that studio, Fox is seriously building up a big dramatic star.

For they are convinced they have in Nancy Kelly an actress of the calibre of Bette Davis—Nancy's personal idol, by the way—and are going to give her every opportunity to show her worth.

Nancy has been given very little of the ballyhoo publicity which usually accompanies the debut of a new star. Darryl Zanuck was determined to let the public discover her themselves, grow to like her for her sterling qualities and charming personality.

So, in a series of pleasant roles in "Submarine Patrol," "Tailspin," and "Jesse James," she has been more or less on trial.

"Stanley and Livingstone," however, made up Zanuck's mind.

After the applause which followed her performance in "Jesse James," and after viewing the first rushes of "Stanley and Livingstone," Darryl Zanuck had Nancy's part in the film increased in importance, drew up a new contract, and revised his plans for her future.

With youth on her side, Nancy has so much time and opportunity to develop into just what she wishes to become.

Dual personality

THE combination of physical youth and emotional maturity which she displays makes her seem like two people.

One is Nancy Kelly the actress, made up to go before the cameras, a person of complex charm and subtle shadings of personality.

The other Nancy is the one who comes from the dressing-room when the day's shooting is over. She is full of youthful enthusiasm.

Her olive skin is almost barren of make-up. Her brown eyes are shining and her dark curls falling, schoolgirl fashion, about her shoulders.

Nancy is no little Cinderella who has struck fame by chance. Despite her youth, she has had years of acting experience, beginning when she was a toddler of four.

At that tender age Nancy was playing child roles in silent films made in New York. She appeared with Gloria Swanson in "The Unnamed Lady," in "Say It Again," with Richard Dix, "Mismates," with Warner Baxter, and other films.

• SMILING, fresh-faced Nancy Kelly, latest Fox star. She supplies a cheerful note amid the forbidding notices outside a studio sound stage.

So that when Nancy reported at 20th Century-Fox last May she was not beginning a new career. She was only resuming an old one, picking up where she had once left off, six years before.

Nor in those six years had the Kelly lass been idle. When her adolescent gawkiness of figure and carriage compelled her to forsake films at the age of 11, Nancy turned to radio.

At 16, when Nancy found herself maturing into a most attractive and graceful young woman, she took her courage in both hands and approached John Golden for the part of Blossom in the New York production of "Susan and God."

It was this strong and cleverly enacted role that attracted the attention of Darryl Zanuck.

Before the end of the season he had arranged for Nancy to go to Hollywood under contract.

Nancy is not beautiful according to Hollywood chocolate-box standards, not glamorous or exotic.

She is a real girl, believable, earnest, with a versatility and capacity for acting that mark her out as one of Hollywood's most important actresses of the future.

They want to be nasty!

BEAUTIES TO-DAY ARE REJECTING THE GLAMOR ROLE

WOMEN have more courage than men, they say, which may account for the present topsy-turvy condition in Hollywood.

Every glamor actress is clamoring for a disagreeable role, so that she can show how well she can act.

But the masculine stars are increasing their demands for sympathetic parts.

A case in point is "Memory of Love," which is now in production with Cary Grant, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis in the leading roles.

In the original script, the leading male character—a man who deserts his wife, finds a new romantic interest, and then goes back to her—was a real weakling.

Every actor approached for the role refused it. In desperation, the studio had to change the character for the better, and Cary Grant accepted. Now the hero does not go back to his wife, but gets all the sympathy.

The men simply will not have roles which will damage their fair names in the eyes of the fans.

But the women! Here is Kay Francis, in the same picture, "Memory of Love," playing the villainess, and pleased with it. She declares it the meatiest she has had for a long time.

Shady ladies

HERE is Claudette Colbert demanding of her studio the chief role in "The Little Foxes," that of a greedy, rapacious, and mercenary woman. It is a study in cold greed—and, as a play, is now winning Tallulah Bankhead acclaim on the New York stage.

Here, too, is Joan Crawford renouncing glamor roles for ever and a day!

To prove this drastic change of policy, Joan has just turned down two scripts, "Park Avenue Model" and "Glamor Girl."

Joan would like nothing better for her next picture than the grim part of the disillusioned woman in "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep"—a version of the Richard Sale book. The two other characters in this book are a convict and a priest.

Still further feminine beauties, mindful of the furore caused years ago by such "shady lady" roles as Norma Shearer took in "A Free Soul," demand similar broadminded films of producers.

Who would care to be...

HUSBAND of a Hollywood Star?

MEN WHO ARE HAPPILY MARRIED HAVE TO THANK TACTFUL WIVES

• A FEW weeks ago the wives of Hollywood had their space on this page: now it is the men's turn. Being a husband to a film star is not all jam—it depends on to whom you are married. I should say that the luckiest man in the colony to-day is Johnny Farrow—and the most dominated Buddy Rogers. Mary Pickford, Buddy's wife, has announced her intention of planning for him a new movie career. She does not like to have her husband continually roaming about the country as a band leader. The first step is for Buddy to get an important role in a good British production.

Mary and Buddy are in England now with this goal in mind. If Buddy gets the job—and his wife's determined chin seems to prophesy he will—Mary will later star him in Hollywood, when she resumes motion picture production. Mary is all-powerful in United Artists, as you know. Now Mr. John Farrow is the head of his house — wife Maureen O'Sullivan declared so last week in a special interview. Maureen added that it is still a man's world, and the sooner women realise the fact the sooner will happy homes and marriages be the rule rather than the exception. Not so tactful is Louise Campbell, who married a minor film-actor, Horace MacMahon, just as she herself reached stardom in "Men With Wings." Louise is now refusing a good part in a Broadway play—unless her husband is also featured in it. This puts Mr. MacMahon in an embarrassing position. If he is cast in the play, his own acting merits will never be recognised. He will always be known as the man whose wife got him into the theatre. If Louise does not get her way he will be tagged as the man who let his wife give up her big chance on his account. Some are lucky, but most are unlucky—so who would care to be the husband of a film star?

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● Andy Devine on his Van Nuys farm, where he spends most of his off-screen time.

● Dennis Devine, baby son of Andy Devine, taken with mother and big brother Tad.

● Four pairs of willing hands help Andy Devine to adjust cartridge belt, boots and spurs.

● This bearded roughneck is comedian Andy Devine as he will appear in "Geronimo," Paramount epic drama of Red Indian adventure.

Devine's lucky "break"

COMEDIAN CAME BY HIS "GRAVEL" VOICE THROUGH ACCIDENT

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

GRAVEL-VOICED comedian Andy Devine is a very worried man.

His bright young three-year-old son Tad has come to the imitative age, and he's beginning to prattle in husky tones, unmistakably patterned on papa's.

And Andy doesn't like it at all.

Andy Devine is the comedian with a voice that sounds like nothing more or less than a broken phonograph record.

He owes his screen success to his husky, gravel voice, but he doesn't think it's a useful qualification for a growing lad.

Andy acquired his unique vocalising by accident—and until he went to Hollywood he did all he could to mend it.

It spoilt his childhood days, he says.

"It happened," he explains, "when I was a kid four years old, in my home town, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Fans liked it

"I WAS jumping up and down on the parlor sofa, tooting through a hollow curtain rod which I made believe was a trumpet.

"This was a lot of fun, but there was too much bounce in the old couch. I lost my balance, fell head first off the sofa, and drove the rod through the roof of my mouth.

"After that, I couldn't speak at all for a while, and when I finally got my voice back it was the duo-toned, nutmeg-grater sound that the movie public now hears.

"Actually I got my start in movies through playing football.

"One day, with no job and no particular destination, and clad in my old college football sweater, I was strolling down Hollywood Boulevard when a film producer stopped me.

"He said he was looking for football huskies to play in 'The Collegians,' a Universal serial. I got the job at £30 a month, and the serial continued for over two years.

"Then the talkies came in, and I went out. My raucous voice terrified the sound men.

"I was having a pretty thin time of it, when I received a call for a football sequence in a talking serial.

"When the picture was released the same sandpaper voice that nearly put me on the breadline attracted the attention of the fans.

"They thought it so funny that they began to write in asking to see me in more important roles.

"And that's the way it was."

Andy is now a contract player for Paramount, and his individual comedy talents are frequently used by other studios.

Smiles win new loveliness

the Ipana Way!

ANN IS WORRIED! Just a short time ago both Bill and Tom were giving Ann a rush—now she spends her evenings alone! *(Worry won't help, Ann! Do something about that dull, dingy, lacklustre smile!)*

JANE GIVES ANN A TIP. "Teacher says gum massage helps us have lovelier smiles," wise little Jane tells Ann. *(Many a lucky child learns at school that gums as well as teeth need special care!)*

ANN GOES PLACES—DOES THINGS—HAS FUN, NOW! Carefree as the day is long—Ann is back in the game of hearts—winning with her radiant smile! *(How lovely she is now! She's learned that Ipana and massage help keep gums healthier, teeth more sparkling—smiles so attractive they're sure to help win romance.)*

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

FUN IN LIFE, good looks, charm—depend so much on a bright, appealing smile! Tragic that to-day so many smiles are dull and unattractive! For they *needn't* be! Don't foolishly risk *your* smile—don't take chances with gums that bleed.

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, play safe—*see your dentist.* You may not be headed for serious trouble but let your dentist make that decision. Usually, however, his verdict will be "gums that are victims of our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more work and exercise." His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums," and often, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth, but with massage to aid the health of the gums as well. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken. Weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste to-day . . . it's popular and economical. Use it faithfully. For Ipana, with massage, is a modern help to firmer, healthier gums and an easy way to brighter, sparkling teeth—a vivid smile that will make you more *attractive.*

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Regular Size 1/- *Super Size 2/-*

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PRIVATE VIEWS

● By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer ●

★ BROADWAY SERENADE

Jeanette MacDonald, Lew Ayres. (MGM.)

THIS musical is a powerful argument for maintaining Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy as a screen partnership.

For Eddy isn't in it, and Jeanette has rarely made so dull a film.

To make amends for Eddy's absence, MGM have clothed their star luxuriously, popped in songs as often as possible, included lavish modernistic settings.

And given her Lew Ayres, doing his famous tousle-haired, temperamental act.

But she only gets one chance to sing grand opera, and that is the far-too-frequently heard "One Fine Day." The rest of her numbers are not-very-tuneful "hot" rhythm.

The film, which runs for two hours, is a sentimental story concerning a successful wife, a singer, and her unsuccessful composer husband—overplayed by both principals.

It has its moments. Some of them are provided by Rita Johnson and Virginia Grey in open brawl over Frank Morgan.—St. James; showing.

★ THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY

George Raft, Ellen Drew. (Paramount.)

"THE Lady's from Kentucky" begins well, giving every promise of being a good race-track drama.

But, after the first twenty minutes, the film takes a nosedive into dreary melodrama, and the players are left trying to make the best of a tiresome story—unsuccessfully.

The story concerns the conflict between those who back horses and those who breed them.

George Raft belongs to the former class. He is a young man anxious to make big money quickly, who sets up as a bookmaker on the proceeds of a blood transfusion.

This part of the film is thoroughly entertaining, with Raft in his element.

But when he goes down to Kentucky to claim his half-share in a two-year-old horse, and learns about horse breeding, and to love thoroughbreds for their own sake, the film becomes very dull fare indeed.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Luise Rainer, Paulette Goddard. (MGM.)

LUISE RAINER, after a long screen absence, reappears in modern drama—rather dull modern drama.

"Dramatic School" concerns a young dramatic student (Luise Rainer) who is a potentially great actress.

In order to pay for stage lessons she works at night in a factory, concealing this fact and pretending she moves in society.

Her classmates call her harmless inventions by a more severe name. Determined to expose her, they place her face to face with the handsome young marquis whom she boasts is her lover.

But the marquis, a stranger to her, plays her game and confounds all suspicions.

The whole film is Rainer material. The other members of the cast have little opportunity to show their dramatic merits.

Actually your main interest will come from the only unusual angle to the film—the dramatic school itself, showing the various types of girls preparing for stage work.—State; showing.

★ FIGHTING THOROUGHBREDS

Mary Carlyle, Ralph Byrd. (Republic.)

EXCITING racecourse scenes and handsome horses make this Turf melodrama good average entertainment.

The story is trite enough—concerning a girl and her grandfather, who, bereft of their Kentucky stables, concentrate on rearing one horse to win the Kentucky Derby.

They take special pleasure in doing so from the fact that the horse was sired by a champion from a rival stable—unknown to the owner.

It is called, appropriately, "Sweet Revenge."

"Windy" Hayes, taken out of William Boyd Westerns, is grand as fiery old Grampa, especially when he tries to persuade the newly-born foal to drink from a bottle—clicking his fingers like any proud father of a human offspring.—Capitol; showing.

★ MYSTERY OF THE WHITE ROOM

Helen Mack, Bruce Cabot. (Universal.)

PROVING that you don't know half the things that go on in a hospital.

Doctors conduct romances with the nurses, on duty, nurses know more about the cases than the doctors, and all seem to do as they please.

In this musical-comedy hospital two murders are committed—the first during an operation. A rude, and, of course, dumb, detective arrives, and pins the crime on several members of the hospital one after the other, until the real culprit is discovered.

The murderer is the one you first thought of.

Joy Howarth, billed as Constance Worth, makes occasional appearances in a purely decorative capacity.—Capitol; showing.

★ ARIZONA WILDCAT

Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo, William Henry, Pauline Moore. (Fox.)

ONE of the best Jane Withers films, "Arizona Wildcat" mixes the thrills of an adult Western into its broad comedy.

Time is 1870, place an Arizona town, and characters the bad sheriff, the boy framed for murder and the ebullient ex-bandit, who, after ten years, rides on adventure again.

The plump and irrepressible Miss Withers, clad in check shirt and tattered pants, stirs up the whole mess by discovering the bandit past of foster-father Leo Carrillo.

Jane's practical jokes, played with lariats, cut stirrup-leathers, and boxes of cartridges, serve the cause of justice—but not before a lot of fancy shooting, breakneck riding and easy laughter.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Watch Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average

No stars — below average.

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AFTER a long absence, Charles Laughton is back in Hollywood to play in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Under his ample wing he has brought his protegee, 18-year-old Maureen O'Hara, who will co-star with him and his wife, Elsa Lanchester.

Laughton is convinced that Maureen is destined to become a great star.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT may be a coincidence that Rosalind Russell was too ill to appear on the set of "The Women" the day after she learned that she was getting only secondary billing. Some think she really walked out in protest.

The billboards are to read, "Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford in 'The Women,' with Rosalind Russell." Rosalind feels that her name should be on top with the others, since her part is just as important as theirs.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE love-making of Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics" fairly sizzles, according to those who have seen the rushes. If these reports are true, romance in the movies has never burned so intensely since the days when John Gilbert made love to Garbo.

Hedy will have no idle days when she finishes this picture. She will immediately go into "The Ziegfeld Girl," glorifying the glamorous showgirl. Blonde Margaret Sullavan will set off her dark beauty.

❖ ❖ ❖

GARBO'S new informal manner is amazing everyone. The other day she was actually seen jumping over a low fence at the studio instead of walking through the gate.

Shows Still Running

★★ **Confessions of a Nazi Spy.** Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas in sensationally frank and thrilling spy drama. Mayfair, 3rd week.

★★ **Alexander Graham Bell.** Don Ameche and Loretta Young in moving, human drama of telephone inventor. Century, 3rd week.

★★ **Trouble Brewing.** George Formby in top singing and comedy form. Lyceum, 5th week.

★★ **Love Affair.** Charles Boyer and Irene Dunn in superbly-acted adult romance. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ **Carnet De Bal.** Marie Bell, Louis Jouvet in haunting French drama. Savoy, 2nd week.

★★ **Dodge City.** Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland in grand epic Western. Plaza, 2nd week.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

FLASH!

"THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH" is proving to be even more popular than its five predecessors in the *Hardy Family* Series. It has already established itself as a hit in Sydney, and you'll be seeing it soon in your own home-town, if you're outside Sydney. It's the same family *(Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Sara Haden)* in a new adventure, in which they almost become millionaires! You'll love it!

★ ★ ★

FLASH!

The Best Picture of the Year is on its way to Australia and New Zealand — M-G-M's masterpiece, "GOOD - BYE MR. CHIPS." More about this anon!

★ ★ ★

FLASH!

M-G-Musicals have a habit of sweeping the country as favourites of everyone. Remember the popularity of *"Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "Firefly,"* and recently, *"Sweethearts"?* Now *"The Great Waltz"* is doing the same. And keep watching for the latest and grandest of the lot—"BROADWAY SERENADE," in which *Jeanette MacDonald* is a solo singing star for the first time! *Lew Ayres, Ian Hunter* and *Frank Morgan* head her featured cast, and it's the most original idea in music-on-the-screen ever introduced! Keep it in mind: *"BROADWAY SERENADE"!*

★ ★ ★

Yours for the *best* in entertainment.

LEO, of M-G-M.

P.S.—Hundreds of you have already written in for your souvenir of *Joan Crawford* as she appears in M-G-M's "ICE FOLLIES OF 1939", the souvenir being a fine photographic reproduction. This is just to remind you that if you haven't requested one yet, you can still do so. Just send your request to JOAN CRAWFORD, Box 2576-E, G.P.O., SYDNEY, and please enclose 2d. in stamps for return postage.

She Wanted to Lose Weight

AND LOST EXACTLY 14 LBS.

"I was 12 stone 4 lbs. and too heavy and over-weight," writes Mrs. R. "For a time I have been taking Pinkettes every night before retiring, and they have helped me a good deal. I am now 11 stone 4 lbs., and have lost exactly 14 lbs."

When unhealthy fat, over-weight, sick headache, pimples, bad breath are due to a congested food tract, you cannot do better than take gentle Pinkettes, which are excellent for the treatment of constipation and sluggish liver. These tiny laxative and liver pills are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients, which painlessly clear away the waste digestive poisons, banishing unhealthy fat, spots and pimples, bad breath, sick headaches, biliousness and liverishness. See how happy, fit and attractive you look and feel after Pinkettes. Get a 1/3 bottle today—at all chemists and stores. Product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia Pty. Ltd.***

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With her own American cast.
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Plan at Paling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli (M6835).

TROUBLED with Dandruff? Burning, itching scalp? Falling Hair? Then don't waste time and money merely treating symptoms, don't experiment at the expense of your hair and pocket. Treat dandruff for what it is — a serious germ infection. Strike at the germ itself with Listerine Antiseptic. Douse it on full strength and rub well in. Instantly infection is checked, itching is relieved; ugly scales are washed away, and your scalp, feels clean and comfortable. Start this proven treatment to-day.

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Inflammation is shown by redness, swelling, heat and pain in the affected part. In such conditions Iodex is of exceptional value, as the iodine content penetrates deeply into the tissues, quickly dispelling inflammation, congestion and pain.

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Boils. A recent letter says: — "I suffered from a number of nasty boils on my face and neck. Am pleased to say that after six or seven applications of Iodex I was rid of the boils entirely."

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It Compels Admiration

A SKIN CLEAR AND LOVELY

"My skin is clear of pimples and my complexion is lovely and rosy since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Miss M.G., of Llewellyn, Tasmania. "I used to suffer from headaches, dizziness and biliousness. The dizzy turns came regularly, and they were most unpleasant, for a severe headache and bilious attack followed. My skin was always very pale and pimply, and my appetite was poor.

"At last I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, after taking three bottles, I derived great benefit. I have not suffered a giddy turn since taking these pills, and the headaches and biliousness have disappeared."

The remarkable benefit obtained from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is simply because these pills always help to create rich, red blood. With this new blood flowing throughout your system, your anaemic miseries vanish, the skin clears of pimples, and rosy cheeks, red lips, steady nerves, bright eyes, restored strength and vigour tell very plainly of the benefits received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Pty. Ltd. ***

What Women are Doing

Artistic mosaic made with used matches

USING more than 4000 dead matches, Mrs. W. Bowes, of Frankston, Victoria, has made an artistic table top which has the appearance of mosaic work. Her ingenuity gained her a prize at the recent Country Women's Handicrafts Exhibition.

To collect the 4000 matches was in itself no small task. But in the Bowes household at Long Island, Frankston, the slogan was, "Waste No Matches."

The moment Mrs. Bowes saw her husband, or her two sons, Glen and Lyle, light a match, she would say: "Blow it out quickly. I need that match!" The family entered into the spirit of the thing and the collection of used matches grew rapidly.

Obtaining an ordinary bridge table with beading around the felt top, Mrs. Bowes removed the felt and sketched on the wooden top a pattern of small squares.

In the top corner square she placed about twenty matches side by side, with their burnt ends all facing downwards. These were then fixed firmly in position with glue. In the next square she placed the burnt ends of the matches sideways. By arranging alternate squares over the top of the table she produced a very effective mosaic pattern. A clear lacquer over the whole enhanced its appearance.

An indefatigable worker for the Country Women's Association, Mrs. Bowes is a former treasurer of the Frankston branch of the Mornington Peninsula Group of the C.W.A. She is noted for her handicraft work.

❖ ❖ ❖

Runs Little Theatre in former fish shop

WHERE fish used to be served over a counter in a white-tiled Sydney shop, there is now a modern "streamlined" theatre, directed by Miss Thea Rowe, principal of the Rowe Dramatic School.

Miss Thea Rowe

While searching for a suitable studio that could be used for the production of plays, Miss Rowe discovered the former fish shop, and, with the assistance of Mr. Clement Kennedy, she has made it into a charming Little Theatre.

Mr. Kennedy, who won a recent competition for murals organised by the West Australian University, painted the walls with modernistic designs.

The theatre's first production was "The Dutch Kitchen," a play with a pre-war setting, written by Miss Rowe in collaboration with Miss Winifred Dickenson.

Miss Rowe acted as stage-manager and her "props" included a small switchboard for lighting and an electric phonograph for sound effects. A number of well-known Sydney amateur players took part.

Miss Rowe hopes to encourage interest in amateur theatricals, and she is already planning several new productions.

Has invented press for Braille work

PROGRESS in work for the blind has been greatly assisted by a Braille printing press invented by Miss M. H. Crabb, of Melbourne.

It is used for duplicating Braille literature, and for printing a Braille magazine.

MISS M. H. CRABB supervises the working of the Braille printing press which she invented.

Miss Crabb, the editor, has taught the magazine staff of five to manipulate the setting of the plates in Braille. Previously each copy had to be composed by hand.

After 33 years' service to the Victorian association of Braille writers, Miss Crabb has been appointed secretary and librarian.

Her interest in work for the blind began in her childhood, and when she left school she entered the office of the association as assistant to her aunt, the late Mrs. May D. Harrison.

When Mrs. Harrison died in 1912, Miss Crabb was too young to take entire responsibility as secretary, and Miss Ritchie was appointed.

They worked together for 21 years.

The work of the association consists of instructing persons with sight to study Braille, so that books can be transcribed for the use of the blind.

Miss Crabb has compiled a textbook which is used as an instruction book for Australian writers.

It usually takes approximately six months to learn the Braille system, although last year one of Miss Crabb's pupils became proficient in three weeks.

❖ ❖ ❖

Makes lampshades in modern designs

IN modern home interior decoration, emphasis is now being placed on the importance of suitable lampshades.

Mrs. C. Reydon, of Brisbane, has studied lampshade design, and since her arrival in Australia from Holland twelve years ago she has been greatly interested in the increasing attention being paid to lighting effects.

Color schemes and shapes of lampshades, she believes, need never be monotonous, and she has made many beautiful shades for her own home.

As well as this work, Mrs. Reydon weaves attractive curtains and bedspreads.

Hand-weaving is a slow process, and Mrs. Reydon thinks that the reason why more women do not adopt it as a hobby is that they are anxious to see quick results.

"It takes a long time to complete a yard," she said, "but it is well worth while."

❖ ❖ ❖

To attend conference of University women

TO represent New Zealand at the triennial international conference of University women this year, Miss Marion Fyfe will visit Stockholm, Sweden.

Miss Fyfe is attached to the biology department of the Otago University, New Zealand, and she has been associated with University activities for a considerable time.

While she is abroad she will visit America and Europe for travel study.

When the triennial conference of the New Zealand Federation of University Women was held in Dunedin recently, Miss Fyfe was a leading member of the controlling executive, and she has assisted students from all over New Zealand.

After the conference in Stockholm she will go to England for the remainder of her leave of absence.

❖ ❖ ❖

Adelaide girl to play at Queen's Hall

BY cable from London comes news that Miss Vina Barnden, youthful Adelaide pianist, is to make her musical debut in London at the Queen's Hall this week.

Her appearance is being made as an advanced pupil of the celebrated teacher, Tobia Matthay, teacher to Eileen Joyce and Myra Hess.

Miss Barnden, who went abroad on the advice of Neville Cardus and other musical critics and celebrities, has been studying with Benno Moiseivitch, and during his absence abroad became the only pupil of Myra Hess, which was considered a great honor.

She was offered a scholarship by Matthay recently, and, although she has only been studying with him for a short while, she is now to appear at one of London's most famous concert halls.

Just before leaving for England in 1937 Miss Barnden made a broadcast tour of Australia. She also appeared as soloist at one of Dr. Malcolm Sargent's concerts with the South Australian orchestra.

Planning hospitality for English cricket team

AS the English girl cricketers coming to Australia at the end of the year will spend some time in Victoria, Miss Dot Debnam, honorary secretary of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association, is very busy now making plans for their entertainment.

Miss Debnam

The English girls are paying their own fares out here, but once they arrive Australia will provide all their entertainment and travelling expenses.

As well as organising all women's cricket activities in Victoria, Miss Debnam has an important job as one of the selectors of the Australian team which will play England in the three Test matches.

After watching the England versus Victoria match in Melbourne, in December, she will travel with the English girls to Sydney and Brisbane to look for likely players for the big games.

Do the Children get on YOUR NERVES?

"I couldn't stand the children's chatter" writes Mrs. J.S.B., of Ballarat, *"and my nerve-ridden snappish temper drove my husband away. One day my chemist told me to take Phosphorated Iron. Oh, what a difference! I am a new woman!"* What a thought to the victim of nerves — To be a new woman! Here's a test worth trying for yourself — the famous

"8 Day" Wonder Test

First see how far you can walk, or how long you can work before feeling tired, achy, nervous. Next take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron with each meal for 8 days. Then test yourself again, and see the difference in the way you look, feel and act.

Phosphorated Iron seems to send new, rich, iron-laden blood straight to starved nerve-cells — and quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve-force in weak, nervous, anaemic men and women. Note the way you brighten up, enjoy food again, and get back to restful, related sleep at night! *Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron tablets.*

She lost 40 lbs FAT- now SLIM and Shapely

You can not only reduce your weight, and slim your hips, ankles and waistline, but also improve your health and greatly increase your vitality.

Begin now, by taking four times a day a Marmola tablet. They contain in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages of it. The booklet enclosed with every package gives a full explanation of the action and results. The directions are to take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a package of Marmola now. Read the book. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when it is so *easy* to reduce. Know once again the joy of a beautiful slender figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS. Sydney, N.S.W.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA RELIEF!

JUST A FEW SIPS AND — *LIKE A FLASH*— Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture *(triple acting)* — *by* far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold *Canada* — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. [9 million bottles sold.]

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

As supplied to Canadian Government — and to the Canadian Mounted Police.

A Single Sip Proves It

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, be sure and try Zam-Buk, which has proved successful in thousands of cases.

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also prevents septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/6 box of Zam-Buk to-day and use according to the printed directions.

ZAM-BUK SUPPOSITORIES

are recommended for inward use. Left in position at night they heal while you sleep. Price 1/6 per box.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused unusual misery. I began to look an old man, and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and has cured years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.

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You're the Boss

Continued from Page 6

"I UNDERSTAND," he said. He rose. She rose with him, reluctant that their meeting should end so. She looked at her wrist watch.

"I've something else in mind," she said. "And since it's lunch time, we might discuss it over food." She saw his hesitation, and probed: "But I see I have presumed. Which is it—money or your wife?"

That drew a chuckle from him. "Well—I have no wife."

"Then you were needlessly frightened." She paid him the sincere compliment of putting on her hat with great care, and let him help her into her coat. "I had no intention of letting you pay for it."

She noticed how the eyes of the double-row of flower-like, identical typists in the outer office flicked up to him as he came out with her, and lingered, widening to the shock of having so much masculinity in the room. But her pleasant pride in him was spoiled by a treacherous regret that he could not be as important and dominant as he looked. Interested in the activity around him, however, he seemed oblivious to their regard.

"Looks as if you intended to make the whole floor into one big office," he remarked, impressed, as they waited for the lift.

"Exactly," she said. "We're growing so fast we've got to have more room. Making a small, specialised concern into a national organisation in ten weeks is an immense task."

"Naturally," he agreed. "But why national? And in ten weeks?"

Her teeth clicked together. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself from stopping and stamping her foot on the floor as they emerged from the lift. "Because I want to do big things," she said with heat. "Because it's the psychological moment for it. And because I'm tired of being hampered and delayed and counselled to caution for my own good—like an eight-year-old being warned about letting off a giant firework."

She felt his eyes upon her later, as they ate; not critically, but with surprise and warmth, as if he were seeing her in some agreeable new light.

"It's your own fault if people don't take you seriously enough," he commented, at length. "You look another person here. Behind that big desk you seem quite formidable. But away from it you have the appearance of someone who should be coddled and advised and helped along."

"Can I help it if I haven't the proportions of a channel swimmer?" she responded, though absurdly she was pleased.

"I suppose not," he said. "But you could contrive to look dourer; and it might be a help to develop a lantern jaw. Spectacles would be a good idea, too, and the dried-up look that is supposed to go with women who have got on in the world. I don't know just what your position with your company is, but it's evident you're someone of importance, and you ought to act as such."

She laughed, delighted. "Oh, I'm not so much. I'm only president, sales manager and advertising director. Also, the owner." She laughed again as he frankly gaped. "Not only that, but I've never borrowed a penny in the three years I've been in business for myself. And I'm financing this present programme of expansion without outside assistance."

"I'd rather you wouldn't look at me for a while," he said, staggered. "My lower jaw must be sagging, and I know my eyes are popping idiotically."

She did look at him, though, suddenly traitorously aware that in spite of his determined good humor, he looked beaten, humiliated; even, in the garish light from the restaurant's wide windows, a little shabby; and she was stricken with contrition for having once more made him uncomfortable.

"Mr. Hughes," she said, carefully watching his face as she went along, "back at the office I said I had something in mind for you. You may not want it. I know it isn't quite what you'd prefer. But if you could stand up under routine, you could be of great value to us."

She paused. But he only inclined his head a little and did not speak.

"Mr. Mack, the head of our shipping department, and Mr. West, who handles our correspondence, have complained about a lack of harmony between their departments and the rest of the organisation," she went on. "We need somebody to co-ordinate us—what might be called a liaison man—and it seems to me you might fit neatly into the job. That is, if you'd take it."

"Just let me ask one question, first," he said. "Are you giving me this job because I'm really needed? Or because I danced with you one night after the Boat Race?"

She let herself look angry, almost convincing herself. "You're being absurd. Of course you're needed. I haven't imagination enough to invent all that."

"I'm sorry," he said. His hesitation went. Some of the fine lines around his mouth and eyes went, too. "I'll accept, and gladly."

BACK in the office half an hour later, hat off and coat flung carelessly over the back of her chair, she stretched out, meditating, feet propped on a low stool.

Well, she told herself, she had bought something. Bought a man in about the way, some centuries earlier, a highborn lady might have bid off the debtors' auction block some luckless friend. Ten pounds a week of her company's money would dribble away in return for services of a decidedly dubious value. For she had been a little liar. He wouldn't be needed in the way she had let him think.

True, there would be things he could do. She had introduced him to the office with the hint that he was to help everybody in general; and several overworked people would be only too ready to put some of their own jobs on to him. But it would be work that any three or four pound a week clerk could have done just as well. Or perhaps better; for probably, in a desperate effort to make himself worth the money, he would end by being a nuisance.

Work that must be done was heaped upon the desk, but she couldn't get down to it. Her eyes and her mind persisted in wandering to the general office where, at a far corner, Hughes was talking with Blunt, the office manager. Blunt was being surprisingly patient, but she felt he must be chafing secretly. She was amazed to see that the conversation went on for more than an hour without any signs of irritation on Blunt's part.

She summoned him when, finally, Hughes went away. Blunt, an old, stolid and outspoken man, had been with her ever since she had gone into business for herself; and though he and she often differed heatedly, she valued his opinions.

"I want to know what you think of Mr. Hughes," she said.

"Well, if you must know," said Blunt, "I should say that if he were connected with a firm that was not being blown up like a soap bubble, he would soon make himself worth much more than whatever it is you are paying him."

In the days that followed she began to think that she had picked up a bargain. Hughes took to thinning out the long nine o'clock line of salesmen to the two or three who really had something to offer her, thus saving her much time and effort every day.

He planned advertising, advanced surprisingly good suggestions; he took charge of sales. And men seemed to like to work for Hughes.

Even so, sales sagged below normal. A month after the drive had started, she took account; and the results made her gasp and call in Hughes and Blunt for a conference.

She informed them of the position and of her scheme for an attractive series of premiums and bonuses in goods; a clever and novel way, she thought, of attracting wholesale trade without starting a price war with her competitors.

SHE waited expectantly while they absorbed it, but neither man offered any comment, and she grew impatient. "Well, what do you think of it?" she asked.

"You'll lose money," Blunt said. "And you haven't any too much money to lose. Now if you'd arrange for re-financing first, I'd say your plan had merit."

She laughed derisively, and swung to Hughes. "What's your opinion?"

"Your plan seems well enough. But in regard to re-financing, I agree with Mr. Blunt."

She was genuinely exasperated, then. But she curbed her ill-humor and countered lightly: "This is a conspiracy. The whole trouble with you two is that you're men and jealous. Clear out, the two of you, and take your lugubrious faces along. I'm going to wire this letter to every district manager, within the hour. And then we'll see."

She burst in jubilantly on Hughes just as he was preparing to leave that evening. Down on his desk she thumped a half bushel of telegrams.

He read some. "Quite understandably they're delighted," he commented.

She ignored the provocative first two words. "Of course they're delighted. It was a grand idea, and we're going to celebrate. Listen—would you be absurd if I took you out somewhere to dance and dine, and paid the bills?"

"I'm afraid I would," he answered gravely. "The dance and dinner would be splendid. But not the rest of it."

She was nettled. "You're the most pre-war person. You know very well I can't ask you and then have you pay. Or even let you pay half. It isn't manners."

She had her way in the end. At eight he called for her, looking as nearly handsome, in a dinner jacket, as she thought it well for a man to look. But her pride in him had its barb. "I wonder if he's here because he wants to be or because I practically ordered it?" she speculated. "After all, I'm his boss."

For a time, in the taxi and even at dinner, they were stiff with each other. Business they barred from their conversation; and it was not until after they had danced that they unbent to intimacies.

"I wonder why you haven't married?" she puzzled, studying him from across the table. "You're so obviously the type for it."

He pondered that. "Probably part of it is economic."

"You're a sentimentalist," she scolded him approvingly. "A nice, warm-hearted sentimentalist. To throw away five years of your life just to spare your parents' feelings!"

"You're no better." He grinned at her. "You have done the same."

She was amazed at his acuteness.

"You're not far wrong," she admitted. "And you know, sometimes I regret it. In my looser moments I get to wishing I had taken time occasionally to learn how to be interesting or decorative. I here so many people."

"YOUR trouble is," he said, "that you have a first-class inferiority complex. And inferiority complexes drive people into doing some very grand and foolish things—like taking hold of businesses and blowing them up to preposterous proportions. What you need more than anything else is someone to tell you every night and morning that you're the most beautiful, adorable, and charming person on earth."

"Let's dance again," she proposed, a little breathlessly.

But she was to have no reprieve. The orchestra, perversely, chose to play a slow, exciting moonlight waltz. The lights dimmed. She surrendered herself wholly to the witchery of the moment. In a shadowed corner he kissed her.

"That was lovely." With the lights on again, she contrived a shaky laugh. "You were really marvellous. Or was it the cocktail?"

He shook his head slowly. She saw that her attempt at levity hurt him, but some impish impulse made her persist: "Or because I'm the Boss."

He paled; his breath stopped. "Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried. "That was rude. That was hateful. It's my horrid inferiority complex."

He inclined his head; his mouth tight, his eyes masked. "I understand. But don't you see now why I must insist upon remaining pre-war?"

Back in her service flat she berated herself savagely. Not only, she knew, had she spoiled an evening that just then had been approaching perfection; she had built up a barrier between them that would endure as long as their workaday relationship remained what it was. If only she could contrive to change that . . .

A way occurred to her after hours of restless tossing. Just four short words on his ground glass door—"John Hughes, Sales Manager."

"As sales manager, you know," she would say, "you haven't actually any boss . . ." If he protested, she could point out with perfect truth: "But it's only simple justice. Really, you're sales manager now in everything but name."

But before lunch time next day she yielded weakly to temptation and asked the office boy to summon him. "I'll have to tell him now," she admitted, with a despairing glance at the work mountaining up on her desk. "Until I have that off my mind I'll never get anything done."

Please turn to Page 56

GEORGE II SAUCE BOAT, 1745

Silver on Show

Don't keep any Silver hidden away in cupboards or drawers. Cleaned the easy, safe Silvo way it will bring new beauty and glamour wherever it is displayed. Silvo contains no acids or mercury, and its lustrous polish will add a new *charm to your hidden treasures*

SILVO LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT MADE IN AUSTRALIA

SORE FEET

RELAX ACHING MUSCLES

Drive Pain Clean Out

When your feet ache and burn, give yourself instant, glorious relief this way. One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your crippling pains go. **First** you feel your skin begin to glow. **Second** your sore muscles relax . . . pain goes. You actually feel the soothing oil sinking into your tired muscles. You feel it drive the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Give yourself glorious relief. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away.

The Case of

MISS BETTY W——

BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

Many may escape shadow of surgeon's knife with this doctor's remarkable *internal* remedy.

PILES DISAPPEAR

without Operation

Shrinks and Heals Piles, often in 5 days

THE primary cause of haemorrhoids is ***internal*** . . . stagnation of blood in the lower bowel. . . . Acting on this basis, Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, the specialist in rectal troubles, first tested his **internal** method of treatment on 1,000 patients with complete success in 980 cases! Now Dr. Leonhardt states that any pile sufferer may expect definite relief, beginning in 24 hours, simply by taking these pleasant tablets.

Vaculoid tablets, within 24 hours, begin to restore a normal, healthy, strong blood circulation through flabby, relaxed veins. Bleeding quickly stops—while broken, bloated blood vessels start to shrink and heal in about 4 or 5 days.

Many report that even in cases where an operation seemed the only hope, the use of **Vaculoid** *tablets has led to complete and lasting relief!*

Don't delay any longer. Relief comes so quickly, you will wonder why you did not resort to this simple, pleasant method long ago!

VACULOID

4/-..All Chemists

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD

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MOTHER SAYS
I'M MAKING SURE MY BABY'S SKIN WILL BE ALWAYS LOVELY. I USE ONLY REXONA SOAP — ITS MILD MEDICATIONS WILL KEEP HER SKIN HEALTHY AND THEREFORE LOVELY

A.210,32 Rexona Proprietary Limited

Calm those NERVES

Anxiety, worries, nervous fears and irritability succumb to the soothing calm-evoking effect of BROMURAL TABLETS — harmless, non-habit-forming, non-depressive sedatives.

BROMURAL [KNOLL]

ASK YOUR CHEMIST. (10.k.39)

You're the Boss

Continued from Page 55

BUT he was not in his office. He had left early, promising Blunt that he would be back indefinitely "in the afternoon."

It was near three when he returned. At the door to her office he hesitated, then came on in. Something in his face froze her smile, choked off the gay greeting she had ready for him. He stayed standing, and she observed that he was ruining his hat with uneasy hands.

"I suppose, Miss Albert," he said abruptly, and very formally, "that you would require the usual two weeks' notice with my resignation?"

"Resignation?"

"I've had another offer," he said. "It's rather a good one, and since I have no reason to believe I'm indispensable here, I've decided to accept."

She studied him, arriving at a conclusion. "You're bluffing," she pronounced, relieved. "You haven't any other job. It's just that you're hurt—quite justifiably—by what I said last night, and you feel you couldn't keep on here. But wouldn't it help if I apologised quite abjectly? I'd even grovel if necessary."

"I'm sorry," he repeated. He took a letter from his pocket and pushed it across the desk. She read it over.

"This is from the Bellair Company," she commented.

He nodded gravely. "A week or so before I came here, I called on Mr. Bellair to discuss an idea I had in mind. He promised to think it over; but when I didn't hear anything more from him in the next few days, I decided he wasn't interested. But yesterday I received this letter asking me to call."

Anger succeeded to her panic and surprise as she comprehended the letter. "You're aware," she said, very evenly, "that the Bellair Company is our chief competitor."

"I know that," he assented.

"Well, in view of that fact, don't you think the knowledge you have gained here may have something to do with this offer?"

"I do not," he answered positively. "It is knowledge I had already that interested Mr. Bellair in me."

"I don't believe you!" She let her temper go for an instant; then she mastered it and went on calmly: "I've told you I need your services. And I don't want you to go to the Bellair Company. To prevent that, and to keep you here, I'm prepared to top whatever salary Mr. Bellair may have offered you by five pounds a week."

He bowed. "You are very generous, and I thank you. But I can't accept."

"Why not?" she said.

He took time for his answer. "Because the Bellair Company is a solid, established concern."

"And mine isn't?"

"Yours," he said, "isn't. Not in my opinion."

She quivered with rage and pain, but she forced her face and her voice into a mask of cold calm. "Then I'll accept your resignation without any more argument. You needn't give me any notice."

She refused to look at him any more, but she heard him go away.

She blinked away a hot mist from her eyes and stood up and went on with her work. Blunt made no comment on the situation.

Her bait of premiums and prizes to the wholesalers caught on. When the advertising campaign began, her product was stocked in the remotest of general stores and groceries.

The first push over, she took a scared breath and summoned Blunt. He had neat columns of figures ready for her; and, prepared though she was for their dismaying totals, she felt a little faint as she compared them.

"Do these mean what they seem to mean?" she asked, in a small voice. "Am I really broke?"

"I'm afraid so, Miss Albert." Blunt was not the kind to say, "I told you so" with satisfaction; he was as miserable as she.

"Repeat orders are coming in already," she mused, thumbing through a new batch of incoming salesmen's order slips. "And on them we ought to be able to make something."

"Maybe," Blunt said. "Providing we can fulfil them. But you can't fill all those bottles full of hot air. And anything else costs money."

She battled with her pride for a black half-hour; then arranged a conference with her banker.

"Mr. Kent, I've been very foolish," she confessed to him. "I've been trying to play for Monte Carlo stakes with pennies. I think I'd better do what you and some others advised several months ago. I think I'd better re-finance."

HE was interested and kindly. The bank had watched her gesture towards expansion with sympathy; if at all possible, refinancing would be arranged. Of course, there were certain essential preliminaries . . .

Accountants invaded the office, badgered Blunt and her; checked sales, checked costs, checked a thousand other things. They stayed a week; and then Kent phoned her.

"We're ready to arrange that loan," he said. "Drop in and we'll discuss it."

Some qualifications, it developed, went with his directors' approval of her. The personnel of the company must be sifted; for greater safety and efficiency the bank must have a free hand in dividing authority among a group of new officers.

Kent knew, he said, a man ideally qualified to head the new organisation: a veteran of half a score of national campaigns, balanced, practical, familiar with finance as well as manufacturing and sales.

As for her, she would remain the largest stockholder; and, he added, smiling paternally at her across the desk, her knowledge of the business could be utilised by employing her in an—er—advisory capacity.

"SACKED!" she moaned, as she staggered out of his office. "Sacked from my own company!"

She should, she supposed, go and jump in the river. Or at least put up a fight for re-financing somewhere else on less drastic terms. But she only had herself driven back to her flat, where she spent a relieved luxurious five hours in making a toilet. Then, in a moment of mad recklessness, she had herself deposited before the dinner-dance place to which, one other night, she had taken Hughes.

She knew that to-night mattered more than losing her business. Demurely she walked into the restaurant.

She had no sooner entered than she regretted it. An unescorted woman, she saw, was luridly conspicuous there.

To cover her confusion she told the waiter that a gentleman was to be shown to her table as soon as he arrived. A Mr. Hughes.

"Yes, madam," the waiter said; and returned just as she was finishing the ice. "This is the lady, Mr. Hughes," he said to a man who was following him.

There was a trace of awe in Hughes' face as he sat down across from her. "Until now," he said, "I've scoffed at woman's intuition. But how else could you have guessed I'd be coming?"

She said nothing.

"I claim some slight credit for knowing you'd be here," he went on. "Though in my case it was just deduction. I heard this afternoon about your being forced out of your company, and I guessed you'd want to go on a bust to try to forget. I even dared hope you'd choose this place for it."

SHE wanted to cry with joy, but she chose to seem difficult.

"I hope my fall won't affect your prospects with the Bellair Company," she said icily.

"It won't," he answered, "because I'm not working for the Bellair Company."

He produced a card from his pocket. She stared down at it, amazed. It said:

John H. Hughes, Manager,
Bellair-Hughes, Ltd.

"I told you," he said, "that Mr. Bellair wanted me for knowledge I had acquired before I ever came to you. My years in business weren't entirely wasted, you see. I used part of them to work out a new plan for financing home construction and so increasing sales. And believe it or not, it works."

"Then," she said ruefully, "I must grovel to you, after all. You see, I thought——"

"That I'd sold out to the enemy. Naturally. And that I was the kind of creature that leaves a sinking business. But don't you see that, under the circumstances, I couldn't stay with you, I couldn't talk to you, as I wanted to? I had to get away—make good on my own——"

His hands closed over hers; his eyes searched her face. "You understand, don't you? You must have understood, in your secret heart, all the time or you wouldn't be here now."

"I'm here," she said unsteadily, "because I had to come; because there seemed a remote, almost impossible chance of seeing you, and not because I understood a thing. I'd have been here just the same, you know, if you'd blacked my eyes and broken my jaw and promised to repeat the performance every time you saw me."

The orchestra began the same warm slow waltz it had played on their other night together there. They rose to it just as the lights dimmed.

"Listen," he said, against her ear. "There's an opening in Bellair-Hughes, Ltd., for a bright, pretty little executive with a mad recklessness that frightens bankers but gets things done. Do you think you could manage a home and a career at the same time?"

"It's up to you, my dear," she said. "You're the boss."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—without drugs or medicines

MOST PEOPLE, when they are constipated — bilious, headachy, sour and depressed — turn to medicines for relief. Yet this, as any doctor will tell you, is but a makeshift way of dealing with a serious problem.

You see, constipation is *caused* by food, and must be *relieved* by food!

The reason food causes constipation is that most of it lacks "bulk." Meat, eggs, fish, white bread, potatoes and milk—all the staples of modern diet contain so little bulk that they get almost completely absorbed by the system. The residue of waste left in the bowels is too slight for the bowel muscles to be able to "take hold of it." In consequence these muscles get so little exercise that they become weak and unequal to their task.

A food that strengthens the bowel muscles

That, briefly, is what causes constipation—and the way to correct it is simple. *You must strengthen the bowel muscles so that they can act naturally.*

Medicines won't do it. Harsh purgatives and cathartics only weaken the muscles further by their violent action, and tend to make you *more* constipated. The only way is to eat food that gives the bowel muscles bulk to "take hold of"! Vegetables and fruit will help — but there's a better way—Kellogg's All-Bran!

Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet, crisp breakfast cereal, provides the bulk necessary to keep your muscles exercised! When you eat it regularly your bowels act of their own accord — you have no more need of medicines.

Eat 2 heaped tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning —either alone with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Eat it every day for a week—you'll be amazed at the results. You'll no longer be constipated and suffer from headaches and depression. Get a packet from your grocer today!

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS
Eat it every day and "never miss a day"

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THE HOMEMAKER

July 22, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

CLOTH worked in colorful poinsettia design. It is obtainable together with matching pieces stamped ready for working on white or colored linen.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

GLORIOUS COLOR
... For your tea-table

EXOTIC SCARLET POINSETTIAS RIOT IN LUXURIOUS PROFUSION ON WHITE OR COLORED LINENS FOR TEA OR SUPPER.

A COMPLETE luncheon or supper set is obtainable in this beautiful poinsettia design.

It is traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green Irish linen.

The prices of the various pieces obtainable from our Needlework Department are:

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.
Cloth, 72 x 72 inches, 17/6.
Cloth, 72 x 90 inches, 19/6.
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.
Serviette, 15 x 15 inches, 1/3.
D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.
D'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.
Traymobile cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 4/6.
Tea-cosy, 13 x 10 inches, 3/6.
Cushion-cover, 21 x 21 inches, 4/6.
Table-runner, 12 x 36 inches, 2/6.
Table-centre, 18 x 18 inches, 2/6.
Centre, 12 x 18 inches, 2/-.

To work the poinsettia design do the flowers in red, shades F.469 and F.700, and centres in yellow, shade F.444. The leaves and stamens should be worked in F.497 and 498.

The flowers are done in satin-stitch with the stamens in stem-stitch. The leaves are also worked in satin-stitch. Edges are buttonholed in a color to harmonise with the shade of linen chosen.

The design may also be worked in white or ecru broder cotton, which may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 3½d. a skein. Colored stranded cottons also obtainable for 1½d. a skein.

Golden daffodils decorate luncheon mats

CAN you imagine anything prettier than luncheon mats adorned with golden daffodils?

The set pictured here is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

The centre mat measures 17 x 17 inches, the plate mat 8 x 14 inches, cup and saucer mats 5 x 5 inches, and serviettes 11 x 11 inches or 15 x 15 inches.

Prices are:—

Nine-piece set comprising one 17 x 17 centre, four 8 x 14-inch plate mats, and four 5 x 5-inch small mats, 5/9 complete, postage included.

Thirteen-piece set comprising one centre 17 x 17 inches, six plate mats 8 x 14 inches, and six small mats 5 x 5 inches, 7/9 complete set.

Serviettes, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.

Serviettes, 15 x 15 inches, 1/3.

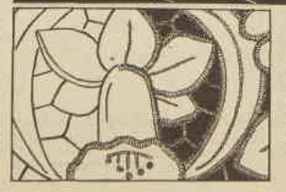
Stranded cottons in natural colors of flowers are 1½d. a skein.

White or ecru broder cotton is 3½d. a skein.

The daffodil design may be worked in the natural colors of the flowers or in white or ecru broder cotton to either match or contrast with the linen chosen.

The outline of the flowers and also the outside of the leaves should be done in buttonhole. Stem-stitch the veins and satin-stitch the stamens. Be careful to thoroughly press work before attempting to cut away material.

● Obtainable in nine or thirteen piece sets comprising centre pieces, serviettes and large and small plate mats.



ABOVE: Luncheon mats adorned with golden daffodils. Nine or thirteen piece sets are obtainable traced ready for working on white or colored linen. LEFT: A close-up of the daffodil design which is done in cut-work and is unusually effective when completed.

EVEN WIVES CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

To win romance and keep it prevent underarm odour with MUM

THEIR marriage won't break up, of course. Helen's been too fine a wife. Ed too good a husband. Yet somehow Ed seems to avoid her now—no longer loves to take her in his arms. And Helen is worried!

She never dreams, of course, that underarm odour could be keeping them apart. Doesn't she bathe *each day?*

The answer is so easy! No bath, however perfect, can last the whole day long. Underarms *always* need Mum's sure care! A bath only removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents the odour that comes *after* you've had your bath. Girls who *win* romance—and *keep* it—make sure of daintiness with Mum. Mum is such a quick, pleasant cream—so utterly dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done!*

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odour for a full day or evening. Remember, even wives dare not offend! Get Mum at your chemist's to-day—be *sure* you're always sweet! Obtainable everywhere, purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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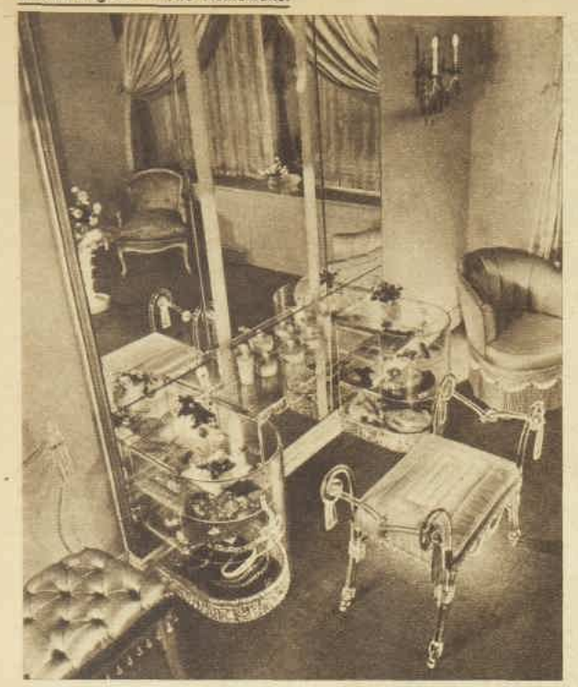
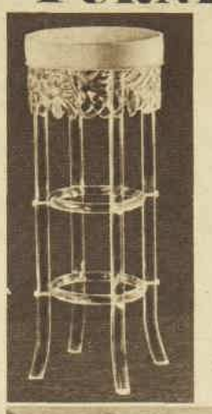
FURNITURE *made of* GLASS





DESIGNERS are now making glass furniture that is light, beautiful yet unbreakable. It is carved like wood, gives an air of spaciousness, and requires little polishing or attention.

As the new vogue, glass furniture is enjoying astonishing popularity in both London and New York.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

ABOVE: Dressing-table made of glass. The four shelves on either side are entirely enclosed in glass. The stool is glass, upholstered in rose satin to match chair tailored in satin.

TOP: Stool for cocktail bar made of glass, carved in a grape leaf pattern and upholstered in white kid.

ABOVE: All-glass bedroom. Divan-bed has glass ends and sides, posts of carved glass, and is upholstered in duck-egg blue velvet. Chair and table are also of glass. Carpet is duck-egg blue and rug is cream sheepskin. TOP: Beautiful dining-room chair of glass carved in a fan pattern and upholstered in washable beige leather.

LONDON, July 5.

THE craze for glass in modern decor has reached its climax in glass furniture, which lends a modern elegance to interiors.

There is nothing bizarre about this new vogue. The all-glass bedroom as illustrated shows that it is not only beautiful, but practical.

Mirrored recesses on either side of the divan-bed have glass doors, shelves and carved glass beading round the edges. They are used for perfume cabinets, the decorative scent bottles and beauty decanters making an attractive display.

The divan-bed, upholstered in duck-egg blue corduroy velvet, has glass ends and sides, with leaves of carved glass decorating the four posts. It is set in a curtained frame, giving the suggestion of a recess, outlined with the same dainty glass beading as the cabinets. Blue net curtains to tone are draped around the glass frame, held back and trimmed with pale rose velvet.

In duck-egg blue

AN all-over carpet in duck-egg blue, in keeping with the rest of the scheme, is covered with a white sheepskin rug beside the bed, while the white plastic table, carved in leaf design to match the bed-posts, has a glass top.

The dressing-table pictured is a splendid example of how glass furniture combines beauty and efficiency. The four shelves of the dressing-table are enclosed in glass and stand on a carved glass base. The rounded fronts open out on hinges.

This dressing-table stands against a full-length mirror built into the wall, its glass top allowing an uninterrupted reflection from the mirror. The stool is glass, upholstered in pale rose satin to match the easy chair in tailored satin with kilted frill.

Cocktail bars built entirely of glass are a feature of many smart American homes. A glass bar built into the corner of a room is bright and serviceable. Not only is it unbreakable, but it will neither stain nor burn, can be easily washed and polished. Pictured is a stool for a glass cocktail bar carved in a grape leaf pattern and upholstered in white kid.

FEED HIM *Right Royally* WITH

HEINZ

PERFECT SOUPS *

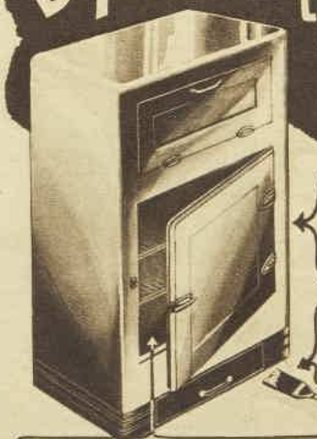
It's the Soup for the tired husband, gives zest to his appetite. The best of vegetables and the tenderest meat and chicken very slowly simmered to perfection—and in the Cream Soups the basis is rich thick cream.

CREAM SOUPS—Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Tomato, Mushroom, Onion . . . MEAT SOUPS—Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny—and the New Bean Soup—with Ham.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

S.2.9

Dynamel that ICE Chest



Dynamel makes your old ice-chest sparkle like a new refrigerator. Choose from 24 lovelier colors on the Dynamel color chart at paint shops everywhere.

Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. It smoothes itself out as you brush it on.

Dynamel the interior with Taubman's special "INSIDE ICE CHEST WHITE". At all paint shops.

DYNAMEL

IS BETTER THAN ENAMEL. DRIES TWICE AS FAST!... TWICE AS HARD!

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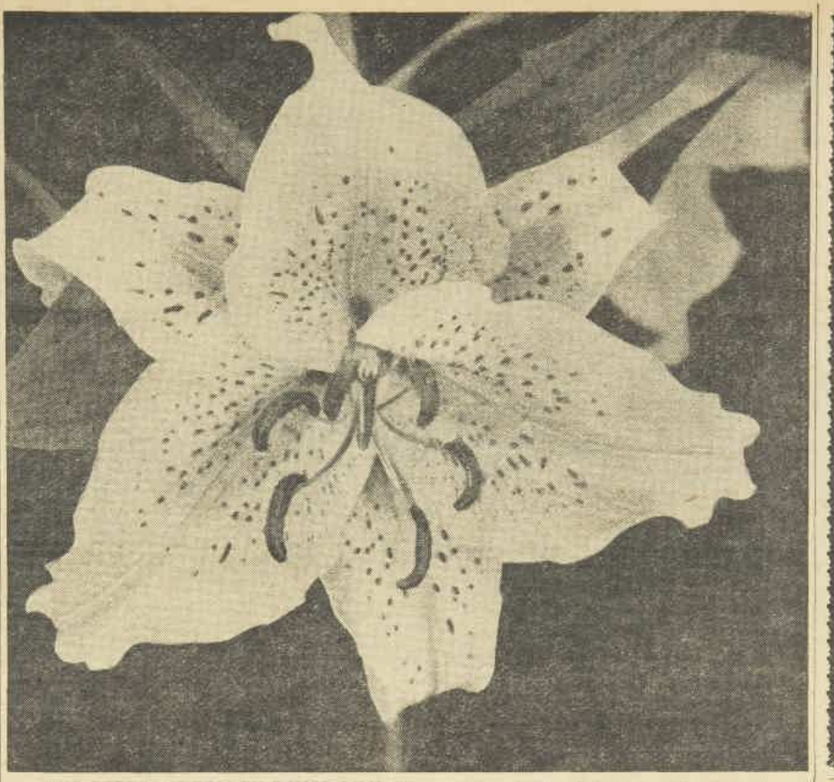
Gorgeous, glamorous redness . . . dawn-dewy lips by Tattoo!

Lips shaped for love, life and laughter . . . dewy lips lovely as the flaming Hibiscus bloom in the South Sea's dawn! The South Sea's maiden knew her lips must be softly *dewy, thrillingly red!* She found the secret—it's in Tattoo Lipstick now! Tattoo with its dewy transparent stain instead of greasy, uninviting coating. Lips soft, young, tender . . . unforgettable lips . . . as open to love as Hawaii's dawn. You haven't got to wonder "is my mouth on straight" with Tattoo! It is! Tattoo'd lips . . . loveliness that stays on while romance lasts and lasts.

So lovely are lips by

TATTOO

CORAL · EXOTIC
NATURAL · PASTEL
HAWAIIAN · BLACK MAGIC



THE GORGEOUS GOLDEN-RAYED LILY, lilium auratum, is one of the easiest lilies to grow. The flowers are sweetly fragrant and last a long time.

GLORIOUS NEW LILIES . . .

AT this time of the year we must consider the lilies, for most of the big bulbs are shooting from the top, a certain sign that they should be underground.

—says THE OLD GARDENER

IN recent years importers have obtained many fine hybrids from overseas, and Australian gardeners need no longer look through foreign catalogues and wish for the lovely lilies depicted.

Although some of the very latest productions are still rare, most of the newer types are available here at a trifle more cost than those we have been growing for years.

Although not by any means new, the glorious golden-rayed lily, lilium auratum, can be recommended first.

Some idea of the loveliness of this giant-flowered lily can be obtained from the picture on this page. The color is pure white, with deep yellow rays running into the centre, while the petals are liberally sprinkled with chocolate spots.

Sometimes this lily will develop a thick, flat stem, a condition that is known as fasciation, but from this peculiar formation big bunches of flowers, often numbering thirty or more, spring.

Lilium Hansonii is one of the newer types to our gardeners, and is one that should be in every collection.

Orange-yellow

THE color is deep orange-yellow and the flowers are of fine appearance and substance.

Lilium japonicum is another not often seen here, but well worth consideration. The color is a delicate pink, and the trumpet-shaped flowers are very fragrant.

Lilium Maxwellii is another gem, growing up to 5ft. tall, on top of which a big spike of brilliant orange-red pendant lilies forms.

This comparatively new hybrid flowers rather late in the season, but if bulbs can be obtained now they should be set out to catch the spring rains and warmer weather.

The rather bizarre primrose and maroon nepalense lily is another that should not be left out of any bed devoted to liliums.

Like most of this family, it does well in medium loamy soil that is well drained and does not contain any fresh manure.

The fragrant and colorful lilium speciosum, white petals with deep pink to red spots, should be grown in every home garden.

Others that come into this category are the rare and rather difficult-to-grow lilium centifolium, which I saw for the first time for many years a few months ago.

Among the new hybrids which many well-known nurserymen are stocking this year is lilium G. C. Creelman, which costs more money than most people can afford.

Less costly are liliums sulphureum, sargale, sulphurgale, tigrinum Pricei, and a newcomer from Tibet, known as lilium Wardii, which is late flowering and sweet scented.

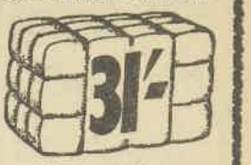
Such lilies as the Wilmottiae and its hybrids Daymottiae, Maximowiczii and Maxwellii are easy to grow but difficult to obtain.

The old lilium croceum, with its orange-colored heads borne in profusion from strong stems, makes a brilliant show for many weeks.

Winter is Here

Time for Blankets

Having just purchased a tremendous quantity of White BLANKETS from one of the leading MANUFACTURERS, we are able to make you this SENSATIONAL OFFER—FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY.



This Bale contains—

2 Double Bed White BLANKETS, Beautifully thick and warm, with whipped edges.
2 Double Bed SNOW WHITE Bleached SHEETS, no seams, hemmed ready for use. Guaranteed made by the famous Hollins Mills, of Manchester, Eng.
1 Large size thick and absorbent Fancy Coloured Towel.
6 Medium size absorbent White Face or Hand Towels.
2 Linen Finished SNOW WHITE Bleached Pillow Cases, envelope ends.
1 Beautifully patterned Silk Interwoven BEDSPREAD, in glorious shades of Blue, Pink, Rose, Gold, Green, or Ivory. Choose a colour to match your room.

THE ENTIRE BALE, POST FREE. 31/-

FREE—Send your order NOW. Mention the "Women's Weekly," and receive a FREE GIFT of one beautifully coloured large-size Bungalow Cloth. 22/7/39

SEND CHEQUES, MONEY ORDERS, POSTAL NOTES. A deposit must accompany all C.O.D. Orders.

The Sydney Wholesale Linen Co.

78 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy,* which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1533H, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Are Baby's pains due to a DELICATE STOMACH?

Every infant's stomach is easily upset. The finest soothing agent any mother can give her baby is Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. When there is a tendency to acidity, or an attack of wind or colic, give Baby a teaspoonful or so of Dinneford's. In addition to its soothing effect it keeps the child regular. Get Dinneford's today. *Insist* on Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia.

Be sure to give

DINNEFORD'S pure fluid MAGNESIA

Bland : Safe : Effective

Don't let your sink grow dull and gray!

There's no need to scratch away the gleaming surface of your sink as you clean it. Use Bon Ami, the *safe, scratchless* cleanser! Bon Ami *keeps* sinks smooth and easy to clean year after year. And best of all, Bon Ami actually *polishes as it cleans.* Buy one package—let Bon Ami prove itself today!

Bon Ami

the better cleanser for sinks

"hasn't scratched yet!"

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DID EU-thymol this morning?

A play on words? Yes—but it is more than that. It's a question of vital importance to everyone who values health.

The use of an ordinary dentifrice is not mouth Euthymolisation.

Deadly decay germs lurk in the nooks and crannies of the teeth, eating through the hard enamel, poisoning the blood stream, interfering with digestion and laying the foundation of ill-health and disease.

Euthymol kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. The day started with Euthymol is the day started with a clean mouth and glistening, healthy teeth. Don't run the risk of dental decay — use Euthymol every morning and every evening.

Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

STRAINING to see while she does her home lessons in a room poorly lighted will soon result in impaired vision and ill-health for this child. A correctly-shaded table-lamp would be the solution to this problem.

Guard against STRAINING THE EYES . .

What My Patients Ask Me

By A DOCTOR

YOU say you can find nothing wrong with me, doctor, yet I never feel really well. I get dreadful headaches and a tired feeling in the eyes.

I WOULD advise you to go to an eye specialist, Miss Hayes. There is nothing else wrong with you physically, and I think it must be your eyes that are causing the trouble.

But, doctor, if it were just my eyes, it wouldn't affect my general health, surely?

Indeed it would, Miss Hayes. Eye trouble is quite likely to affect the rest of the body if it is not attended to. You work in an office, don't you?

Yes, doctor. And now you mention it, I realise that I'm doing fairly close eye work all day.

Then we've probably found the trouble, Miss Hayes. Quite a large proportion of office workers and people who use their eyes a lot suffer from eye-strain.

The only thing that surprises me is that the proportion is not larger.

But why, doctor?

Well, just think how people abuse their eyes these days. In many of our homes, offices and factories, they work for hours under artificial light. Very often it is poor light.

Admittedly the eyes have an amazing capacity for adjusting themselves, but you can't expect them to stand up to the strain indefinitely.

No, I suppose not, doctor. I did not realise before that lighting was so important.

It is tremendously important. Fortunately scientists have been working on this problem, and the very latest in lighting equipment, which will protect rather than jeopardise the eyes, is available to everyone at moderate cost.

Of course, poor lighting is not the only way in which we damage our eyes. We read in trams and trains, and work long hours without giving them any rest. We read in bed in positions that throw extra strain on the eyes or one eye in particular.

We use unshaded reading-lamps, or one that throws a shadow or a glare on the page.

There are many other ways in which we place unnecessary extra strain on the eyes. Then we wonder why we have to get glasses.

I suppose the eye specialist will give me glasses, doctor?

That, of course, I cannot say. It will depend on what is actually wrong with your eyes. Glasses are not the beginning and ending of eye-treatment, you know.

Sometimes the trouble is only slight and can be cured without glasses. And sometimes special care and treatment are necessary in addition to glasses.

Do glare-glasses save the eyes, doctor? I wore them all through the summer.

It all depends on the glasses, Miss Hayes. Tinted spectacles of properly ground optical glass are valuable for protecting your eyes from glare.

But all they have to do is keep off the glare, doctor. Surely special glass is not necessary for that.

It is, Miss Hayes, for the sake of your eyes. You see, badly-made glasses may easily contain some defect in the glass which could easily affect the sight.

In your case, you must at once see a specialist and get your eyes fixed up. You will probably find that your headaches will disappear and that your health will be better generally.

Thanks for your advice, doctor. I had no idea that eyes could affect bodily health so much.

Well, Miss Hayes, it works the other way, too. Ill-health often causes poor vision. Set about to improve the health by correct eating and take the precaution of reading in good light, whether artificial or daylight, and often the necessity for wearing glasses ceases.

For young wives and mothers

Care of baby's skin

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

THE skin is not only a beautiful covering for the body, but it is a vital organ which has important work to do in order to keep us healthy and well.

A clear healthy skin is every baby's birthright, but it can be irritated by wrong clothing, by faulty treatment, and by a badly-balanced diet.

Chafing and ugly irritating rashes are often caused by lack of knowledge on the special care of baby's skin.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a special leaflet on the care of baby's skin. Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

FAMOUS DOCTORS PRAISE KIDNEY MEDICINE

That Acts In 24 Hours To End

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, NERVOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, LOSS OF ENERGY and APPETITE, PUFFY ANKLES, BURNING, SMARTING PASSAGES, and GETTING UP NIGHTS, etc.

Who should know better than fully qualified medical men, who study in the Universities of the world, and can judge the effect of various medicines upon cases under their direct charge, what medicines are best for various ills of the body? Doctors everywhere praise Cystex—the medicine for the million—they know that for all the troubles mentioned above Cystex is without an equal. Now read what a few of these Doctors say :—

Dr. G. B. Knight

"When the kidneys don't function properly and fail to promptly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed and the patient is generally run-down, and suffers from lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial."

Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. WALTER R. GEORGE

"There is little question but that properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Weakness, Swollen Joints and Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down condition. Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes of such conditions and exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract."

Dr. W. R. George

Dr. C. Z. RENDELLE

"Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

One-time sufferers also praise Cystex. Mr. G. N. Williamson, Hurst Bridge, Victoria, says *"Cystex has saved me from going under an operation which would have meant death to a man of my age, nearly 80 years. I would have to get up nearly every hour of the night. Now I sleep well. Cystex has set me up, and I feel better right through. I recommend Cystex to all suffering as I did."*

Mrs. L. Tait, Yarraville, Victoria, wrote: *"My daughter, aged 44 years, suffered from bladder trouble, and it was misery to take her out with this distressing trouble. After an 8-day course of Cystex her trouble disappeared and she has much more vitality."*

Cystex is a positive, speedy and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons, and waste matters from the system. Cystex is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

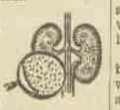
The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles :—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.

(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.

(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK



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She's here to help . . . Little

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

With words of wisdom she tells you how to save time and gain leisure.

LITTLE Precious Minutes is on this page every week—just an earnest little soul whose big mission in life is to lighten your daily routine, to teach you short cuts, and to give you more leisure for yourself. Make her your friend.

TO-DAY little Miss Precious Minutes gives you some valuable advice on laundry work, starching and ironing. So come with her to THE LAUNDRY.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says there's a knack in this starching business which not only gives your work that professional touch, but saves you trouble and time.

* * *

VARIOUS degrees of stiffening are required for different articles, so sort your clothes into groups, putting into each group the things that require the same amount of stiffness.

* * *

HERE'S an example of grouping:—

(1) Tablecloths, aprons, soft collars, table-runners, tray-cloths, cotton bedspreads.

(2) Pillow-slips, cotton shirts, overalls, children's cottons, frocks, glass curtains, table napkins, loose covers, chintzes and cretonnes.

(3) Handkerchiefs.

* * *

NOW put three tablespoons of starch into a bowl and mix to a cream with cold water. Then add boiling water—about a quart and stirring well until the starch becomes clear. Be sure the water is quite boiling.

* * *

NEXT, to the clear starch add about three quarts of cold or warm water, making a gallon of liquid altogether, enough to immerse large articles completely.

* * *

WHEN starch is cool enough for you to put your hands in, dip tablecloths, aprons and soft collars (group 1). Move these about to make sure the starch penetrates, and then wring out thoroughly.

* * *

TO the liquid starch left add up to seven pints of water. This makes an excellent starch for pillow-slips, cotton shirts, overalls and children's frocks (group 2).

* * *

FOR your last group, handkerchiefs and other very lightly starched articles, take a basinful of starch left over from group 2 and add to a basinful of cold or warm water. Starch handkerchiefs in this and wring out well.

* * *

NOW you will realise why you should start off with a gallon of liquid starch at the outset, because you gradually increase the amount as you go through all articles that have to be starched.

* * *

IF you want to starch any articles very stiffly, use four tablespoons starch for your first mixing instead of three.

* * *

NOW for that professional finish. When you have wrung out the starched articles, roll them up in a dry towel and leave for an hour or two. This will make sure that they are evenly damped and not too wet for ironing.

* * *

IF you prefer you can dry the starched articles, then sprinkle with water and roll up for an hour or two before ironing.

PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW—

STARCHING doesn't just mean stiffening various clothes. If you dip loose covers of cretonne or chintz into a weak solution of starch they'll look like new again.

Sheets that have been lightly starched look and feel twice as fresh and inviting, while cotton sheets acquire something of the crisp, cool feel of linen.

Very lightly starched handkerchiefs look better and have a smooth, fresh feeling.

Cotton frocks, both for children and adults, look more attractive if starched, and stay cleaner longer.

Soft collars are better if made semi-stiff.

And most important—a good starch lends wings to your ironing.

EMBROIDERED tablecloths, table runners, duchess sets, and tray-cloths should always be ironed on the wrong side, to press up embroidery; other starched articles are ironed on the right side to give a glossy finish.

* * *

MEN'S soft collars are all the better if made semi-stiff with starch. They are more comfortable to wear, keep smart-looking longer, and when washed again are more easily freed of dirt.

* * *

FOR stiff collars, cuffs, shirt-fronts, etc., use cold water starch. Mix three heaped tablespoons starch with a little cold water. Then add lukewarm water to make one pint. See that linen is dry before starching, and rub starch in well. After starching roll linen in clean towel and leave for half an hour.

* * *

BEFORE ironing cold-starched linens, wipe off surface starch with a moist cloth, then iron on both sides until linen is dry. For a high gloss moisten slightly with a damp cloth and use a polishing iron.

* * *

DON'T starch table-napkins too stiffly. Nothing is more annoying than a napkin that keeps sliding off the diner's lap to the floor.

NEXT time you are sewing buttons on to a coat or woollen garment, sew a small button on the wrong side of the material exactly behind where the button will be placed in front. Then sew the front button on to the small button at the back and this will prevent the material from being torn or pulled out of shape.

* * *

A RUBBER sponge is an excellent cleaner for dry-cleaning woollen materials. Lay the garment on a flat surface and rub briskly with the sponge, taking care to rub the wrong side of the nap and cleaning the cloth carefully after each rub.

The A.B.C. *of* COOKERY

Rarebit: Savory made of cheese on toast.

Raspings: Browned breadcrumbs used for coating boiled ham and sprinkling over savory dishes.

Ratafia: Liqueur or essence made from almonds; little biscuits like macaroons flavored with this essence.

Ravioli: An Italian dish made with macaroni and tomato.

Releve: Most substantial meat course of a dinner.

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There is nothing to add to Robin—the fine powder starch — the gloss is already in it.

FREE! Reckitts have just published an interesting little Booklet, *"A Little Bird Told Me."* It tells how easy and economical starching can be. You should have it. Write now for your copy to Reckitts (Over Sea) Limited, Dept. A, 143 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney.

IT'S SO EASY WITH ROBIN STARCH

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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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THE WORLD'S FINEST SOAP VALUE!

More suds and *extra-soapy* suds from rich, pure Sunlight. It washes cleaner without hard rubbing—saves work and saves your clothes. See the greatly extended range of free gifts for 1939.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT!

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-tops and 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4810 YY G.P.O., SYDNEY.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Do not enclose a letter, but fill in this form

Name _____

Address _____

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State gift required _____

Enclosed _____ Sunlight wrapper-tops

and _____ in Stamps for Packing and Postage

Scalp-deep Tonic Action *Stops Falling Hair*

RIDS the HEAD of DANDRUFF

TELL-TALE hairs and ugly dandruff flakes not only spoil the whole appearance — they label one as "not-too-fastidious"!

These are times when your scalp needs the deep-penetrating action of CRYSTOLIS Rapid to stimulate the hair-cells—rid the head of dead hair, and nourish it for the growing of luxuriant, vital new hair.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid *goes right down into your hair roots*—cleans out the destroying, hidden dandruff germ—and quickly stops falling hair.

Guard the smartness of your head—with CRYSTOLIS Rapid.

Get this specialist's recognised treatment at your chemist, store or hairdresser—to-day.

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says Mrs. F. HOUGHTON, of 6 Gilsland Rd., Thornton Heath

ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH soon shows you how easily and quickly stoves and grates can be cleaned. Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, give the stove or grate a brisk polish, and it shines and sparkles. An occasional rub over with Zebo keeps your stoves and grates bright and shining all the week round. With Zebo there's no need for elaborate preparations. You use it straight from the tin. There's no waste, it doesn't dry up in the tin and it saves time. Zebo lasts a long while, too!

ZEBO

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

Your favorite recipes may be worth CASH PRIZES

ENTER The Australian Women's Weekly best recipe competition. It is a year-round contest, held every week. Anybody can enter simply by writing out a recipe and sending it to this office.

Many a woman is an artist in her own kitchen—always devising new treatments of old themes and producing dishes which are masterpieces of culinary art.

ABOVE: This picture shows you how to select celery. It should be crisp when broken. See prize recipe for celery pie.

LEFT: Sift your flour well for pastry making. A recipe for a delicious fig-and-rhubarb pie is given on this page.

EACH week the Australian Women's Weekly encourages you to reveal these kitchen secrets of yours by giving cash prizes for the best recipes contributed to our cookery section.

One pound is given for the week's outstanding recipe, and consolation prizes of 2/6 are awarded for all other recipes published.

This week's first prize goes to a recipe for a mutton dish:

PUMPED LEG OF MUTTON WITH CURRANT AND CAPER DUMPLINGS AND SAUCE

One leg of mutton (butcher will pump it), 3 large carrots, 2 parsnips, 1 turnip or swede, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Put leg into large saucepan and cover with warm water. Add vinegar. Boil gently for 1½ hours. Add cleaned vegetables whole. Boil 1 hour longer, or until cooked. Allow 25 minutes for each lb., and 25 minutes over. Twenty minutes before dishing add the dumplings.

Dumplings: 6oz. flour, 3oz. suet (chopped), 2 tablespoons capers and currants. Water to mix.

Rub suet into flour. Add cleaned currants and capers. Mix with water into rather stiff dough. Make into dumplings (about a tablespoon for each one). Roll in flour. Drop into the boiling stock. Boil 20 minutes.

Sauce: 1 cup milk, ½ cup stock from cooked leg, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter.

Melt butter, add flour. When smooth add milk and stock. Boil until thick. Cook 6 large potatoes. Mash with piece of butter. When dishing, slice vegetables and serve very hot. Serves ten persons.

Note: No salt is needed for this recipe, except for potatoes, which are cooked separately.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Robinson, 16 Dorcas St., Sth. Melbourne.

FIG-AND-RHUBARB PIE

Pastry: 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 3oz. cornflour, 1oz. castor sugar, yolk of 1 egg, milk or water to bind.

Filling: Figs, rhubarb, sugar, lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into basin. Rub in butter. Add cornflour and mix well. Stir in sugar. Beat egg-yolk in a little milk and add. Mix to a stiff paste, adding more milk if necessary. Roll out on floured board.

Cut up rhubarb and figs. Sprinkle with sugar and add a little lemon juice and water. Put all into a dish. Roll out pastry a little larger than dish. Cut a strip to go all round the edge of the dish. Wet the edge of dish and lay on the strip. Wet the strip and place pastry on top. Trim edges and mark with knife to decorate. Bake in moderate oven for about ½ hour. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve, either hot or cold.

Other fillings: Apple, banana and orange; blackberry and apple, or any other fruit. Serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

SAVORY FRY WITH WALNUTS

One lamb's fry, ½lb. bacon rashers, 1 dessertspoon dripping, ½ cup pickled walnuts, 1 cup stock or water, 1 eschalot (finely minced), or 1 dessertspoon of minced onions, finely-chopped parsley, 2 dessertspoons seasoned flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Soak fry ½ hour in warm salted water. Dry. Remove skin and cut into slices ¼ inch thick. Roll in seasoned flour, mixed with lemon juice. Fry lightly in melted butter. Pack in layers in a casserole, sprinkling each layer with eschalot or onion, chopped walnuts, and layers of bacon. Add water or stock and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.), from 45 minutes to 1 hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Blair, c/o Post Office, Burwood, N.S.W.

SAVORY TARTLETS

Two carrots, 1lb. green peas, small tin of asparagus, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, pastry cases, grated cheese, tomatoes.

Cook carrots, and when tender drain and cut into dice. Cook green peas and mix well with diced carrot. Cut asparagus sticks into half-inch pieces (or a small tin of asparagus tips could be used), and mix with other vegetables. Melt butter in a small pan. Blend in flour, and then gradually add milk. Stir until thick. Add ¼ cup liquor from asparagus, and heat all thoroughly. Add vegetables. Have ready some pastry cases. Fill with the mixture. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and place a thin slice of tomato on each. Place a piece of butter on each tomato slice and put tartlets in oven to heat thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorrold St., Wooloowin N3, Brisbane.

CELERY PIE

One small bunch of celery, 1 onion, breadcrumbs, grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, pepper and salt.

Chop celery finely. Put in saucepan with chopped onion. Cook until tender in water. Then strain water and put in piedish. Sprinkle thickly with fine breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Beat eggs in milk. Add pepper and salt, and pour over ingredients in piedish. Bake in slow oven until set. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley, and serve with fingers of toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Ulbrich, Hopkinson St., Burnie, Tas.

PORK PIE

Two pounds fresh lean pork, 1lb. plain flour, 4oz. lard, 1 large cup nearly full of water, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cut pork into very small pieces and season with pepper and salt. Warm flour. Put water, lard, and salt in a pan and bring to boil. Then add to flour. Mix with a wooden spoon and then with the hand until stiff. Grease two tins (those with false bottoms are best). Knead two pieces of pastry large enough to line the tins. After lining fill with the pork. Cover with pastry and make a hole in the middle. Bake in a slow oven until meat is cooked. Have ready some stock made from the bones. Season and pour through the holes in the top of pies. Leave in tins until set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Higson, 46 Stephens Ave., Torrensville, S.A.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES

Two bunches parsnips, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 egg, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon parsley, grated rind 1 lemon.

Boil parsnips in salted water until soft. Then press through a vegetable-masher, or sieve, or mash with fork until smooth. Mix with breadcrumbs, butter, seasoning of pepper, salt, finely-chopped parsley and grated lemon-rind. Add yolk of egg.

When thoroughly mixed roll into small balls. Dip in flour, then in the beaten white of egg, and roll in breadcrumbs. Plunge into a quantity of smoking fat, and fry a golden brown.

Drain on paper. Arrange on a hot dish, and garnish with cut lemon and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Schipp, 12 Oak St., East Maroubra, N.S.W.

DUNDEE SHORTBREADS

Six ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. flour, 2oz. rice flour, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Add sifted flour, rice flour, and salt, mixing to a stiff dough. Turn on to lightly-floured board. Press or roll to thickness of half an inch, and cut into strips 1½ inches by 3 inches. Put on greased baking tray. Brush the surface of each with a fork and bake slowly until crisp and golden brown. Leave cooked biscuits on trays until cold. Store in airtight containers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Minter, Box 14, Boonah, Qld.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

MY SAMMY A 'Sissy!'

Sam's mother was worried over him. He was "nervy," pale and highly strung. The other boys called him a sissy until . . .

IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and gets nervy, then it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—specially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy Size from 2/9. Special offer including 1/6 tin, 1/- Mixer and measuring spoon all for 2/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

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ORANGES . . . *here are new ways of using them*

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

USE them frequently, for they are packed with those valuable food elements essential to human health. Below are recipes for serving this fruit in many different ways.

NOVEL AND APPETISING, orange cream moulds made with a custard base and set in individual moulds. Decorated with orange.

HERE IS a health-giving drink—orange milk, which is simply and quickly made, but full of nourishing food values.

ORANGE DELICACY, a sweet that both grown-ups and children will love, and so good for them, too. Recipe for making is given on this page.

RICH in those three vitamins so necessary for our general well-being—A, B and C—oranges also contain valuable minerals — calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Often—and very aptly—described as "Nature's stored sunlight," the minerals and vitamins that oranges supply build strong teeth and bones, make rich blood and build nerve tissue.

In addition they counteract acidity caused by eating an excess of proteins and starches, aid digestion and help to regulate the body.

ORANGE SALAD

Peel, remove any pith and slice very thinly 4 large oranges. Remove any pips. Place in a salad bowl, sprinkle with sugar, allow to stand in refrigerator 1 hour. Pour over ½ cup iced red wine. Delicious served with duck.

ORANGE DELICACY

Half pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, juice 2 oranges, grated rind 1 orange, orange sections, chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour. Boil milk and sugar. Pour on to cornflour. Return to saucepan. Cook for 2 minutes. Add juice and rind. Pour into wetted mould. Chill. Turn out to flat dish, decorate with cream, nuts and orange sections.

FROSTED ORANGE PIE

One pint milk, grated rind 4 oranges, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon orange juice, sugar to taste, ½ cup breadcrumbs, orange butter, sugar for meringue.

Scald milk and pour on to crumbs. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Beat in yolks, sugar, rind and juice of orange. Pour into greased fireproof dish. Bake in moderate oven till set. Cover top with orange butter. Beat whites, add 6 tablespoons sugar, and heap roughly over the pudding. Place in very slow oven till meringue is set and pale straw color. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGES IN SYRUP

Wash well 6 oranges, put into saucepan and just cover with boiling water. Boil till tender without breaking. Lift out and drain well. Measure liquid and to each cup allow 1lb. sugar. Mix well. Boil 5 minutes. Prick the cooked oranges well with knitting needle. Put carefully into boiling syrup. Boil till clear. Place fruit in wide-mouth jars. Pour on syrup. Seal at once. Leave a week before using.

ORANGE CREAM MOULDS

Make custard with ½ cup milk and 1 egg. Cool, add ¼ cup whipped cream and sugar to taste, add juice 4 oranges and 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water (added when cold). Mix in well, then pour into little jelly moulds. Chill. Turn out, decorate with chopped orange jelly, cream and nuts.

ORANGE MILK

Mix the juice and grated rind of 1 orange with 1 tablespoon of sugar, then immediately beat into a glass of milk. Cool in refrigerator.

ORANGE PEEL JAM

Put into a basin 1 cup chopped orange peel and chopped peel of 1 lemon, add little water. Stand for 24 hours. Boil 30 minutes. Leave 24 hours. Measure and allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of pulp. Boil till it "jellies." Bottle and seal down.

ORANGE COOKIES

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup orange juice, grated orange rind, 3 cups self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then orange juice, lastly well-sifted flour and pinch of salt. Drop a teaspoonful on well-greased swiss roll tins and bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn onto a cake cooler. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

ORANGE TART

Puff pastry, 3 eggs, 3 oranges, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. butter.

Beat yolks of eggs well, add sugar, rind and juice of oranges and melted butter. Beat whites stiffly, add to other ingredients. Line a deep sandwich tin with puff pastry. Pour mixture into pastry case. Bake in moderate oven till set. Serve cold with cream or custard.

ORANGE FLEUR

Half pound shortcrust.

Centre Mixture: ½ pint water, rind and juice 2 oranges, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, yolks 2 eggs, 2oz. butter.

Meringue: Whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar.

Blend arrowroot with a little water, put remainder on to boil, with butter, sugar, rind and juice of oranges. When boiling stir on to arrowroot. Cook two or three minutes, add yolks of eggs. Cook for two minutes without boiling, make pastry, roll into a round. Line a fleur ring or deep sandwich tin with pastry, then line with paper and fill with rice. Bake twenty minutes. Remove paper and rice. Fill centre with orange mixture. Make meringue and decorate top with it. Return to oven to brown slightly.

ORANGE TOAST

One tablespoon orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, buttered toast, sugar to taste.

Mix sugar, juice and rinds. Spread on the fingers of buttered toast. Put in oven till crisp without browning. Serve at once.

ORANGE CREAM

Half packet orange jelly, ½ cup hot water, juice ½ orange, 1oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup cream, oranges.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, add sugar, lemon and orange juice. When cool add cream (milk could be used). Pour into wetted mould. Allow to set, turn out, and garnish with thin slices of peel, orange and cream.

Something new you can make yourself!

COFFEE WAFER CAKE

Needs no cooking—made with COPHA

Next time you entertain, offer your guests something away from the usual run of cakes and fancies. Coffee Wafer Cake is delightfully different from anything you can buy, yet it's simplicity itself to make. For the recipe below is one of the famous Copha "Cookless" series—recipes designed to give new and extra delicious confections with the least possible trouble and no cooking. Make Coffee Wafer Cake for tea to-day. You can get Copha at your grocer's, and, at the same time as you buy this pure, white shortening, ask your grocer for a copy of the Copha leaflet, "Quick Party Specials that need no Cooking." It's FREE.

COPHA COOKLESS DAINTIES No. 6

Recipe for Copha

COFFEE WAFER CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha.
12 ozs. Icing Sugar.
1 Egg.
1 tablespoon Coffee Essence.
½ lb. Wafer Cream Biscuits, as sold by all grocers.

Mix together the sifted sugar, egg and coffee essence. Then stir in gradually the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line a shallow cardboard box with greaseproof paper and place in it alternate layers of mixture and wafer biscuits until the box is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in a cold place until set.

It's FREE THE NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK

You'll find something different and delicious for every day and every occasion in this big forty-page booklet—recipes for cakes, cookies, pastries, puddings and savouries. Plenty of novel dishes—all carefully tested in our own kitchen. Write to:

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With a sharp knife cut through three sides of the packet, leaving the fourth side untouched (see the above picture). Extract the quantity of biscuits required, then close the packet.

If these instructions are followed, the packet will close like a book, safeguarding the original freshness and flavour of the biscuits.

William Arnott Pty. Limited, Homebush.

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WHO TRAVELS ALONE

SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, July 22, 1939

By . . . PETER LORING

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WHO TRAVELS ALONE

By PETER LORING

IN the bus from Damascus to Bagdad, probably no one but Eolia Allen found the Syrian Desert attractive. The heat of mid-May, intense as summer, parched the thin soil into dust, kindling the rocks and rubble of it. A world of scorching barrens stretched endlessly in front hour after hour. But while other occupants of the bus simply held out, and panted for evening, Eolia felt a continuing thrill. It reminded her of the Arizona country between Tuscon and the Bar-M, where she had spent part of her girlhood. But it was also the desert she had pictured in the volumes of Doughty and Lawrence and Gertrude Bell, the world of Druse and Bedouin, the post-road to Bagdad, trodden by famished armies and caravans. The very heat, monotony, and glare were appropriate.

Seated next to her uncle, Dr. Bridges, dean of the medical staff at the American University in Beirut, who had covered his face with a handkerchief, and was taking a nap, she kept very still in order not to disturb him. She was a small, slender girl of nineteen, with peculiarly alert grey eyes. This, coupled with the fact that her hat, a shovel-brim, straw affair, purchased at home in Chilowa, Kansas, tended to rear itself up on the back of her head, gave her a young look. But the personality of her smile and chiseling of her face made her older.

A sudden jolt of the bus awakened George Bridges, who removed the handkerchief from his square-cut face, dabbed his forehead with it, and blinked at Eolia through tortoise-shell spectacles.

"What's on your mind?" he said after a while. "You look pretty serious."

She withdrew her eyes from the distance, and smiled. "I was thinking of Bagdad—that I'm actually going there. To Bagdad, across the desert! It's like a dream."

A veteran of the Near East, Bridges did not share her excitement, but it pleased him. He remembered his enthusiasm twenty-five years ago. Since then, he had served through the war under Faisal and Lawrence; had crossed the desert on every conveyance from camel-back to aeroplane. He tried to recapture his first impression of it through her eyes, but the glamor eluded him.

"It's been that way right along," she continued. "First, New York and the ocean: it didn't seem possible that I was really there. Then, Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, Naples, Greece, Beirut! The winter with you—and now, Bagdad!"

A gaunt, dark-haired young Englishman in the next seat glanced at her over his newspaper as she went on: "They made such a fuss at home about wasting my share of the money Aunt Kate left; I ought to save it, or go to Kansas State and learn to school-teach, or marry and settle down."

Bridges laughed. "But you decided to be a rolling stone?"

"I'm your assistant," she protested. "At least you say I am. I wouldn't exchange the trip out here and this winter with you for any college on earth."

"Or for the young preacher your mother scolded me for taking you away from?"

"No—or for Samuel Baxter." The movement tilted her hat farther back. "Can you imagine me the wife of a Methodist minister, Uncle George? Why, I even smoke cigarettes. I'm a regular adventuress."

At that the young Englishman coughed, and disappeared behind his newspaper. Bridges pretended to frown at her. He was wondering, not for the first time, why, out of the large, commonplace family of Seth Allen, the stationmaster in a small Kansas town, Eolia should have emerged so completely different from the others—in imagination, vividness, dare and independence. Or was it that, as eldest of the Allen children, she had known the freer life of Arizona before her parents had settled down to the humdrum of Chilowa?

"Talk about a career," she added—"school-teaching, and so on! How many girls have a chance like me to help a great surgeon?"

"Hardly that," he deprecated.

"Of course you are! Everybody knows of you from Cairo to Angora."

Nothing made Bridges more uncomfortable than praise.

"Nevertheless, Miss Rolling Stone, if you don't gather more moss than I have . . ."

"Who wants to!" she interrupted. "But I'm going to make you send out bills. Take this trip to Bagdad, for example. I'm not going to let you operate on Ibn Hussein for nothing."

Half-hidden by the newspaper, she could not have seen the face of the neighboring Englishman at that moment, even if she had been paying attention to him. At the name of the great Arab leader, his glance shifted sidewards from the page, and stopped intently; his angular features sharpened.

Ahmad Ibn Hussein, distant relative of the House of Iraq, bulked equally large in the Near East with Kemal Ataturk and Ib Sa'ud. Warrior, statesman, nationalist, and agitator, he was one of those desert firebrands which have often set Islam in flames. The French in Syria and North Africa, the English in Palestine, Arabia and Egypt dreaded and kept their eyes on him.

Dr. Bridges, as usual, flinched at the idea of bills.

"He's an old friend," he protested. "We were in the war together. Money or not, I'd go farther than Bagdad to be of use to him. But don't worry! He'll insist on paying me a king's ransom. In the end, I'll have to accept a thousand times more than the operation's worth."

The doctor veered into reflection, his eyes softening behind his spectacles.

"I hope he's all right, but you can't tell with appendicitis. Typical of him to send for me, when there are a couple of men in Bagdad who would do just as well—Lord, Eolia, what a man he was twenty-five years ago! We met first at Wejh. He came riding up on his war camel with old Auda, of the Howeitat. Very much of a desert dandy, his agal on one side of his head and the gaudiest camel harness. Perfect young devil!" Bridges caught his breath in a sigh, and added: "Seems pretty long ago. He went to England after the war; became civilised—outwardly at least; followed Faisal to Bagdad; heads the Nationalist Party . . ."

Happening to glance across the aisle of the bus, he noticed that the Englishman had given up any pretence of reading, and he lowered his voice.

"Our friend seems interested. Ahmad's a sore topic with the British out here. I can't blame them or him either. He feels that they let the Arabs down after the war, and he's stirred up a lot of trouble in Palestine. Guess I'm a little on his side."

Eolia looked in her turn; but the listener, aware that he had attracted attention, unfolded his newspaper again.

He was the only passenger in the bus who definitely interested her. He was tall and sallow, with thick black eyebrows that hooked up at the ends, and gave him a half-humorous, half-cynical expression. Dressed in a white linen suit, and wearing a sun-helmet, when he got out to stretch himself during pauses on the road, he had the knack of looking well-groomed in spite of the heat and dust. There was an unmistakable army stamp about him, the air of an officer in mufti; but he did not belong entirely to a type. His hair, which had evidently been disciplined by military brushes, still rebelled in a faint wave; his straight mouth and dark eyes were whimsical and Irish rather than English.

It annoyed her that he kept so rigidly aloof. Her own impulse, fostered by a Western training, was to meet people easily. It seemed to her only stupid to travel as this man did, shut up in himself. At Bukha Wells, after the first day's drive from Damascus, she had given him an opening with a nod and a smile when they met outside the small inn after dinner. He acknowledged it with a slight bow, but looked away. Of course she made no further advances.

"What's the matter with him?" she had asked her uncle later, after they had been chatting with some of the other passengers, Syrian and Iraqi business men, while the tall Englishman, stalking pipe in mouth by himself, paid no attention to anyone.

"Oh, just British," returned the Doctor.

But the explanation did not satisfy her. He looked absorbed rather than superior.

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WHO TRAVELS ALONE

she had the impression, too, that he was not well. The dark hollows beneath his eyes stood out against the parchment color of his skin, and she noticed at times a tightening of the lips, as if he were trying to hold up against something.

"I think he's ill," she declared.

"Or dissipated," said Bridges.

And now, glancing sidewards at him in the next seat, she saw him take a flask from one of his bags, uncork it with a shaking hand, and gulp a part of the contents, while the rim of the bottle clicked against his teeth. Then, shivering a little, he stuck his hands in his pockets, and closed his eyes.

She felt sorry for him and wondered what his story was.

But her thought about him broke off at a sudden stopping of the bus. For the last half-hour she had noticed, without paying attention to it, a kind of slackening and missing, as if the motor had hit air pockets. The French driver now cranked and primed to no purpose. At last he got out.

A sound of tinkering rose. Several minutes passed. But the bus remained lifeless in the blazing centre of the desert.

Those who could stand the glare climbed out, and shifted from foot to foot around the blistering driver, at work inside the hood. He was a short, fat man, steaming with perspiration and vivid oaths, as the hot engine, combined with the sun, slowly melted him. At times he would step back, shake his fists at the sky, and appeal to the sympathy of the onlookers, before plunging back into the bake-oven.

It was inevitable that Eolia should be among the foremost of the bystanders, because she gravitated naturally to whatever was happening. Inevitably, too, as others drifted back from the searing heat of the sun to the shelter of the bus, she became involved in the problem of the engine. Almost everything interested her, and to help out seemed as much a matter of course as breathing. She had inherited a mechanical turn, which had been cultivated by keeping an ancient family car running.

Finally, she had an idea, but no amount of pointing succeeded in showing the driver what she meant.

At that moment the tall Englishman climbed down from the bus.

"Look here," she hailed him. "Do you know any French?"

"I learned it at school," he said in an odd, parched voice. "Never could pronounce the beastly r's, though."

"That's all right," she assured him. "I want you to tell this man that I think there's no ground connection between the distributor housing and the cylinder-head—probably due to wear or grease. He can fix it with a wire from the housing to the block or car frame. It's pretty tricky; you could look all day and not find anything, but it happened with our car once. Anyhow, it's worth trying."

He stared at her a moment, still grasping the rail.

"You want me to tell him that in French?"

"Yes."

"I couldn't possibly. I don't know it in English. It's perfectly fantastic. Do girls in America go around chatting about housings and cylinders?"

Eyeing her quizzically, he drew out his pipe, and began filling it. Eolia flushed.

"Very well," she retorted, "perhaps you know the word for wire."

He frowned a moment, then nodded. "Yes, I think I can manage that." And walking unsteadily up to the driver, he said, "Monsieur, un fil-de-fer, s'il vous plait. How's that?" he added to Eolia. "Rather fluent, what?"

But in spite of his banter, he gave the impression of someone only half conscious, talking automatically, as if in a dream.

"I say," he went on abruptly, "it's frightfully sporting of you to bother with this giddy engine out here in the sun. Makes the men of the party seem rather futile, doesn't it?"

Embarrassed, she could only murmur vaguely.

"Dashed sporting!" he repeated. And awkwardly, after a pause: "By the way, my name's Paget—Richard Paget."

Smiling at herself for feeling somehow promoted, she held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Paget. I'm Eolia Allen."

"Eolia?" he echoed curiously. "I don't recall ever hearing . . ."

"It's from Eolian, Texas," she explained. "My father's a railroad man. He called us all after the towns he's worked in. Here's the wire."

The bus driver handed her a roll of it, and she made scissor movements with two fingers to show where she wanted it cut.

"Couper," Paget translated. "Called you after towns?"

"Yes, I've got four sisters: Peoria, Topeka, Elysia, and Chilowa; and two brothers, Gunsight and Maverick."

Paget studied the bowl of his pipe. "Quaint idea!"

"We wish he hadn't had it," she confessed. "That's right," she went on to the driver. "Now, loop that under one of the screw-heads of the distributor housing." But, as he only stared at her, she took up a screwdriver from the running-board, and leaned over the engine herself.

"Here!" said Paget. "If you'll show me what you want done . . . I wish I wasn't such a duffer at machinery."

He had turned whiter than before, and looked so ill that it almost startled her.

"No, I'll fix it," she told him. "I want to see whether it works." Manipulating the screwdriver, she filled in the pause by asking, "Are you in the army, Mr. Paget?"

But he took so long to answer that she glanced curiously back at him over her shoulder. He was standing with his eyes on the ground, fingering his pipe.

"No," he said at last. "I used to be. Now I'm in trade."

Conscious of a twinge of disappointment, Eolia bent the wire round the screw, clamped it down, and then attached it to the car frame.

"Start her up now," she told the driver, waving him inside.

"Demarrer," said Paget.

She waited breathlessly while the man sceptically climbed back to his seat. The self-starter made a turn or two; the motor sprang into life.

"Whoop-ee!" carolled Eolia.

The driver tumbled radiant out of the bus. She thought he was going to embrace her, but he confined himself to shaking hands. Several of the passengers, including George Bridges, who, unable to help, had withdrawn to the shadow of the bus, now strolled up.

"What's he saying?" she asked Paget about the continued outbursts of the driver.

The Englishman's face had become the color of his sun-helmet; a line of blue marked his lips; but he spoke in the same detached voice.

"He says in effect that you're a trump. He's rather worked up about it. Matter of fact, I'm inclined to agree with him. Hope you don't mind . . ."

He reached out suddenly toward the mud-guard of the car, missed it, staggered, and then crumpled down on the road.

"You'd think I'd know about malaria by this time!" Bridges growled in self-reproach, after examining the still unconscious Paget outstretched on the rear seat of the bus. But who'd expect a man with a temperature of a hundred and four to be walking around! It's surprising he wasn't out of his head."

While the patient's heart raced and stumbled through the long afternoon, Eolia fanned him or changed the damp cloths on his forehead. Now and then the doctor gave him a hypodermic, and frowned at the thermometer.

"Up to a hundred and five. He'd have been all right if he'd gone to bed, and not taken this trip. Malaria seldom kills except for the heart strain. As it is, you can't tell. He must have had a pretty urgent reason for getting to Bagdad."

Uneasy even in his unconsciousness, and shaken by the movements of the bus, it was hard to keep him on the narrow bench, so that Eolia sometimes held his head in her lap. She felt too concerned to think of her own fatigue or cramped position.

Then, just before the glare of the day faded, they stopped at the mud huts of Ramadi and shortly afterwards felt the relief of the sown land fringing the Euphrates. But there were still an hour and a half beyond.

On the pontoon bridge across the river, as she looked out on the levelness of water and plains, a sudden movement brought her eyes back, and she glanced down to see Paget staring up at her.

"Where am I?" he faltered.

"Still on the bus to Bagdad," she answered quickly. "It won't be long now."

He closed his eyes, but opened them a moment later to add, "Awfully decent of you to bother with me," and then dropped off.

Bridges took his pulse, and reported improvement.

Eolia plied her fan. After an age, she was aware that the road had become an avenue lined with palm trees that slipped past in the darkness.

Suddenly Paget spoke again. "I'm no end sorry to have behaved like this. It came on in Damascus, but I thought I could wear it out . . ."

Dr. Bridges moved next to him, and put an arm around his shoulder.

"The sooner you get to a hospital the better, unless you have friends in Bagdad."

"I have no friends here." Then all at once he straightened up. "By the way, I haven't been talking, have I? Saying anything? Light-headed? . . ."

His eyes, brilliant with fever, turned from Bridges to Eolia.

"No."

Without warning, the bus plunged into the corrugated iron oven of the terminal station. Eolia stayed behind with Paget, while her uncle procured a taxi. She compared her feelings and looks to a dish-rag, and characteristically said so half to herself. He was still sitting on the bench in what she took to be the daze of fever, but to her surprise he looked up.

"Dish-rag? Of course you do. Anybody that's any good in this world ought to look like a dish-rag sometimes. And you're more than good, Miss America. You're rather splendid, if you'll forgive a personality. We probably won't be seeing each other again, so I'm sure you'll forgive it."

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She tried to cover up her embarrassment. "Oh, yes, we will—if you're going to be at the Royal Hospital. Uncle George—I mean Dr. Bridges—is performing an operation there to-morrow. We'll be around for a week."

"My word!" he said. "And you'll look in on me sometimes? I'd begun to think my luck was out—completely out. Now I'm not so sure. By the way," he added strangely, "I told you I was in trade, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"That's right," he nodded. "I thought I had."

Half an hour later they left him in care of an interne at the hospital. His fever had leaped up again, and he was only half-conscious; but he made a forlorn effort at thanks, and contrived to smile when they said good-night.

"You know, Eolia," remarked Bridges, as they drove off, "I'm rather wondering who our friend Paget really is."

"I wonder, too," she answered, "but I like him."

The doctor hesitated. "Better wait," he answered.

They crossed the Old Bridge. Shadowy against the stars, with minaret and palm and angular roof, appeared the skyline of the city.

. . . . . .

Looking back a week later, as Eolia sat in the hospital by the bedside of Ibn Hussein, the past days seemed a dazzle of pictures from a rapidly-unwound film, on which she had not yet had time to focus.

Beyond the shade of the covered balcony that lined the private rooms of the hospital an amber sunlight filtered through the trellis of date-palms in the grounds outside. A dry, dusty air, spiced with the odor of roses and disinfectants, stirred from time to time, but with no effect of coolness.

The discouraged four-bladed fan, revolving near the ceiling, only circulated heat. Even the tinkle of melting ice in the patient's glass of lime sherbet sounded hot.

He was a handsome, powerful man, sitting half-upright against the pillows of his bed. The white head-cloth, the passionate face, swarthy and haggard; the dark moustache and pointed beard that did not hide the heavy curve of his mouth; the hawk nose and tawny eyes were completely Arabian. Even in repose he had a parched, burning quality, as if the sweep and thrust of the desert were somehow animate in him. It was the figure not only of a warrior, but of a leader. To all this, his fame in the Near East, the stories about him of raid and battle during and before the war, added glamor. Ahmad Ibn Hussein made the words "Sword of Islam" vivid to her.

"Khatun," he was saying in his guttural, resonant voice—he used the native word for "lady" when addressing her—"you must think ill of Bagdad in such heat. And yet I hope," he added earnestly, "that you like the East."

Her eyes quickened. "I do. It's such an adventure for me. It's . . ."

"Why do you like adventure?" he interrupted.

She leaned forward a little. "Don't you, Prince Ahmad?"

He remained silent a moment, and then laughed.

"I will not deny it. I have had my share of folly. There's a Christian tale of wise kings who were led by a star across the desert. Are you and I not like them, though stars may be different?" He laughed again. "You and I! Mashallah, it is a wonder of God!"

The warmth in his voice testified to the intimacy that had developed between them during the days since his operation. She spent a great deal of time with him. The appendicitis had proved an awkward case, and Dr. Bridges depended on her more than on the regular nurses. Besides, Ahmad increasingly asked for her. She did not think of her attendance on him as a sacrifice. She had never met anyone remotely like him—savage and yet sophisticated, magnetic, masterful, incalculable, something of a genius, a man to be ranked with the greatest anywhere. He opened up to her, in anecdote and story, a world which she had so far looked at from a distance in the pages of books, the volcanic Arab world with its tortuous mentality and primitive passions. But more fascinating even than these were the glimpses he had begun to give her of himself, of the ruthlessness, humor, idealism and ambition, that mingled in his personality. She often thought of herself as a little girl on intimate terms with a lion.

"What's a wonder?" she asked.

He fingered his beard a moment, then smiled. "That Ibn Hussein should be talking with a woman as if she were a man. By Heaven, it is something new in the world!" Reaching out playfully, he grasped her arm. "Listen, Khatun. Your uncle returns to Beirut; he comes back in ten days to examine me once more. You will wait here for him, will you not?"

There was something in his grasp and in the expression of his eyes that startled her for a moment. But she tossed it off with a little movement of her head.

"You're very kind, Prince Ahmad; but Uncle likes to make me believe that he needs me."

"I shall speak with him," returned the Amir. "I cannot believe that you are unmerciful. You would not leave me here to twist the necks of these Syrian nurses."

"There are British nurses."

At the narrowing of his eyes she remembered too late his anti-foreign prejudices. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled it before answering:

"British, yes. But they remind me too much of England."

The word evidently roused a different train of thought. He withdrew gradually into himself, his gaze on the opposite wall, the cigarette smouldering between his fingers. Eolia, the nurses, and the hospital were alike forgotten.

At last he muttered: "But England is growing old. The world makes ready. Fire wakens in the East. Strong peoples rise. We shall be a nation! England talks peace—peace on her terms."

His voice reminded Eolia of the rising of a storm.

"Peace under mandates and spheres of influence! Peace of the weak! Wallahi! the insolence of so-called civilised powers! As if they could not rob without holy excuses! Blessings of their culture! We of the desert slay or seize; but we do not insult the afflicted by pretending that it is to educate them."

There was a moment of dark, burning silence. Eolia sat absorbed, her own thought echoing his. At Beirut she had become a convert to the Arab cause.

"Take Palestine," he continued. "Did we drive out the Turks in order to make a sanctuary for the helutzim Jews? Shall the English force these people upon us with the bayonet? By Heaven, they shall not!"

He broke off. And in a lower voice: "Your eyes answer. I can read them. They have caught the vision."

There was a knock at the door. A nurse entered.

"Zaid Effendi to see Your Highness."

The Prince sat frowning a moment, his lips hard. Then he shrugged. "Well! I must see him."

When the nurse went out, he added: "What I have said is between you and me. I can trust you?"

"Of course, Prince Ahmad."

He brought the hand she gave him to his lips.

"The young Englishman downstairs—is it well with him?"

Eolia covered up her surprise. "Mr. Paget? Yes, he's better . . . How did you know?"

"I am apt to know things," evaded the other. "The nurse spoke of your kindness to him. To visit the sick is a merit before God. He is handsome? Young?"

The door opened upon the visitor, evidently a notable.

"Ya, Amir, salam alakum, peace be unto you!"

"Wa alakum es-salam!" replied Ahmad, but his eyes were on Eolia. "Return soon . . ."

. . . . . .

Eolia knew as few facts about Paget at the end of a week as at the beginning. But she had come to the conclusion that she had better not try to learn more for fear of learning worse. Though she caught him in lie after lie, he was never embarrassed, but would only joke and keep on. That they were good friends in spite of it, she found hard to justify.

"Of course," she explained to Bridges, "I know he's just joking half the time. He likes shocking me. You have to take a lot of it with a pinch of salt."

"Probably you do," agreed the doctor. "Only I want you to bear in mind that there are plenty of black sheep who have been connected with the British Army."

"I know," she nodded. "I suppose the truth is I'm a kind of black sheep myself. It was the same in Chilowa or at the Bar-M. I just get along better with people who are a little wild. I know it isn't right, but they're much more interesting. And the worst of it is that I don't even want to see them reformed—at least not too much."

He managed to look serious. "Please remember that you're the granddaughter of a bishop."

"I do try," she murmured with real contrition.

"Not that I always remember that I'm his son," Bridges chuckled. "Still, you're a woman; you're attractive; and men like Paget don't inspire confidence."

"I know," she lamented. "I wish he'd tell the truth sometimes. But he's a lot of fun. It's kind of a change after Prince Ahmad—I mean they're different."

In spite of misgivings about her taste for black sheep and in spite of Paget's illusiveness, their natural congeniality outweighed everything else. However much Ibn Hussein might fascinate her, the hours with him kept her on tiptoe; she could never be wholly relaxed with a desert lion and Prince of the Blood. To drift down afterwards to Paget's room was like being let out of school.

She could never tell what they were going to do or talk about. She knew only that he would tease her. But it was a friendly teasing, pleasanter than flattery, and she answered in kind. Or perhaps they might

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be serious a moment, and discuss their views on life. Or they played rummy or Russian Bank. They exchanged stories and even songs, rendered in a hushed voice on account of the patients next door. She gave him the cowboy songs and American favorites, while he countered with Scotch, Irish and English.

To-day, when the Amir's caller arrived, she walked inevitably downstairs. It was with a certain heaviness, however, as she remembered that it was probably the last time. And all at once she had a queer, empty feeling. She hadn't realised what it would mean not to be seeing him again.

He was well enough now to sit up in a chair, and she found him reading an old copy of "The Illustrated News," which he tossed aside.

"Hello, Kansas!" he greeted her. "Late as usual. You oughtn't to keep me waiting like this, you know."

Her father's method of distributing names to his family gave a constant excuse for teasing, and it was a favorite joke that he pretended to confuse hers.

"Do try to concentrate on my name, Mister Paget," she returned.

"Which of the seven railroad stations is it?" he pondered. "What is your dashed name? But there's another thing besides keeping me waiting. I told you to wear your blue frock, not the pink one."

"Anything else?" she inquired.

"Raih-er!" he drawled. "But I can't think what it is at the moment."

She answered the twinkle in his eyes with a laugh. "Our last memories of each other are going to be grand, aren't they? You'll remember me in my pink dress, and I'll remember your wit. Uncle and I are leaving to-morrow."

The twinkle vanished, but it was a long moment before he remarked, "Sudden, isn't it?"

She explained that it wasn't sudden. He sat clasping one knee, leaning back a little and whistling beneath his breath. At last she put in, to break the silence:

"How about our game of Russian Bank?"

"Of course," he agreed, withdrawing his eyes from the window.

She brought the table and cards. He shuffled and cut. "You play first."

Intent on the game, she looked up after a moment to find his eyes on her, his face grave.

"You'd better watch what I'm playing," she said.

"I take it back about the pink dress, Lee." (It was his nickname for her.) "All personal remarks withdrawn!"

"It's your turn to play," she reminded him.

He fiddled absently with his cards. Then all at once he cleared the table with a sweep of his arm, and thrust it away.

"I'm going to ask you a favor."

He looked so earnest that she didn't protest about the game.

"What is it?"

"Stay on for a while."

"But I can't."

"Of course you can. Prince Ahmad wants you to. He can fix it with your uncle."

Surprised at the change in him, she found nothing to answer before he continued, "Besides, when you leave to-morrow we won't be seeing each other again."

"Why?" she answered, more lightly than she felt. "The world's pretty small, Richard."

"Too small," he nodded. And then startlingly, "You see, I'm due to be married a few months from now in England."

As the implications of this sank in, Eolia felt her cheeks get hot. He struggled to his feet, then walked uncertainly to the dresser, opened a drawer, and came back with a photograph, which he handed her before sinking down in the chair.

She saw a typically correct figure in a ball-gown; a beautiful face, but cold and expressionless.

"Diana," he said.

She put the photograph down.

"There hasn't been any sentimental twaddle between us," he went on. "Knowing you has been a new experience for me in comradeship. And I'm trying to hang on to it as long as possible. Do try to stay."

. . . . . .

That evening in the Amir's room, Dr. Bridges was saying, "Your Highness had a close call. You had a touch of peritonitis when I operated, and you're not out of the wood yet. It's been a shock to your heart, and you've got a small swelling in your leg that we'll have to watch. We don't want phlebitis, if we can help it. The chances are that you will be up and around in a few days, but there might be a surprise. Forty-five isn't twenty, Your Highness."

"I take refuge in God," Ahmad replied piously.

"The staff here are all right," continued Bridges, "but I wish that I could rely absolutely on being kept in touch."

Ahmad glanced at Eolia.

"I have asked you to leave me your niece. You could do me no greater service." He nodded and added more faintly, "It is true that I am still weak and far from well."

The doctor hesitated. "I rather hate to leave her alone here."

"As God lives," said the Amir, "her protection is on my head! She will be safer than in Beirut."

"It would be a great help, Eolia," Bridges pondered. "How do you feel about it?"

"I'd be glad to stay," she answered eagerly, "if I can be of any use to Prince Ahmad."

A flame showed in Ibn Hussein's eyes. "Let me add my prayers."

But it was not the sudden lift of the Amir's eagle head that she saw; it was rather the picture in her own mind of a whimsical face with masterful dark eyes in the room downstairs. She could almost hear Richard Paget's drawl: "My word! That's topping, Eolia!"

. . . . . .

George Bridges had spent thirty years in Syria, and had shared in all that flood of change, which has swept away the legendary East, replacing it with a surface modernism not yet assimilated. The universal regard for him gave Eolia a certain position in Bagdad after his departure. The Syrian manager of the hotel, Mr. Kahil, who had studied at the American University in Beirut, showed her every courtesy. The medical staff at the hospital paid her attentions. She was invited to several bungalows in the European suburb; attended a polo game at the smart Alwiyeh Club with an attache of the British Embassy, and dined at the equally prominent Azoura Club of the Jewish colony.

But she soon realised that it was not her uncle's position alone that recommended her. Amazingly polite officials of King Ghazi's court appeared, called her Your Presence, offered civilities, and inquired tactfully about the health of His Highness, Prince Ahmad. Sometimes it struck Eolia that they were paying court to Ahmad through her; and often she was puzzled by an insinuating manner, as if they assumed her knowledge of something, she could not tell what. At every point she was reminded increasingly of Ibn Hussein. When she woke in the morning, it was to find an elaborate basket of fruit with the homages of His Highness. When she drove back and forth to the hospital it was in the Amir's car. Native servants at the hotel grew more obsequious.

She mentioned this to Ahmad himself.

"Everybody's so grand to me. I know it's on account of you. You ought to be pleased that you're so popular."

He gave a short laugh, but said nothing.

"I feel sometimes," she went on, "as if this were ancient Bagdad, and you were Haroun Al Raschid."

"Let me tell you one thing," he interrupted. "If Al Raschid lived to-day in Bagdad you would not be safe, Khatun."

Embarrassed by the amber glow in his eyes, she changed the subject.

After her uncle had left, she received a handsomely engraved card, inviting her to a late afternoon reception at the British Residency, and in something of a flutter arranged to go with the wife of the American Consul. All the notables in Bagdad, foreign and native, were included; and even King Ghazi would be present.

Eolia went through her slender stock of dresses, but finding nothing suitable, decided to be extravagant, and bought a complete new ensemble at the French maison de couture in New Street, a lovely white organdie frock with a touch of blue, a hat to go with it, a pair of white pumps, the smartest she had ever had.

Richard Paget, to whom she had described her purchases, teased her to let him see the new outfit.

"How do I know that the dress is right? May be awful. You'd better come here for inspection."

"No, I really couldn't," she protested, though reluctantly, "it means driving back here from the hotel in the scorching heat, and I'd be wilted before the party began. You ought to be going with me, as a matter of fact. You've been out and around for a couple of days. I can't imagine why you're staying at the hospital."

"I like it here—see more of you."

But struck by the idea, she persisted: "It'd be such fun. Do come along."

"I haven't been invited, for one thing."

"But you've been an officer in the British Army. Almost everybody's invited."

There was an odd expression in his face, and he avoided her eyes.

"I don't fancy I'd be welcome."

Evidently he did not want to discuss it further, and, though somewhat puzzled, she did not insist.

But when she had put on her new finery that afternoon at the hotel, and started down to wait for Mrs. Harris, the Consul's wife, Paget walked out of the next door.

"You see, I couldn't resist the temptation of a preview," he explained.

The hotel, like others in Bagdad, was built around an open centre court, with balconies that served the rooms as corridors. He looked tall and white, barring the way. But expecting his usual chaff, for once she was disappointed. He eyed her up and down, drew a long breath, and said:

"Perfectly ripping, Eolia! The slant of that hat is like champagne! You do look good! Have an ice with me while you wait."

She felt the color in her cheeks as they went down together. He might so easily have bantered when she was already nervous about the party, but his praise had put her at ease. Glancing up at him, she

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decided that she had never liked Richard Paget so much. It was pleasant, too, the way the people at the tables downstairs looked at them.

When a servant announced that Mrs. Harris' car was waiting, she suggested again:

"Aren't you coming after all?"

He shook his head, and she wondered all the more, because she could read in his eyes that he wanted to come.

. . . . . .

New Street, down which Mrs. Harris guided her car, always seemed to Eolia more than a street. It was a kind of historical question mark. Would the great red river that flowed within two blocks one one side, or the confused East, swarming on the other, blot it out between them? Or would the West, that it represented, prevail? Eolia felt always a kind of suspense about it, and expressed a little of this to Mrs. Harris as they drove towards Maude Bridge.

"Yes," said the Consul's wife, "my husband feels the same way. He says that politically it's earthquake country, and that the British are nervous—not about Iraq especially, but the whole Arab world. He says that an eruption in Europe would shake things to pieces here."

Eolia remembered her political talks with Ibn Hussein.

"All I know," Mrs. Harris added, "is that I wish I was back in Dayton, Ohio, out of this climate. It's getting hotter! I only hope we don't get a dust storm."

The heat and the dust storms, Eolia found, were inevitable topics.

A native policeman in a white helmet stopped the traffic. Then they turned towards the bridge in a line of other cars, headed for the reception; and felt a slight sag as the car went down on the first pontoon of the bridge. Eolia thrilled at remembering that this was the Tigris, the river of Ctsiphon, the river of Alexander the Great.

Nalives in vari-colored headdresses waved from the crowded afterdeck of the Basrah steamer. The stately Maude Gardens on the west bank drew closer. Then they were off the bridge and, through rows of palms, approached the long facade of the British Residency.

Eolia's hands may have felt a bit chilly when she and Mrs. Harris were announced to the receiving line, but the tilt of her hat and head, the ease of her smile were of London rather than Chilowa. The Ambassador referred appropriately to Dr. Bridges; Lady Clarke was most gracious; and Eolia's curtsies were as natural as anyone else's." In another moment she found herself chatting with the young attache who had taken her to the polo game.

In the long, relatively cooler reception-room, summer uniforms of the Royal Air Force and of Iraqi officers mingled with the throng of well-dressed civilians. Ribbons of every color stood out against white shirt fronts. She wished that Richard Paget had been there to tell her what they meant; and she thought how distinguished he would have looked among the others.

It was a relief that only the officials were presented to the young King, who stood with his suite at one end of the room. Mrs. Harris, as wife of the American Consul, was taken up to him, and she whispered a little importantly to Eolia that she wished she felt free to have her presented, but that no exceptions were made.

"Rot!" said Mr. Flynn-Campbell. "I'll take you up to him myself if you like. It's not so much of a muchness."

"No, thanks," she smiled. "I think there are plenty without me." When Mrs. Harris was gone, she said: "By the way, I forgot to ask you last time if you knew a Mr. Richard Paget. He's been at the hospital. He used to be in your army."

She intended only small-talk, and was surprised by its effect on Flynn-Campbell. He looked down, cleared his throat, then looked away. At last he said:

"Yes, I know Paget."

His tone of voice closed the door on the subject, but it piqued Eolia to insist.

"He's very nice, don't you think?"

Flynn-Campbell bowed to a woman across the room, and answered, "That's Madame Charon of the French Legation. Let me introduce you."

But at this point one of the King's suite, evidently an officer in the crack Desert Corps, for he was dressed in Arab costume, with flowing aba, keffeyeh, and agal, came up, raised his hand to his forehead, and said:

"Miss Allen? The King desires to meet Your Presence. If you will accompany me . . ."

Flynn-Campbell raised his eyebrows and stepped back. Eolia could feel his stare for a moment, as she walked off with Captain Zaid Haggi, who murmured his name to her. At first she thought that Mrs. Harris had mustered up courage to ask this honor for her, but she could see, upon coming up, that Mrs. Harris herself had not yet been presented, and stood with a group of others waiting her turn. More surprised than ever, she was aware of curious glances and a hush as the circle in front of the King opened. Then she stood facing the short, thickset young man whom till now she had seen only in the distance. She remembered her curtsy in the nick of time.

"I have heard," said Ghazi, with the pronounced British accent of his English schooling, "that the niece of my father's old friend was in Bagdad. King Faisal and Colonel Lawrence greatly valued Dr. Bridges' services to the Arab cause. I wished to meet you personally."

Eolia stammered her thanks.

"I've heard, too," the King went on, "that you are remaining here in connection with the illness of my kinsman, Prince Ahmad Ibn Hussein, until your uncle's return. I understand that the Amir has a high regard for you."

The King raised his voice a little when he mentioned Ahmad, and again at the word "regard." Somehow Eolia suspected that it was this rather than her relationship with Dr. Bridges which had procured her the interview.

"I hear he is better," added Ghazi.

"Yes, Your Majesty. He will soon be leaving the hospital."

"Excellent!" said the King. "He is too important to be ill."

Suddenly it dawned on Eolia that Ghazi, though he smiled and looked at her, was speaking to the group around them. She was conscious of a strained attention. Captain Zaid's face was rigid; one of the English officers nearby stroked his moustache.

The King bowed slightly. "Anyone who is esteemed by Ibn Hussein" (again that queer emphasis) "is esteemed by me. I share"—and he smiled—"the Prince's admiration."

His eyes, withdrawing, closed the interview. Embarrassed and uncomfortable, though hardly knowing why, Eolia retired. The murmur of voices rose again. She caught sight of a very impressed look on Mrs. Harris' face. Almost at once she found herself surrounded by a group of native officials; a member of the Italian Legation joined them. But gradually she noticed that not one of the English colony came up, and, when she happened to meet the eyes of Flynn-Campbell he looked away.

What did it all mean? Into what tangle of Bagdad politics had she stumbled? She determined to question Mrs. Harris on the way home.

Meanwhile, the guests were drifting out into the gardens, where an orchestra had begun playing, and she followed with Captain Zaid, who now attached himself to her.

It was still hot, but the milder lights of sunset and lengthening shadows of the palms and eucalyptus trees had replaced the glare. Almost too sweet was the heavy fragrance of the roses, a profusion of colors such as Eolia had never seen. With her escort she strolled along the terrace overlooking the river, which had turned crimson and opalescent.

"I hear that Your Presence supports the Arab cause," remarked Zaid.

Wondering where he had heard that, she could see no use denying it, and remarked:

"Yes, I believe that peoples should be free."

"As you are of America," he said, his eyes lighting up. "Ah, Khatun, will Your Presence mention my name to Prince Ahmad, and tell him that I am his servant?"

Before she could answer this, one of the attendants appeared with the message that the King was leaving, and Zaid turned back.

"I'll stay here," Eolia excused herself. "There's such a wonderful light on the river."

When he was gone, she continued strolling absently along the terrace, and then stood leaning against the balustrade, her eyes on the opposite bank. The thrill of the afternoon was gone. She felt strangely uneasy. Why did people harp forever on her connection with Prince Ahmad? She was not introspective, and hardly knew what loneliness meant, but for once she would have liked someone to turn to. The thought of Paget crossed her mind—a white riddle. Perhaps her present mood was an effect of the heat. Perhaps she was overtired . . .

Suddenly, close at hand, she became aware of English voices and, turning her head, she discovered that they came from a small bay in the terrace a few feet farther along. She was concealed from whoever was speaking by a clump of cedars.

"The bally trouble," said a voice, "is that we don't know whom to trust. Important data don't get through to headquarters. There are leaks here and at Jerusalem—plenty of them. We sent a message in code the other day. It was decoded there by Captain Arthur. Then he disappeared, and the message with him."

"Disappeared?" echoed the second voice.

"Yes. Kidnapped? Killed? Sold out?"

"You don't mean . . .?"

"No. I withdraw that. But there are suspicions, and there's no use minding words. At this end, I know that the Intelligence has its eyes on a certain gentleman that I needn't mention, because you know who he is, an arms agent."

"By Heaven!" muttered voice number two, "when so-called Englishmen . . ."

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"Exactly! But Ibn Hussein has money, curse him, and he stops at nothing. Now he's buying arms and aeroplanes in large quantities. We're on the brink of an explosion."

"Steady!" cautioned the other.

The voices dropped, while Eolia's ears tingled. She did not care to eavesdrop, and was on the point of edging away when a phrase, slightly louder than the rest, stopped her.

". . . spies everywhere. Did you see that American girl with the King? They say that Ahmad . . ."

Eavesdropping or not, Eolia now listened intently, her cheeks flushing, but she could hear nothing except a jumble of sound. Did they take her for a spy? Was that it? Then once more a name rose above the surface.

"Paget?"

"Yes, Paget. The Ambassador . . ."

She felt suddenly weak, and her head turned. But a remark spurred her into action.

"We'd better be getting back."

As quickly and as silently as possible, she moved away, and was twenty paces distant when she heard the footsteps of the two men round the clump of cedars. Evidently they recognised her, for, after a pause, their pace quickened. Her legs trembled, as she tried to stroll on unconcerned while they overtook her. It was hard to look innocent when they passed. The sidelong glances probing at her were sharp as blue steel.

Her heart was still thumping when she rejoined the main throng in the garden, and began looking tensely for Mrs. Harris. Her one thought was to get away. It seemed to her that the eyes of everyone reflected suspicion; but she kept her head up and her face indifferent, though the back of her neck ached.

She had just caught sight of Mrs. Harris when Flynn-Campbell appeared. This time he smiled.

"Oh, I say, Miss Allen, give me a moment, will you?"

A little numb, she walked with him a few paces to one side. He had a rather bland face which suffered from the false confidential look he imposed on it.

"Well?" she queried.

"You asked me not so long ago about that—er—fellow, Paget. It's been a bit on my conscience, that I—er—avoided answering. Rum thing to talk about a man, you know; but you are alone out here and all that."

"Well?" she repeated coolly.

His voice turned sharp all at once. "Well, Miss Allen, the less you see of that chap the better. I'm not at liberty to say any more, but I hope you will avoid him."

He had an eye-glass, which he now screwed in, as if for emphasis. She took a sudden dislike to Flynn-Campbell.

"Thank you," she returned.

. . . . . .

It was growing dark when Mrs. Harris' car turned out of the Residency grounds. Up to this point, she and Eolia had each kept a separate silence. But Mrs. Harris now said in an acid voice:

"I didn't know I was taking such an important young lady to the reception."

Eolia shook off the haze left by the afternoon's events.

"I don't understand. Will you kindly explain what you mean?"

The answer was a laugh. It implied that Mrs. Harris did not wish to be taken for a fool. Eolia grew hot.

"I want to know what it's all about. You and everybody else seem to believe that I'm up to something."

"Miss Allen," returned the other after a pause, "you don't have to pretend. You can't expect me to believe that, when a girl is going to marry Ibn Hussein, she doesn't understand why it makes a stir."

"Marry Ibn Hussein!" Eolia's voice was a cry of thunderstruck amazement. She sat with parted lips, staring at Mrs. Harris.

"Yes, please don't act as if you had never heard of it."

"Heard of it?" echoed Eolia.

The other shrugged. "Now, really! After the King all but congratulated you publicly this afternoon, and the whole crowd with him fall over themselves to be attentive, it's a little odd to act quite as surprised, my dear."

In the darkness, Eolia's cheeks burned. Trifles, which had puzzled her during the last few days, recurred with a new significance—the look in Prince Ahmad's eyes, remarks that she hadn't understood. The happenings at the Residency now became comprehensible.

She burst out, "But how ridiculous——"

"Ridiculous? Why? He's one of the richest men in the East, a sort of uncrowned king . . ."

"But he's married," protested Eolia. "He has several wives . . ."

"Of course. It's nothing at all for a Mohammedan."

Eolia's patience snapped. "But I'm not a Mohammedan," she boiled. "And I don't intend to be insulted. Please stop this car, and let me get out."

"My dear . . ."

"Please stop this car." Eolia was angrier than she had ever been in her life. "You listen to scandal about me, and don't even take the trouble to find out if it's true. You think I'd sell my decency because a man's rich. Before I leave, I want you to know that Prince Ahmad himself has never breathed a word of this. He's my uncle's old friend, and he's been very kind, and that's all."

Mrs. Harris did not stop the car. She was convinced at last, and somewhat crushed by Eolia's rage.

"I'm very sorry," she said. "I didn't mean it for an insult. It would be almost the same as marrying a king. He's one of the great people out here, and other American girls have made such matches. I assumed that what I heard at the Residency was true."

Eolia had a hot temper, but it seldom lasted. She couldn't mistake the contrition in Mrs. Harris' voice, and immediately responded. They had crossed the bridge by now, and were once more on New Street, but this time she was hardly aware of it. Mrs. Harris echoed her own thought, when she said:

"The queer part is that the King should have made such a point of it if it had been nothing but gossip. Do you think Prince Ahmad could have talked to anyone?"

"I don't know," said Eolia wearily.

The other speculated: "He would be apt to speak to your uncle before speaking to you, and may be waiting till Dr. Bridges gets back. You know, I believe that's it. It's the Mohammedan custom. He'd take for granted that no girl would refuse Ibn Hussein. From what I've heard, he hasn't often failed to get what he wanted—one way or another."

Before Eolia's eyes rose the figure of the Amir, imperious and incalculable. Because of his dynamic power, she felt weak and afraid.

"If I'm right," Mrs. Harris went on, "you oughtn't to stay in Bagdad. You ought to leave at once."

Eolia shook her head. "I can't do that. I've got to be sure. Perhaps we're just imagining things. Besides, this case means a great deal to my uncle, Dr. Bridges, and I promised to stay. Please do what you can to stop the rumors . . ."

They drew up in front of the hotel; the porter opened the car door, and she got out.

"Of course, I'll do what I can," said Mrs. Harris in a low voice."You must turn to us for anything. But if you take my advice, you'll leave."

A little blindly, Eolia entered the hotel. The fine dress, the tilted hat struck her now as ironic. She had never felt so alone, worn out, and desperate in her life. Her one thought was to get upstairs and collapse on her bed. When someone approached her in the courtyard it took a moment to realise who it was.

"Well," demanded Paget, "how's high society in Bagdad?" But he broke off, and added, "My word! You look as if you needed a drink. What's wrong, Lee?"

Absorbed in her own problem, the talk with Flynn-Campbell about Paget had slipped her mind. When she remembered it now, she could see the embassy attache screwing-in his eyeglass. What did it matter to her whether he approved of Paget or not—whether anybody approved of him? Here was one person in Bagdad whom she could think of as a friend. To her present forlornness he seemed a tower of strength. The very fact that he called her "Lee" was comforting.

"I do need a drink," she said, plunging further into the gulf that separated her from Chilowa. "I'm so glad you're here."

He steadied her with his hand as they walked over to one of the side tables under the loggia; and, with a glance at her face, he said "Brandy" to the waiter.

"What you need, too," he went on, "is some food. I've reserved a table for us on the terrace. So you found the going hard at the Residency?"

She nodded, her eyes on the small fountain in the centre of the courtyard.

"My fellow countrymen can be darn sticky," he commented.

She shook her head. "It wasn't that."

She said nothing more until after the waiter had served them. Then:

"It's about Ibn Hussein," she began, and then noticed that the man waiting on them had drifted closer. She noticed, too, a sharper alertness in Paget's face. He gave her a wink, and remarked, raising his voice:

"Oh, if that's all, we can talk about it at dinner. Have a cigarette."

They dined at the extreme edge of the terrace, with the river directly beneath them. They were comparatively alone, as it was the end of the season, and only a few guests occupied the scattered tables. He ordered champagne—"to celebrate" as he put it.

"Celebrate what?" she asked.

"Oh, everything. You and me, this topping night, the dare in your eyes." He laughed. "Admit that you can't help thinking how reckless, not to say devilish, you are, to be drinking champagne with a chap from nowhere you picked up in a motor bus. That's what I like about you. You get such a kick out of things."

She smiled. Then, for the mischief of it, she said: "By the way, I learned about you this afternoon from Flynn-Campbell."

She had intended to jolt him, and sur-

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ceeded. The smile faded, leaving his face blank. He sat studying the tip of his cigarette.

"What did he say?"

"I won't tell you."

"Yes, you will." His voice had a new tone, level and deadly in earnest. "You will, because I ask you, Lee. It's important for me to know."

"Why is it important?"

"What did he say?" Paget repeated.

It was evidently no joking matter, and she told him frankly.

"So?" he murmured, looking out over the river.

"Yes," she returned, "from the standpoint of Mr. Flynn-Campbell, I think we're both rather shady. I ought to avoid you, and you, as an Englishman, ought to avoid me."

"Why? On account of Ibn Hussein?"

"Yes."

Paget glanced about them, but no one was in earshot.

"Tell me what happened," he said quietly. She noticed that he left the British attache's reflections on him unanswered.

When she had finished her report of the afternoon's events he sat in a brown study—so long, that she added:

"You see, it isn't easy to leave. Uncle George has only a small salary from the University. He told me that Prince Ahmad insists on paying him a large fee. I have no excuse for running off."

Paget nodded. "Yes, and you can hardly go to a man like Ibn Hussein, and say, 'What's all this talk of marrying me?'" He thought again, and at last shrugged. "I don't know, Eolia. Frankly, I don't like it. You ought to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. But, everything considered, why don't you try to let it go till Dr. Bridges gets here? It may be nothing but talk. In any case, he can deal with Ahmad better than you. That's my wisdom in the matter."

"Richard," she asked suddenly, "what is your business here in Bagdad? You've never told me."

"I'm travelling for Johnson & Co., Manchester, exporters," he answered. And then as if uninterested in the subject, "What do you think of me after your interview with Flynn-Campbell? You know, he told you the truth."

"What truth?"

"Anything you please."

She read a certain challenge in his eyes, and answered it loyally. "That's what I think," she said, leaning forward and laying her hand on his.

He straightened up, his face alight, but he gave her one of his quizzical smiles.

"By Gad, Eolia, you're worth knowing! I'm going to propose a toast we used when I was in the Black"—he checked himself—"my old regiment. Glasses high, and drink her down!

"Here's to us?" he drawled. "Raise your glass, Eolia! Who likes us?" His smile swept her along. "No one!"

. . . . . .

When Eolia arrived at the hospital next morning, she found Ibn Hussein dressed and sitting in an armchair dictating letters to an Iraqi secretary. He was returning next day to his palace, and business was already crowding in on him. After yesterday's experience at the reception, she had dreaded their next meeting and welcomed the fact that he was not alone. But she found him so absorbed in affairs and detached in manner that she felt somewhat reassured. It was not until lunchtime that he summoned her from the waiting-room.

He rose as she entered. "It grieves me to have let the morning pass without seeing you, Khatun. The Nationalist Movement demands a sacrifice." And with a wave of his hand towards a table, which had been laid for two near the window, "Will you be good enough to have lunch with me?"

A tall native in a khaki suit and wearing a blue sidara, the universal half-military cap of Bagdad, stood at attention on one side. The face of this man, seamed by a long scar down one cheek, struck Eolia as vaguely familiar. She remembered that she had seen him while shopping on New Street and once in the bazaars and again at the gate of her hotel. The Prince dismissed him with a gesture.

"My servant, Fahad," he explained when the man had gone out. "Will you be seated, Khatun?"

Though gracious as ever, there was something about his manner that Eolia couldn't understand. He seemed to be watching, perhaps studying, her. Having taken her place opposite him at the small table, she looked up to find his yellowish pupils resting on her thoughtfully. After a few conventional phrases, he said:

"Is there refusal if I ask some questions about the women of your country?"

Eolia smiled. "Of course not."

"I ask with a purpose," he continued. "Times change; I am no blind conservative. If Arabia is to win a place in the world, it is not by looking backward. I admire the women of the West, but I do not understand them."

"What is it that you don't understand, Prince Ahmad?"

The Amir concentrated on his fish for a moment.

"I shall tell you. Before I fell ill I went to a picture theatre in New Street, where they gave an American film. If true, it was a marvel. I saw a woman, young as yourself, on horseback. She wore a felt hat and shaggy trousers."

"It must have beeen a Western film," nodded Eolia.

"She rode like a man," continued the Prince. "Not even I am a better rider. As for the horse, it was a father of grief. It sought to destroy the woman by leaping with its feet together and its nose to the ground."

"Yes," put in Eolia, her eyes shining, "some of the ponies at the Bar-M were pretty bad. I've had a lot of tumbles myself."

"You mean, Khatun, that you have ridden such horses?" His voice was full of admiration.

"I've tried. I rode once in the Tuscon rodeo."

"Rodeo?"

She explained. The Prince, fascinated, exclaimed: "Mashallah! What women! Do you know the use of a revolver?"

"A little. Bert Clagget, the foreman, taught me how to light a match with a bullet."

Ibn Hussein stared at her with parted lips. "Wallah!" he muttered. "I must see that! You must show it to me! If American women are such, what are the men! We must have women like that among our people! As for me . . ."

He clenched one hand, his gaze full on her, but checked himself and sat thoughtful a moment.

When the coffee cups had been filled, and the servant had left the room, he spoke again in a slightly different tone:

"I hear that young Mr. Paget is at your hotel."

She nodded. "Yes, he moved over yesterday."

"I hear that he has the room next to yours and that you dined together last night."

Again she nodded, but her eyes fired up. She didn't like being spied upon.

"Is such intimacy between a young woman and a man she hardly knows usual in your country?" Before she could answer, he raised his hand. "One moment. I ask for information. I do not understand your customs; but I understand character, and I admire yours."

His courtesy made it impossible to take offence. But she understood the change she had noticed in his manner. She took a sip of coffee, and then looked him in the eyes.

"Thank you, Prince Ahmad. I don't know that I would call it intimacy. Of course I had nothing to do with Mr. Paget's choice of room. Certainly it isn't out of the way in America for a girl and a man to have dinner together. Nobody would think about it twice."

The Prince, who had been watching her closely, nodded approval. "You answer like the ring of a gold coin. One more question—and enough. What are your feelings about the young Mr. Paget?"

His voice was casual, but his scrutiny sharpened. She could feel the probing of his eyes, and resisted the temptation of answering conventionally.

"I just don't know," she said, putting down her coffee-cup.

Once more his look approved. For a moment she thought that he had let the subject of Paget drop. Then he said:

"You are one who would look for greatness and power in a man. You would not be caught by a ready tongue, by glitter and youth. I admit that Mr. Paget is handsome . . ."

"But you haven't seen him," she put in.

The Amir coughed. "He has been described to me—or is it that he looks like a soldier, a man of spirit? That would appeal to you, Khatun. But what of—of others, tried men who have spent their lives in action? What do you know of him? What does he tell you of himself?"

"Only that he's in business and was in the army."

"The army?" he repeated. "So!" A shrewd look crept into his eyes. "In that case, it will not be difficult . . ."

But he checked himself, and smiled. "An interesting young man! You believe what he tells you?"

The question was embarrassing, and she could only gaze in front of her noncommittally as he lighted a cigarette. He remained in thought for a while, his eyes glinting under their heavy lids. Then, as if dismissing the subject:

"I desire only that you be careful. Your reputation here is my reputation."

The last remark, quiet as it was, brought her alarm of yesterday to life again.

"What do you mean by that, Prince Ahmad?"

He paused before answering, and what he said gave the impression of being different from the thought behind it.

"Simply to be careful. You are in Bagdad under my protection. It is on my head with your uncle to keep you safe."

"It's awfully kind of you," she returned "but I'm sure I can take care of myself."

"No doubt, Khatun." He exhaled slowly. "No doubt. But where my word to a friend is concerned, I run no risks. You will remain under my protection. And if the young Mr. Paget"—he bore down on the phrase

e the above picture).

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—"should forget himself" (the Amir gave a smile that reminded her suddenly of a half-unsheathed knife) "he will be prevented from troubling you."

In spite of the almost playful voice, she felt a growing fear.

"I don't understand . . ."

"It will never be necessary for you to understand," he replied, crushing out his cigarette.

. . . . . .

It was with a sense of being haunted that Eolia returned to her hotel—haunted literally, because, when she got out of the Prince's automobile, the man with the scar was unobtrusively gazing into a shop window near the hotel entrance. Having a few purchases to make, she started out again a moment later, but, looking over her shoulder, discovered Fahad strolling a half-block behind her. She waited for him to come alongside and, when he stopped, she beckoned to him. He approached, cap in hand, with an ingratiating smile.

"What are you following me around for? I don't like it."

He bowed and smiled.

"Don't you understand English?"

He broke into profuse Arabic.

"Go away!" said Eolia.

The other put on a shrewd look and nodded.

"Oh, dear!" she muttered to herself. And aloud, "Shoo! Go away!"

At this he appeared to understand, and vanished around the corner.

"That's that," she thought, and continued her errands with a feeling of relief until, happening to look back once more, she beheld Fahad still on her trail a hundred feet off.

It was tea-time by now, and she re-entered the hotel.

The handful of tourists, who were staying at the hotel, dragged in, hot and footsore, with blue guide books under their arms, and collapsed at nearby tables. Fahad hovered a moment at the entrance of the courtyard, and then withdrew out of sight. There was no sign of Paget, and on an impulse Eolia asked the waiter if he had seen him.

"I believe the Effendi is in his room. Shall I tell him you are here, Miss Allen?"

"No, don't bother," said Eolia. She began to find it odd that he made no effort to meet her.

A middle-aged English couple, with whom she had exchanged a few words during the week, drifted up, and asked if they might share her table.

"Certainly," she told them, with a last glance at the steps leading from the balcony.

Mr. and Mrs. Craggs had done the mosques. They expected to do the bazaars to-morrow, and perhaps the museum. They would do Babylon in a bus the day after, then rest and buy souvenirs. After that, they would take a plane to Cairo. They disapproved of Bagdad on account of the heat and the sandflies. They had had enough of the East and looked forward to their home in Manchester . . .

"Manchester?" queried Eolia, emerging. "By the way, do you happen to know of Johnson and Company there?"

Craggs nodded. "Who doesn't, my dear lady? Arms manufacturers. Wholesale and retail. Do a large foreign business."

"Arms," she murmured.

Arms—for whom? She remained lost to the Craggs' conversation and their complaints of the tea at the hotel, while twilight invaded the courtyard. It grew dark; the lights were turned on. Then all at once she straightened up.

Richard Paget was coming down the steps. But he did not stop. With nothing more than a polite bow, he crossed the courtyard, erect and debonair as always, and disappeared.

The Craggs turned to gaze after him.

"Wasn't that the young man you were dining with last night?"

"Yes," she admitted and, excusing herself as soon as possible, went to her room.

She felt furiously angry. Why was he avoiding her all at once? Taking off her hat, she sank down in an armchair, increasingly conscious of her hurt and disappointment. She had looked forward to seeing him to-night. The days at the hospital came back—their talks together, the fun and companionship.

And suddenly she realised that, if Ibn Hussein were to ask her at the moment about her feelings for Paget, she wouldn't be able to answer him as frankly as she had done at lunch.

The interview with Ahmad kept running through her mind. She recalled every detail of what he had said, but could make little of it. Only this fact stood out: she and Paget were under guard, were being watched. With what motive? Was it merely to protect her, or did the Amir have an additional reason?

From the courtyard came a sound of voices, as people began strolling to dinner on the outside terrace. The thought of dining alone downstairs had no appeal, and she ordered up a light supper, which she barely tasted.

Afterwards she read a little, but fidgeted still more. Gradually the night sounds of the hotel stopped. She kept listening for Paget's return. As the landing to the balcony steps lay beyond her room, she would hear him when he passed the door.

She felt instinctively that human life meant little to a man like Ibn Hussein. What of the remark he had made that her reputation was his reputation? Gossip spread easily in Bagdad. He might not choose to have her connection with an equivocal Englishman talked about. It would be easier if the latter were to disappear. And meanwhile Paget knew nothing about it.

Her nervousness grew. She must warn him; it would be horrible if anything happened to him on her account.

She got up and opened the door, so that, when he returned, she could stop him before he reached his room.

Then all at once, though with no sound of footsteps, someone passed the door. She caught merely a glimpse of a dim silhouette, and hurried forward. But, as she looked out, she saw at once that the man was not Paget. He was much shorter and slighter, and gave the impression of being a native. On the point of drawing back, it startled her to see him, without hesitation, unlock Paget's door and enter.

She heard nothing else until after a while, the shadow of a sound on the balcony accompanied the man's return, and once more he drifted past the entrance to her room.

Then, on the point of closing her door, she heard footsteps in the courtyard; and a moment later, to her relief, she saw Paget's tall form stride past.

"Wait," she whispered after him on the threshold.

He came to a sharp stop, and turned.

She laid a finger on her lips. "I've got something to tell you. A man has just been in your room. Perhaps you know all about it . . ."

"A man?" he repeated in a low voice. "No, it's news to me. How did you find out?"

"I was waiting up. I wanted to talk to you."

She accompanied him to his door, and stood on the threshold while he ran through the contents of two valises. Then, evidently perturbed, he stood lost in thought.

"Well," she prompted, "has anything been taken?"

"No; that's the trouble. I wish there had been."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the room has been searched. I'd have preferred a thief. Not that there was anything here of interest, but I don't like to be the object of attention. It's bad for business. It's terribly bad."

Careless of convention, she entered and closed the door.

"Richard, I had a talk with Ibn Hussein this morning that worried me."

Preoccupied until now, his eyes quickened. "Did he propose?"

"No, it was about you."

In a few words, she told him what had been said. "I didn't want anything to happen to you on account of me," she added.

There was a brief silence. "You're tops, Lee!" he burst out. "The usual girl would have let me go hang after this afternoon. Matter of fact, I was punishing myself. We're dangerous company for each other, as you pointed out last night. I didn't realise what we were up against when I asked you to stay."

"But what do you think Prince Ahmad meant?"

"It's clear that he's doing me the honor of being jealous. And because he's jealous, he's taken to thinking about me, wondering about me. It means that I'll have to watch my step from now on."

Eolia came to the main point. "There was another thing I had to tell you. Yesterday at the Ambassador's I overheard two men talking. They mentioned your name. They also mentioned arms agents. You told me that you were travelling for Johnson and Co. of Manchester. Mr. Craggs here at the hotel is from there, and he says that they're arms manufacturers."

For an instant, Paget looked confused, but he covered it up.

"Well, what's wrong with arms?"

"Please be frank with me, Richard. I don't want to misjudge a friend."

The effort at lightness faded. He stood gazing at her sombrely with an expression she had never seen before.

"Why do you have to judge me at all, Lee? Some of us have to do what we can in life. What we do isn't necessarily ourselves. Can't we say good-bye simply as Lee Allen and Richard Paget, who have been good friends?"

"Good-bye?" she echoed. "I don't understand."

He drew closer. "The search of this room to-night means that I'll have to be leaving Bagdad in a couple of days at the latest. Your talk with Ibn Hussein makes it clear that we oughtn't to be seen together."

She nodded without answering. No doubt he was right from the prudent, practical standpoint, and yet she could have wished that he hadn't accepted it so easily. She had been wrong to think of him as more than an acquaintance.

Drawing his arm through hers, he escorted her back to her room.

"We're two big fools, Eolia. That's

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the real bond between us. We ought to be saying good-bye to each other. But—" he held her hand a little longer than necessary—"let's make it only good-night."

. . . . . .

Next morning, a basket of grapes and apricots from Prince Ahmad was accompanied by a short note in the Amir's rapid handwriting. Eolia was not surprised to learn that he had left the hospital the night before, for he had been chafing to return to his palace. But this summons to attend him there was disturbing. Yesterday's events had set her nerves on edge. To have met Ibn Hussein on the familiar ground of the hospital would not have been so bad, but she was appalled at the idea of confronting him alone in his home.

When punctually at ten o'clock, the great car of the Amir arrived at the hotel to take her to his palace, Eolia's heart sank. She was even tempted to plead illness in order to put off the interview for a few hours, and sat on the edge of her bed, one shoe in hand and with a very sober face, for quite a while.

Then she put the shoe on with a jerk, buckled it and stood up straight.

"No," she muttered, "I'm going to get it over right now. And I'm not going to behave like a scared rabbit either! The way to get into cold water is to dive!"

So, closing out thought as much as possible, she slipped into her plainest frock, put on her straw hat, and walked stiffly downstairs.

She caught sight of Paget at a table, and exchanged no more than a nod with him. He raised an eyebrow at her, and shook his head; she answered by making a wry face. Then, lifting his two hands slightly above the table, he clasped them together with an expression of wishing her good luck; and she went on through the vaulted exit from the courtyard to the blaze of the sidewalk beyond. There was a small lump in her throat; she realised that he had been waiting to give her just that little nod of encouragement.

The Amir's chauffeur bowed low, closed the door of the car behind her, climbed in. She felt like a very small pea in a huge pod, and braced her legs against the footrest.

It seemed to make it all the lonelier that the car did not take the familiar way across the Old Bridge to the hospital, but struck out to the north-east through an unknown part of the city. Gradually the houses thinned and gardens grew larger. Unlike the south-west section, which had gone in for modern bungalows, there were Eastern villas here, the mansions of prominent Effendis, tawny and stark on the outside, turned in upon themselves, but with a hint of palm, eucalyptus, and oleander above the forbidding walls.

Then without warning, at a turn of the road, the car drew up before a massive brick front, and she knew that she had arrived. It loked half like a fortress, square and uncompromising, with a Moorish crenelation along the parapet of the roof and slits of windows here and there breaking the smoothness of the wall. It was a huge place, evidently comprising several courtyards within; and a high garden enclosure, flush with the facade, ran on beyond the curve of the road. What most impressed Eolia was the fact that it at once reminded her of Ibn Hussein. Yellow and staunch as a desert lion, it had the same hot, imperious and half-savage character as the Amir himself.

With a weak feeling in her knees, she got out of the car, and was too absorbed to notice that there were several other automobiles parked farther along. The chauffeur preceded her to the heavy entrance door, that swung open with the gravity of a castle gate, and bowed her into the hands of a Bedouin doorman, dressed in the white and gold colors of the Prince. He in turn salaamed her over to a fat, comfortable-looking secretary in European clothes, who could speak a little bad English.

"'Is 'Ighness," said the latter, "is for short while bus-y. Khatun. There is meeting 'ere of Rowalla sheikhs who visit 'im. 'E tell me greet you and ask you wait. 'E come soon. Please you follow?"

Eolia accompanied the secretary along the portico surrounding the central courtyard. In general plan, it was not unlike her hotel, but differed in the sumptuousness of detail and decoration.

The secretary ushered her into a vast reception-room with chairs and divans close together around the walls and heavy rugs in the middle. Having seated her, she waited until a servant appeared with a tray of ices and sweetmeats, which were placed together with cigarettes on a low table at her knee; and then, repeating that Her Presence would not have long to wait, he withdrew.

Alone in the big, hall-like place, Eolia picked at her sherbet and felt more cheerless than ever. Except for a few arabesques of sunlight cast on the floor by the window lattices, it was dim and had a lifeless, unused smell of plush. There was nothing homelike or heartening in the great room.

From somewhere in the distance she could hear the murmur of men's voices—evidently Ahmad's Bedouin guests. Having finished her ice and nibbled at a candied fruit, for the sake of something to do she lit a cigarette and sat nervously waiting.

Finally the voices grew louder; there was a trooping of footsteps along the portico outside; then silence, broken only by a firm tread approaching the door. Eolia braced herself as the curtains parted and she saw the Amir's erect figure on the threshold.

Dressed in Bedouin costume, probably out of deference to his recent guests, he looked taller than usual. But it was not only this that struck her. She knew at once that he was angry, in spite of his quiet greeting. "At last I can welcome you to my home, Khatun."

Although she had dreaded meeting him, she was surprised to find him in anger. Rising to her feet a little tensely, she said politely that she was glad to see him well at last and out of hospital.

"By your favor," he said, "we will go to my study." And he conducted her to a room at the end of the portico.

It was a large, high-ceilinged room, still pungent with the cigarette smoke of the departed guests. No interior could be more different from the apartment she had just left. It showed a mixture of civilisation and barbarism, but of an exclusively masculine stamp. A collection of arms, ancient and modern, hung on the walls, and at one place a huge map, showing North Africa, Arabia, and the Near East as far as the Persian border. On a rough table at the side stood a partially dismantled machine-gun of a new type, which the Amir had evidently been studying. There were a couple of large-scale aeroplane models. Except for the rugs in the centre and a sufficient number of chairs and low tables, on which coffee-cups were still standing, the room had a gaunt, unfurnished look. Through the high, narrow windows the sunlight fell in thin shafts.

Motioning Eolia to a chair, the Amir stood, half leaning aback against a large writing-table, which he grasped with both hands. The great beak of his nose, balanced by the forward jutting of his beard, the deep hollows under his cheek-bones, the furrows between his brows, the tendons cording his throat, the fine, piercing eyes that seemed always bent upon some horizon, gave a look of intensity to his face which stamped itself as never before on her mind. Once again he recalled the desert to her, as if it were something inseparable from him.

"By the greatness of Heaven!" he burst out suddenly, "you are a brave woman! You come here to-day and look me between the eyes without flinching! Or is it because you are ignorant?"

"Of what, Prince Ahmad?"

"Of me! Of what happens to those who set their wills against me!"

She resisted the temptation to look down, and shook her head.

"No," he went on, "I do not think you are ignorant. Therefore, I say again, you are brave."

"I don't understand."

"Do you not?" he retorted. "Is it permitted, even in America, that a young woman visit the room of a strange man at night? You were seen leaving Paget's room at one o'clock this morning. And you pretend innocence."

So that was it. Eolia stood bolt upright and took a step forward.

"I don't often pretend, Prince Ahmad, and I don't like that kind of insinuation. I saw a man go into Mr. Paget's room, and waited up to tell him. When he came in, we went into his room together and found that it had been searched. That's all."

For a long moment, eye met eye—clear grey against hot topaz. Then the Amir's gaze softened and shifted.

"I believe you, Khatun," he muttered at last. "For courage and truth, no woman can match you—none! Forgive me." Then, as though changing the subject: "I asked you once what your sentiments were for this young Paget. You told me then that you did not know. Is that still true?"

"No," she answered, "it isn't. I like him a lot."

"Love him, perhaps?" Ibn Hussein's voice had a quiver in it.

"No. Maybe, if things were different . . . you can't tell. We're just friends. I suppose we won't be seeing each other after this. He's going to be married to a girl in England."

Ahmad nodded. "Diana Wentworth," he said startlingly.

Eolia's eyes widened. "How do you know?"

"I know a great deal about young Paget—now," he answered. And in an odd tone that she couldn't fathom, "I think I even know something about his future."

Suppressing her alarm, she put on a casual air. Nothing would reassure Ahmad more than to convey the idea, which was true enough, that her feeling for Paget did not exclude suspicion.

"Do you mind telling me who he is, Prince Ahmad—what he's doing? He's terribly reserved. Of course, I know he's a business man."

"That is true, Khatun. He is a man of affairs. He does well to be reserved. It would be unwise to tell you more at present. You will know who he was some time."

(See the above picture).

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She gazed at him with parted lips, struck by his peculiar use of tenses and by the hard twist of his mouth.

"I've often thought," she persisted, "that he might be a secret service agent for some foreign power. Italy, perhaps, because I know that the English don't like him."

The Amir raised his eyebrows. "Do you think I would tell you if he were? But I will tell you this. He is not in the secret service of any power. And I will go further, knowing your sentiments, Khatun. I do not believe you would sympathise with his purpose here."

He made a careless gesture that dismissed Paget, as if his name were erased from a board.

Feeling singularly dismayed and lonely, Eolia began, "I have another question to ask you."

But Ahmad interrupted with a smile that struck a cold chill through her.

Turning to the desk behind him, he took up a sealed letter, addressed and stamped, saying: "This is my answer. It is a letter to your uncle and my friend, Dr. Bridges. I had expected to wait until his arrival in order to discuss the subject with him, as was proper, before addressing you. I am not conventional, but you are under my protection in Bagdad. I did not desire, in an affair of such importance, to give an excuse for anyone to say that I acted in haste and without regard for the proprieties. Foolishly, and because my heart overflowed, I spoke of the matter with several friends. They, in turn, happy in my happiness, talked to others. Now the city knows of it. Therefore, I have no choice but to speak. I hope you will understand and forgive."

Eolia felt like a person who sees a slow, ponderous wave advancing, and has no way either to hurry and get through it, or to escape. "Goodness gracious!" she thought, "if he only would speak! If he only had spoken a week ago!"

"My wives," he went on, "have the mind of the harem. They have no more conception of the stars that you and I follow and have talked of than a she-camel. Like the Turks, we Arabs must free ourselves of the harem. It has no longer a place in the modern world. I will no longer be saddled with it, nor have the perfume of it in my nose . . ."

"Dear! Oh, dear!" thought Eolia nervously.

The wave gathered weight, rose higher, towered . . .

"In this letter I am asking permission of your uncle to throw myself at your feet. I am your slave. I am asking you to become the sole wife of Ahmad Ibn Hussein."

The breaker had crashed, and her only crime was to swim hard. And the trouble was that, from the worldly point of view, what he offered her made refusal seem ridiculous. Ibn Hussein, noble, rich, powerful, famous, one of the world's great men, was asking obscure little Eolia Allen to become his consort. To reject him was as if the beggar maid in the story had given King Cophetua a slap.

Desperately, now that an answer had to be given, Eolia felt that she wasn't equal to it. She wanted to be gracious and tactful, but couldn't find the words. She couldn't find any words.

Mistaking her silence for mute awe, Ahmad smiled, and gave her a moment to recover by adding: "Let me tell you why, Khatun. You are the only woman I have ever met who could be a saddle-comrade to me, with whom I could share my thoughts. By the majesty of Heaven, my love for you is not the soft desire of a boy, but a thirst of the spirit. It is strong as life. It is deep as a well in the desert to which a man comes after travel."

She felt more helpless than ever. How could she answer him? When she spoke at last, her reply was so inadequate that it sounded absurd.

"You make me very proud, Prince Ahmad. You're awfully kind to me. But I couldn't."

His smile froze. "I do not understand. Are you betrothed to someone?"

"No."

"Do you love another man?"

"No, it isn't that . . ."

"Is it"—his voice tightened — "because you find me old, perhaps? Do you think many young men could outride or outfight me?"

"No," she persisted. "But don't you see how impossible it is? You are older; you're married; you belong to a different religion. Everything about us is different. Don't you see, Prince Ahmad?"

He shook his head. "What you speak of are trifles. Your spirit and mine are alike. It is the steel of a sword that matters, not the scabbard."

Suddenly, reaching out, he took her hand, and drawing her over to a chair, seated himself beside her. "Let us discuss the matter, for you are a woman with whom it is possible to talk as with a man."

She felt her youth and inexperience at the moment in contrast to his maturity and assurance. His will was like a current, sweeping her along in spite of herself. She sat half-daunted, half-attracted by the glow of his eyes.

"Married?" he began. "Some women would not concern themselves with that. Are divorces not more common in your country than here? But I should have known better. It would distress you to think that I divorced my women because of you. No, I divorce them because of myself. The time is close when I must be out again under the black tents. I choose to give my people an example of freedom from the harem. That is the truth of it.

"A different religion? There is one God. You and I worship Him, is not that enough?" Different countries, cultures, peoples? Are they a barrier to be considered between you and me?

"Let us forget these things. Look rather at what I offer you. It is more than is given to most queens. It is not only place, but power to share in the upbuilding of a nation. I offer you danger, thirst, weariness, and the desert. I offer you honor, a place by my side in the coming war and in the council-tent. You who love adventure, will you not find it with me?"

Gripped by his eloquence, by the rhythm of his voice, she could not keep a response out of her face. He noticed it, and tossed his head back with a laugh.

"Khatun, I know you as I know myself. I can see you in the tents of the tribes; I can see you riding at the head of the column. You shall be our talisman of victory, as was that French woman who overthrew the English. We shall have great days together, of travel, war, and achievement. It is no small ambition to weld once more together the Arabs from Gibraltar to the Gulf. You, the daughter of a free people, who love our cause, shall have a share in this. And as I to the men, you shall become an example to our women. I, Ahmad, offer you greatness in the world. It is my challenge to you. Are you afraid to take it up?"

He could not have played more skilfully on the notes which were calculated to win Eolia Allen. What she feared was not Ahmad's challenge, but the danger that she might be charmed into accepting it. The battle in her was between romance and common sense, and, having a good deal of each, she found herself torn in both directions. But her native American humor proved an asset at this point. The picture of herself as a kind of Arab Jeanne d'Arc, prancing in front of regiments of admiring Bedouins, would have made her laugh, if it hadn't been for Ahmad's seriousness.

"It sounds wonderful," she said, repressing the smile, "but you've left out the main point, Prince Ahmad. You're the greatest man I ever met, and I admire you tremendously. But if I'm going to be your wife, I've got to feel more than admiration. And the truth is"—she looked at him frankly—"I don't."

It startled her that he seemed pleased. "Khatun, what I most value in you is that I know you have never lied to me. I do not expect your love now; that will come. Marriage is a developing friendship. It is an alliance for the enterprise of life." And breaking off, "When your uncle arrives, we will fix the time and discuss details. I would not hurry you, but it must be soon, as you and I will be leaving for the western tribes."

"But, Prince Ahmad . . ."

"I know," he interrupted with a smile. "You have not given me your decision; you wish to consider it. Pray do so. Meanwhile, I shall make my plans."

Then, in a breath his whole manner changed. He got up, his face darker, eyes blazing, mouth rigid. Leaning forward, he grasped her two shoulders, and, lifting her up as if she had been a little girl, he held her close to him for a moment in a grip of steel.

"But listen," he said in a low, thick voice, "listen, Eolia!"—It was the first time he had called her by her name—"What you decide will make no difference. I have set my will upon this as upon nothing else in my life! I call Heaven to witness it. You shall marry me if you please or if you do not please. When I take the desert road again you shall be with me."

In that hard embrace, she felt utterly powerless. It emphasised his words, and drove home the meaning of them. It was not merely physical force, it was the drive of his will that overwhelmed her. But she had no time to rally before he released her and stepped back.

"Forgive me, Khatun. I forgot myself. But remember my words; they have spoken for ever." Walking over to the table, he rang for a servant. "And now I have a troublesome appointment. My car is waiting for you. To-morrow morning I will call at your hotel. From then on, we will see much of each other."

Still a little numb, Eolia accompanied the servant back to the great entrance door. But on the way she passed a newcomer, who was evidently being escorted to the Amir's study. She would not have noticed him, if he had not been English, a thin, wiry man, with large hands and a loud necktie.

"So 'is 'ighness is in 'ere, is 'e?" he was saying to the fat secretary.

He passed across her mind, and was forgotten in the urgency of her own predicament. The staggering heat of noon flamed beyond the door. She leaned back faintly against the cushions of the car.

. . . . . .

Upon reaching the hotel, Eolia did not go upstairs, but waited until the Amir's car

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was out of the way, and then, taking a taxi, she drove to the tourist office. It seemed to her that she could still feel Ibn Hussein's grip on her two shoulders; certainly she could feel it on her mind.

"I'd like a seat in the first west-bound plane out," she told the booking-clerk. "French or English, doesn't make any difference."

He stared at her flushed face, and repressed a question. "Certainly, madam. There's one leaving to-morrow for Cairo."

"Does it land in Palestine?"

"Yes, at Gaza."

"What are the connections from there with Beirut?"

"You could take a train to Haifa, and then the bus."

"All right," she directed, "make my ticket out for Gaza."

Having telephoned the airline, the clerk complied.

"It's a queer thing about that plane," he said, making conversation. "It was fairly well booked up, considering the season, but various parties cancelled. Just turned out that way, of course. It'll be flying light to-morrow."

Too preoccupied for conversation Eolia walked over to the cashier's desk, and drew on her slender letter of credit for the necessary funds. Then, having paid for the ticket, she economised by walking back through the glare to her hotel.

She was nervous, and found herself taut as a fiddle string. There was a bare chance that her prompt move would catch Ibn Hussein napping, and that she would be able to get away before he heard about it.

As to escape itself, she had no hesitation at all. To remain in Bagdad meant catastrophe one way or another. It was not only the physical threat she dreaded, although that might have to be taken into account, but it was the wearing down of her own will by his.

After a lonely lunch at the hotel, she spent the siesta hours writing a letter to him, which would be delivered after she left. The main point was to be truthful, and yet spare his pride as much as possible. She wanted also, by mentioning his old friendship with Dr. Bridges, and how doubly sorry she was on that account, to save her uncle from any ill-effects of the Amir's resentment. Her schoolgirl handwriting, very neat and careful, wavered a little across the page.

". . . Please don't be too angry with me, Prince Ahmad. I'd hate to think that you would never forgive me . . . And so, wishing you success and the best of luck always, respectfully yours, Eolia Allen."

But there was one more farewell she would have to make, and the thought of it cost her a different sort of qualm than she felt about the Amir. Richard Paget would probably be having tea downstairs in the latter part of the afternoon. Despite their agreement, she resolved to have it with him; it didn't matter now whether they were seen together one last time or not.

She changed her clothes, and put on the dress he liked—the one she had worn at the British Embassy. It was queer that he had come to mean so much to her, and that it was Paget she would always remember first in connection with Bagdad. She felt also that he would remember her.

Concerned with these thoughts, she had just finished doing her hair in front of the mirror, and was on the point of going down, when a knock at the door startled her. Since booking her passage she had been on pins and needles, with an ear alert to sounds and half expecting at any moment some action on the part of Ibn Hussein.

"Come in," she said faintly.

But it was only the Assyrian chambermaid with a small package. Upon opening it she found a Tauchnitz copy of Kipling's "Soldiers Three" and a letter, which she tore open. Although she had never seen Paget's angular handwriting before, she knew at first glimpse that the note was from him. There was not much of it.

"When friends have to part, dear Lee," she read, "there's no use spinning it out. So I'm off with a Heaven bless you. I mean each one of those three words with about everything I have in me. I'll be missing you for the rest of my life. Let it go at that. I'll not even tell you that I hope we'll be meeting later somewhere. What good would it do?

"If you weren't so competent to look out for yourself, I'd feel worse about pushing on like this. As it is, you don't need me or anyone else, Miss Valiant.

"I'm enclosing a sort of parable. If you'll turn to the end of Kipling's 'Gadsbys' —which is a favorite of mine—and read the 'Envoi,' you'll learn as much about me as is worth knowing—all I can tell you. Here's to us! And good-bye!"

She looked up blankly at the maid, who was lingering in hope of a tip.

"Mr. Paget . . . is gone?"

"Yes, Khatun. He leave before lunch. I hear he going by train to Mosul."

She handed the girl a coin, and then sat down on the bed, reading the letter again. Her eyes burned and a big lump rose in her throat. To leave without a word, a single spoken word, after they had been such pals! Not even to shake hands and exchange a look, which would have meant so much more than this letter! But it was like him, she reflected, just like his queer British abruptness. And, after all, perhaps he was right. "When friends have to part . . ." Perhaps it meant more that he hadn't wanted to say good-bye. She kept reading the letter over, while the stark fact grew that she wouldn't see him again.

It took a little time before she cared enough to open the paper-covered book he had sent and turn to the passage mentioned. She liked Kipling, but had never happened to read "The Story of the Gadsbys." The pages of the book were cut at this point, and her eyes quickened when she saw that he had pencilled certain lines of the "Envoi." "What is the moral? Who rides may read." But having ended the poem, the moral, as applied to him, left her bewildered. What was the meaning of this?

"A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed:
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind:
Down to Gehenna or up to the throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Or this?

"One may fall but he falls by himself—
'Falls by himself with himself to blame . . ."

And the constant burden of the song?

"He travels the fastest who travels alone."

The verses sang themselves in her mind, and vaguely they seemed to express his personality, its cavalier recklessness. But the parable, as he called it, was too deep for her. It explained nothing; she could make anything out of it she pleased. When she laid the book aside, one special couplet kept haunting her in the way verses have.

"One may fall but he falls by himself—
Falls by himself with himself to blame."

It had an ominous ring. Was he trying to convey something about his work that he felt ashamed of? Why couldn't he, at least once, have been frank with her.

Feeling rather numb, she took off her good dress, which no longer had any purpose, and slipped on her plain frock. Then, to avoid brooding, she walked downstairs for tea in the loggia. With Paget gone, Bagdad and the hotel seemed already faded, as if they belonged to the past. Even the Craggs', who beckoned her over to their table, offered a relief from lonesomeness. Besides, she remembered suddenly that they were taking to-morrow's plane to Cairo.

But when she mentioned it, without disclosing her own plans, Mr. Craggs looked gloomy.

"Ask my wife," he grunted. "Of all the absurd things!"

"It isn't absurd," flushed his spouse. "I don't intend to fly in the face of Providence, that's all. You know perfectly well that the fortune-teller I consulted last year in London told me that I was going to take a long voyage, and we hadn't the least idea of this trip then."

"Pish!" said Craggs.

"It isn't pish. The manager himself recommended that Bedouin woman as one of the most famous clairvoyants here. To take the plane in spite of her warning would be simply foolish. . . ."

"She ought to be arrested," interrupted Craggs. "If I was an official of the company I'd have her locked up for interference with business. Don't you agree with me, Miss Allen? This is what happened: My wife got a wandering old woman who was telling fortunes here at the hotel to tell hers. And she gave her a song and dance . ."

"She said this," put in Mrs. Craggs. "She said that she foresaw terrible danger to me from an aeroplane the day after to-morrow. That was last night, remember, so she meant to-morrow's plane. And it was extraordinary, because how could she know that we planned to take it?"

"How, indeed!" scoffed her husband. "All she needed to do was to find out from someone on the hotel staff."

"Nothing of the sort. I happened to see her when she came in from the street. She didn't talk to anybody. I asked her about the next plane, and she went into a sort of trance. Then she said it came to her clearly that that would be all right. There's no use taking chances, is there, Miss Allen?"

"So we're in this bally furnace for three more days," put in Craggs. "The only comfort is that we were travelling with the Enbrights at the Maude Hotel. They had some sort of trouble with their papers, and couldn't leave either—which is funny because Enbright told me he thought everything was in order. Well, we're planning to do Ctesiphon, or whatever you call it."

This explained two of the cancellations that the booking clerk had mentioned. Eolia wondered if there were others. She wasn't unusually superstitious, but, like most people, she had a secret credulity when it came to fortune-tellers, and was inclined to sympathise with Mrs. Craggs. Except for a ten-minute ride in an aeroplane once at

ee the above picture).

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WHO TRAVELS ALONE

the Chilowa County Fair, she had never been up before, and that part of her escape was an adventure in itself. Uneasy and thoughtful, she sipped her tea while the English couple talked about the Bagdad beat.

The table had been cleared, and Craggs was knocking out his pipe, when suddenly his wife exclaimed, "There she is! There's the woman now, Miss Allen."

She was an old bent figure, unveiled in the Bedouin fashion, and showing blue tattoo marks on her withered face. The silver bracelets on her thin arms clanked with every movement. She walked among the few occupied tables, offering to tell fortunes.

"Please have your hand read," Mrs. Craggs went on. "I'd love to know what she would tell you."

"Bosh!" said Craggs. "Don't waste your money, young lady."

Eolia excused herself. She felt uneasy enough now without dabbling in the occult. But whether the old woman overheard or guessed at what was being said, she walked straight to Eolia.

"Khatun, I tell fortune," she begged. "I see in your face. You need I tell fortune."

"Please!" urged Mrs. Craggs.

Eolia shook her head, but the old woman, uninvited, sat down, and gripping her hand with hard, claw-like fingers, spread it open.

Grudgingly Eolia allowed her hand to be held. The old woman kept muttering and clucking to herself, as if deeply impressed. Finally she said:

"The Khatun honor Ayesha let her see this hand. It is hand of great promise, great power. I see Khatun marry someone like king. She leave her own people, become Arab El Bedou: she ride among warriors."

"Hear, hear!" put in Craggs. "That's worth a shilling to you, Miss Allen."

Eolia, startled at first, remembered the gossip of the bazaars, and reserved her wonder at Ayesha's powers. But the next statement was stranger.

"I see 'andsome, dark man, very wicked . . ."

"There we are!" murmured Craggs.

"He deceive the Khatun, cause her grief. But he gone. He no trouble her more. Great man like king, son of Islam high and mighty, stretch out hand, protect her. Have no fear, Lady . . ." Then suddenly Ayesha uttered a low wail, bowed her head, and drew a fold of her abba in front of her eyes.

"What's the matter with her now?" said Craggs.

As if with a struggle, the fortune-teller looked up again after a pause. Her face expressed eagerness mingled with terror.

"I see great silver flying bird. I see death close to the Khatun if she fly on it . . ."

"There you are!" observed Craggs witheringly. "There you are. That proves it. Hands the same patter to everybody. And Miss Allen hadn't the remotest idea of taking the plane. What do you think of that, Henrietta? I'll be dashed if I don't notify the company about the woman. If it weren't for the Enbrights, I'd re-book those places."

Even Mrs. Craggs looked shaken. "Well," she protested, "one can't always be right, can one? Madame Ayesha, is that the same plane you spoke to me about?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, O Lady, it is the same. What can Ayesha do but tell what she see in hand? It is truth."

But Eolia was having a hard time keeping the color in her face. This really smacked of the supernatural. She had told no one of her intended flight except the clerk at the booking-office and it was hard to imagine that he and this wandering desert woman could have any connection.

The black, glittering eyes probed into hers. "Do not go, Khatun. Do not go . . ."

Eolia made an effort. "All right," she said with a smile, intended to convey the notion that she was secretly amused at the idea. "I'll think it over." And she rummaged in her handbag for the small payment due the seeress.

"I see death," repeated the old woman, standing up, but with her eyes still fixed on Eolia's, as if she were reading her mind. "I see death. Do not go."

She made off, mumbling, to another table. Mrs. Craggs, a little disillusioned, talked about the Enbrights, who wouldn't have been able to leave in any case, and declared that Ctesiphon was worth staying over for. But her husband did not let her off so easily. Fortunately they were both too busy to question Eolia, who didn't lie easily, as to any possible basis of truth for Ayesha's warning.

They had dinner together. Eolia for once dreaded her own company and the silent hours in her room. But there was no escaping them at last, and, having said good-night to the Craggs', she was left with the long evening in front of her, and with the forebodings of Ayesha as the only entertainment.

"Well," she told the phantom of the seeress in her own mind, "you're going to be wrong, that's all. And I don't believe that Richard Paget deceived me either. You were wrong about that anyhow, and so there isn't any reason that you were right about the rest of it."

With her jaw very firm, she set to work packing.

For fear of leakage, she had not informed the hotel management of her departure. The plane left at eight o'clock. At seven, without calling for a porter, she would take her two bags downstairs herself, pay her bill, and get into a taxi. There wasn't a great deal to pack. Her small stock of dresses reminded her chiefly of Paget and his remarks about them. "Take it off, Lee. It doesn't match your eyes. That's topping. You're looking rather well, you know." She stopped now and then, standing absently with some garment in her hand. When she had finished she thrust his letter and "Soldiers Three" into her handbag to read again on the plane. And then it was typical of her that as soon as she climbed into bed she stopped worrying, and fell asleep until the cries of vendors in the street beyond the garden roused her next morning.

It was six o'clock. She had just time to bathe, dress, eat a little fruit, remaining from the Amir's last basket, and some rolls, which she had brought up from the dinner table.

She ended her preparations, finished the last roll, and, taking up her two suitcases, carried them to the door. Having given a last look around to see that nothing had been left, she turned the knob, but the door did not open. She tugged at it vainly with both hands. And then all at once the truth flashed across her mind.

She had exulted too soon. Ibn Hussein had not been caught napping. The door was locked.

With her eyes very hard and bright, her lips pressed together, and her whole slender body vibrant, she considered the windows. They were covered with lattice-work shutters, but once through them, if she could let herself down to the garden, she would then enter the side street, hurry along to New Street, and pick up a taxi. There was a bare chance that no one would dream of her attempting to escape that way, and that the windows would not be watched. It was still so early that few people of the hotel were about. In other words, the plan might work if she had all possible luck. But before attempting it, she pressed her ear against the door, and stood listening.

This was a timely precaution. Evidently her efforts to open the door had attracted someone's attention. She could hear a shifting of weight and a faint creaking of shoe-leather on the other side of the threshold. She waited tensely for what seemed to her a long time, but the presence beyond remained stationary, and the minutes began to be precious if she were to catch the plane. Then when she was about to give up in despair and have a try at the window, she heard a low chuckle as of someone pleased with himself, and the guard moved off. She guessed that he considered her beaten by the closed door, but perhaps he wished to make sure of the windows from the garden side. At any rate she would have to chance that, and hurrying across the room began opening the shutters.

On acount of the height of the first floor ceilings, there was a drop of twenty-five feet from the window ledge to the ground. This, in a sense, was the hardest obstacle she had to face. Badly as she wanted to escape, a fall of that distance, with nothing but a gravel walk to land on, seemed equivalent to an injury which would make further flight impossible, and herself ridiculous into the bargain. The heroes of stories she had read let themselves down with sheets, or managed to have a rope available. But she could find no place to which a sheet could be fastened, and there was not a shred of a rope at hand.

It was only upon leaning out of the window that she saw the glimmer of a chance. Six feet down from the window a narrow cornice, marking the top of the first floor, ran the length of the building. If she could let herself down to that, and keep her balance, and edge along to the roof of a projecting verandah some twenty yards off, it would then be possible to clamber down one of the verandah columns.

But she had hardly made this discovery when footsteps sounded at the far end of the gravel walk, and, drawing back, she was only able to close the shutters just before someone rounded an angle of the hotel. Standing on a chair, with her eyes to the lattice, she made out her old acquaintance Fahad scanning the windows above him. He seemed in doubt as to which hers might be, but he looked narrowly at them all, and then gave a nod of satisfaction, as if to say that no woman would get out of there; and at last took time off to light a cigarette.

"You just wait, Mr. Fahad!" thought Eolia, simmering with impatience.

Fahad spat reflectively and smoked. And meanwhile the precious minutes were slipping past. Then, as if deciding that he ought to return to his post near her door, he walked back out of sight.

She reckoned up that she had just about three minutes in which to act. Opening one of the suitcases, she transferred a brush and comb, a nightdress and a toothbrush, into a large silk knitting bag, jammed her handbag into it, opened the shutters again and dropped it through the window. Then, without giving herself time to hesitate, she

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clambered out and let herself down towards the cornice.

This was the ticklish point. She had been able to make only a rough estimate of the distance. If the cornice were further down than she could reach while still holding on to the window ledge all hope was gone. She would then have to let go and drop eighteen feet to the gravel. Looking fearfully downward, the distance seemed to her more alarming than ever. Inch by inch she lowered herself, while her fingers on the ledge ached with the strain. She was at about the length of her arms when her feet touched the cornice. But here again was a critical moment. The cornice was barely nine inches wide. If she let go, would she be able to keep her balance? Clenching her teeth together, she lowered one hand while holding on with the finger-tips of the other, got one foot solidly on the cornice, and felt desperately over the brickwork of the wall with her free hand for some kind of crack that would give her a moment's hold. There wasn't any. Her fingers slipped from the window ledge, and she stood on the cornice, swaying back and forth, spread-eagled against the wall, now within a hair's breadth of toppling over backwards, now clinging like a moth to a window screen.

Somehow she managed it, and came to a precarious balance. Then making herself as thin as she could against the wall, she moved sidewards foot by foot towards the verandah roof.

Voices reached her from the room just above her head. It was the Craggs' getting up.

"Another beastly boring day!" yawned Mr. Craggs. "If it wasn't for you we'd be getting out of this confounded place . . ."

Eolia edged on. A flicker of humor crossed her mind. If they were as bored as all that they might try walking on this cornice. Suppose that the bricks gave way under her; suppose that all this time someone in the garden were looking at her; suppose that Fahad . . . There wasn't any use supposing. It seemed endless until she came to the roof.

Here she at least reassured herself that there were no spectators below, and now with more confidence she followed the gutter along the tiles as far as the corner column. Then, with a wry thought of the picture she made, if anyone did happen to see her, she pulled her dress up, wrapped her legs around the pillar, and slid to the ground.

A moment later, having gathered up her bag, she raced down the garden path to the gate, sent up a breathless thanksgiving at finding it unlocked, and slipped through into the narrow side-street.

At the corner of New Street luck favored her in the shape of an empty taxi, the driver of which gave her a shocked stare as she boarded him.

"Quickly!" cried Eolia. "The landing-field at Hinaidi! Hinaidi, you understand! Quickly, please!"

She drew out a couple of bank notes and waved them at him. The charm worked.

"Whew!" she gasped, slumping back in the seat. She was soaked with perspiration and utterly winded. But there could be no relaxing yet. Every traffic stop set her on the gridiron again. They crossed Maude Bridge, but to-day she had no taste for the view. They were in the Karkh suburb on the other side. Her watch showed a quarter to eight, then ten to, then five.

At last!

She could hear the great engines of the air liner tuning up, but the steps were still down. Thrusting the bank notes into the driver's hand, she sprinted for the gate. An Iraqi official and an English representative of the line were standing there.

"Here's my ticket."

"Hurry, madam!" said the Englishman.

"What do you think I'm doing!" panted Eolia.

"Your passport," demanded the Iraqi.

"It's in order," she protested. "Please let me go through."

"I must see your passport," he repeated.

Fuming with nervousness at this red tape, she begged the Englishman to hold the plane. He said that he would see what he could do, and hurried off. Finally she located the passport, and handed it to the official. He took his time about opening it, evidently enjoying the sense of his importance. Then he said:

"It is not in order. You must have it stamped by the police authorities."

"But it is stamped—here. I had it stamped the other day."

He gave a bureaucratic shrug. "It is not the right stamp."

And at that she saw where the wind lay. Ibn Hussein was taking no chances. If she got free of the hotel, she was to be stopped at the landing field. A hint from him would have been enough. There would be apologies afterwards; but she would nevertheless have missed the plane. Her heart sank. Then she rallied, and gave the official her prettiest smile.

"I see. Well, it can't be helped. I'm so fond of Bagdad that I don't mind staying over. But I wonder if you'd let me look at the plane. I've never seen as fine a one before, and I'll be taking it later. I'll be very grateful to you, Captain."

The official was stupid; the smile was a nice one; and he liked the title of captain.

He bowed, and returned her passport. "Certainly, but Your Presence must hasten. The plane is about to leave."

"I'll hasten all right," she said. "Thank you, Captain."

She walked through the gate with her back tingling under his gaze. Fortunately he did not accompany her. One of the pilots shouted and beckoned to her from the foot of the steps.

"I'm coming," she yelled, hurrying forward.

"And about time, too!" he said, as she came up. "Looks as if we're in for a dust storm, and we want to get above it before it breaks. Passport in order?"

"Yes," she said truthfully.

"Where's your luggage?"

"I didn't bring any, except this bag."

"Oh? Very well, in with you, madam."

He gave her a hand up the steps and across the gang-plank. A faint shout reached her above the roar of the engine, she caught a glimpse of the official dashing towards them and of a long, glittering car which had just drawn up at the gate. Eolia stopped breathing. But the pilot, at the end of his patience, overlooked the gestures of the Iraqi passport officer, entered the plane himself, and slammed the door. Immediately the liner started taxi-ing across the field. Eolia, at a window, could not resist the temptation of waving at the excited official. He stood gesticulating next to a group of ground mechanics, and shook his fist at her.

It was odd that she should have noticed anyone else at the moment, but as they drifted past she caught a glimpse of the face of one of the mechanics, and was startled that she not only knew, but remembered it. He was the Englishman she had seen in the portico of Ibn Hussein's palace yesterday. Then the group dropped behind; the plane lifted, and wheeled; the ground fell away; the river, the city with its minarets, tilted up and down, like the deck of a vast ship. Below her, she saw once more the great car of the Amir, and someone standing beside it. Then the city, the mosques, the river ran together.

Eolia clenched her two hands.

"Hooray! You didn't stop me!"

Someone touched her on the shoulder. With eyes still shining, she turned, and then stood dazed. In the otherwise empty cabin, she found herself staring up at the whimsical face of Richard Paget.

"Well," said Paget after a pause, his eyes twinkling, "I call this an anticlimax."

Eolia was still too amazed to say anything except "Goodness gracious!"

"After writing you a romantic letter," he went on, "and bidding eternal farewells and even enclosing my favorite poem, here we are again!"

"I thought you were in Mosul," she interrupted.

"You were mistaken," he said evasively. "I thought you were in the Grand Hotel. But not a bit of it. You know," he continued, bracing himself against the dip of the plane, "it's getting uncanny, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"Bally old Kismet—since the time we discussed the cylinder housing, or whatever it was, of that bus. I'll wager if I had headed for Persia in an automobile you'd have been at the first petrol station, looking fresh from battle."

Now that her first surprise had faded, Eolia began to be conscious of a change in Paget. He didn't seem as glad to see her as she him. This and his reference to battle had a chilling effect.

She was certainly looking a sorry sight. The brickwork of the hotel had soiled and stained her dress; her hands were red and scraped, with a cut on one knuckle, and she had a big run in her stocking.

"It's no use," he commented, as she brushed vainly. "The leopard cannot change its spots. You're always somehow in the heat of action, and you can't expect to look stylish. What was the row this time?"

"It wasn't a row," she protested. "I just simply had to climb out of a window and slide down a pillar."

"Just simply," he nodded. She looked so aggrieved at the fate of her dress that he burst out laughing. "Never mind, you'll do, Lee. Torn and battered, bruised and bleeding, you'll still do. You have your own style, and I'll be dashed if it isn't the top. Please don't change it. I can't tell you how glad I am you're here."

"You don't seem glad," she said frankly.

"I wouldn't have invited you along," he admitted. "But that's another matter. As far as I'm concerned, it's a few more hours of grace to make the most of. Have a cigarette, and tell me about it!"

He took the seat behind her, and leaned forward, as she related the events since yesterday morning. The first sense of chill had passed, and she felt once more the old, easy comradeship. After the loneliness of the last twenty-four hours it was like coming home. Beneath them the earth had been blotted out by a yellowish pall, as the dust storm drove eastward from the desert.

The wind had increased, rather than lessened, and buffeted the plane more than ever. Beneath them the billowing of the dust swirled like a frantic sea. Now and then, through the eddies, they could catch, far below, a glimpse of the desert.

"It's out of the north-west," said Paget

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—eying the sun. "We're heading more south-west than usual in order to get out of the teeth of it. But we'll have to swing north again to make the first landing at Rutba Wells. I wonder how it happens that we're travelling alone."

"There were cancellations," said Eolia. "That reminds me of the fortune-teller."

The excitements of the day had completely eclipsed Ayesha. She remembered her now with something of a start, and gave Paget an account of her.

"It looks pretty clear to me," she argued, "that Prince Ahmad was really doing that fortune-telling. I can understand it in my case. He was trying to stop me. But why did he worry about the Craggs'? And then"—she caught her breath—"there were some other people, the Enbrights, who had trouble with their passports."

Paget was leaning forward, his face grave. "I hadn't heard about those cancellations. It's possible that he knew I was leaving, although my name wasn't on the booking-list. If so, he didn't worry about me . . ."

They fell silent. Eolia's thought went back to her last talk with the Amir. There were those equivocal remarks about Paget that had puzzled her at the time. She felt the rise of a new dread. Did Ibn Hussein know that something would happen to the plane? That was impossible. Then her heart stopped for a couple of beats. She remembered the English mechanic she had seen at the palace and again at the landing-field. But it was too far-fetched. Even so . . .

"What's the matter?" asked Paget.

Rather shakily she told him.

"I see," he nodded, getting up. "My word, Lee, it's lucky you saw that fellow. We owe Kismet something for that. I'll have a word with the pilot."

"But what do you think?" she demanded.

"I think that Ibn Hussein is apt to be a rather good fortune-teller," he answered, and strode forward out of the cabin.

Left alone, Eolia felt, for a moment, completely unnerved. The uncertain, gusty progress of the plane, the continued surge of the dust below, the sense of helplessness, made her feel faint. Then she controlled her nerves by a common-sense lecture addressed to herself. It was nothing but a sobered notion.

Paget came in looking grim. "Those two men are asses!" he said in reference to the pilots. "Conceited young beggars, they know so much that a suggestion from anyone who isn't an airman simply amuses them! I told them about the mechanic chap, and they pooh-poohed the idea, called it a mare's-nest, said that the company employed only tried and trusted people. I urged them to make a landing, anyway, and check the ship over. Not in this storm, they said. They knew it was in perfect shape. Only the radio seemed to be out of order."

"But, Richard, we haven't anything like proof that Ibn Hussein . . ."

"Of course, we haven't," he interrupted. "And if anything happens there never will be any proof. That would be the beauty of such a scheme. Probably I'm wrong in this case, but tried and trusted people sometimes go crooked if the bait is big enough, and while a mechanic is supposed to be tightening up a plane, he could also loosen it up. I don't like that detail about the radio, as it is. But don't worry. We ought to be making Rutba Wells in an hour, and then I'll . . . By Jove, we are going down after all!"

They were going down in a strange, lame fashion—even Eolia could tell that—and they were going down fast. The plane listed badly. Through the haze of the dust, it seemed to her that the vague floor of the desert swung up at them.

She felt a sickening lurch. Paget's arm closed around her. The world split open with a roar. A great black wave closed over her.

. . . . . .

Eolia found herself looking up into Paget's face. She recognised him, but her brain, still paralysed, stopped at that.

"What's the matter?" she muttered. "Where am I?"

Paget put his arm around her, drew her close to him, pressed his cheek against her hair.

"Dear Lee!! It's wonderful! Thank heaven——"

A sharp throb, as if a skewer had been run through both temples, made her wince.

"Where does it hurt?" he demanded.

"My whole head hurts."

The cotton-wool which seemed to be clogging her mind began shredding away. Suddenly she remembered the aeroplane, the lurch downward.

"What happened?" she asked weakly.

He had drawn back, but still supported her with his arm. She became aware that they were in the shadow of a boulder that lay like a dark pool surrounded by the burning haze of the desert.

"You got a bang on the head," he answered. "You've been unconscious a couple of hours. I thought it was forever."

"Where's the plane?"

"It simply isn't." And, as she stared at him: "We crashed nose down. I managed to kick out a window and drag you through. Hardly remember that part of it myself. What saved us was the fact that we weren't too far from the ground, and were cushioned by the pilot's compartment. Talk about a furnace! The whole thing blazed, of course. There isn't enough of it left to discuss."

"But the two pilots?"

He stared off into distance. "They were certainly killed when we struck. They burned with the plane. There was nothing I could do."

Suddenly faint, she covered her face with her hands.

His arm tightened around her.

"Prince Ahmad murdered them," she whispered.

She leaned back against the boulder, shutting her mind to the death of the two pilots. Gradually the pain in her head lessened, and strength rallied. Neither of them spoke for some minutes. Paget drew out his pipe, filled and lighted it. He looked deadly pale, and sat motionless in one position, a leg stretched out in front of him; but it did not strike her at the moment.

At last she straightened up.

"I suppose you haven't much idea where we are."

"Not much. We're south of the usual course to Rutba Wells, perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred miles. We're out in the empty desert, and that doesn't help us."

"We'll be needing water pretty soon," she remarked, "and we'll be needing it a lot."

He nodded without answering.

She forced herself to smile. "Looks as if we weren't much luckier than the pilots, Richard."

She got up, clenching her teeth at the renewed throbbing of her head, and waited a moment until the pain died before walking out from the shadow of the boulder and looking around. Startlingly close behind them lay the tangled skeleton of the plane. She tried not to see it, but it remained a big, sprawling blot in the foreground. Beyond it, and on every other side, stretched the rolling, rubble-covered immensity. Then she caught a glimpse of a white object, lying between her and the scrapheap of the air liner; and, walking gingerly on the blistering gravel that made itself felt through her shoes, she was amazed to discover the knitting bag which formed her sole luggage. Evidently she had had the loops of it over her arm at the time of the crash, and it had not dropped off until after she was out of the plane.

"Look what I found," she said, putting on a cheerful front as she returned—"passport, money, brush and comb, toothbrush—everything!"

He gave one of his flickering smiles. "I congratulate you — particularly about the toothbrush."

"You needn't be sarcastic," she answered in the same style.

She sat down in the patch of shadow, and slipped off her shoes.

"I know that we're a hundred miles from nowhere; we haven't any water, or food, or shoes for walking. But I don't intend to get serious until I have to, Richard, and I don't intend to take it lying down."

He knocked his pipe out. "Of course, you wouldn't. What's your plan?"

"Stay here until night—we wouldn't get anywhere in this heat—and then push on."

"Very well. What direction?"

She thought a moment. "North's our only hope, it strikes me. I should say that not hearing from the plane either by radio, or from Rutba, they'll send out searching planes, which will follow the Rutba course. We're more likely to be sighted farther north."

"That's sound," he agreed. "Now, if you take my advice, you'll get as much sleep as you can before you start off."

Something in his voice and in the use of the pronoun caught her attention.

"How do you mean me? You talk as if—"

"Yes, you'll have to push on alone."

She stared at him. "What's the matter with you?" And then she remembered that all this while he hadn't stirred from the same spot.

"Well," he deprecated, "it's a silly business altogether. I picked up a bad knee in football some years ago, and once or twice since then it has slipped out. My antics in the plane did for it this time. You'll have to do the pushing. And I'll have to take it lying down."

"But all your knee wants is to get jerked back in place, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and I can't do it myself, and you don't know how, even if you had the strength."

Eolia had risen to her knees. "What'll you bet? Bert Claggett at the Bar-M had a knee like that. I fixed it for him once when we were out in the brush, and I can do the same for you. You lean up against that rock and brace yourself, because it'll hurt."

Kneeling in front of him, her hands looking small against the bulge of his muscles, she felt the injured knee gently, and then, getting a purchase, said:

"Hold on now."

He turned white to the lips.

The joint snapped into place.

"There you are," panted Eolia. "Now don't move while I fix the bandage."

"My word, that feels better!" he sighed.

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He looked at her, his eyes kindling, while she drew a white object from the knitting bag, unfolded it, and, after thinking a moment, proceeded to rip it in halves.

"You see how things work out," she said cheerfully. "I took a nightie along, instead of pyjamas, to save space. And it's going to make two excellent sets of bandages. We'll use half of it now, and save the other half till later."

Then she set to work tearing long strips about three inches wide; but when he remained silent, she stopped to look anxiously at him.

"Feeling all right?"

"Ra'her! I was trying to think up something adequate to say, that's all, but I'm not clever enough."

For a moment their eyes met, then without a word she looked away, and went on tearing the strips of muslin. When she had finished, and made a roll of them, she rubbed his knee a little to ease the swelling, and at last wrapped and tied it in a very workman-like style.

"There! I don't think Uncle George could improve on that himself. Now stand up and see how it feels."

She gave him her hand, and he got up, limping a few steps back and forth.

"By gad, it works like a charm. Walking'll take the stiffness out. Only I'm afraid you're going to learn the truth of the poem I sent you. You'd travel faster if you travelled alone."

"No, I wouldn't. You forget my thin shoes. But what did you mean by that poem, Richard?"

His expression clouded. "I meant a lot. It's rather ironic, as it turned out—you helping me like this. But if you didn't see the point, I won't explain it—just yet."

. . . . . .

After sundown, the desert cooled rapidly, but they waited until the moon rose before setting out. The air had cleared; instead of the hot reek of the afternoon, an expanse of silver, inlaid with the black of occasional boulders, stretched endlessly on every side of them. But the nagging of thirst had begun; the walking was slow, hard and difficult; and under the circumstances the mysterious beauty of the night had a sinister shadow.

"Do you know any geology?" Eolia asked Paget.

"A little. Why?"

"Because it might help us to find water—if there is any."

He shook his head. "In the winter, perhaps, but not now. The surface water is gone. The wells are so deep that they haven't much to do with surface configuration. You've simply got to know where they are. This little stroll of ours is rather like a chance in the Irish Sweepstakes."

Timing themselves by Paget's watch, they would stumble on a half-hour, then rest five minutes, then struggle forward again. Eolia's feet, were soon blistered through her thin shoes, and Paget's knee hampered him, so that their progress amounted to little. After six hours' hard work he reckoned that they had covered perhaps fourteen miles. But except that they were worn out, and that the moon, followed by its army of stars, had sloped into the west, they might as well have been at their starting point.

"Fall in!" said Paget, after a resting pause at two in the morning.

Eolia tried to get up, but sank back.

"I think I'll call it a day, or rather a night, Richard, if you don't mind."

He nodded, and let himself down again beside her. She began unbuckling her shoes.

"Better not take them off," he advised. "You'd have a job getting them on in the morning."

They sat with their faces towards the waning moon languidly drifting towards the horizon. With lack of food and exhaustion, she felt the cold, dry air that had replaced the furnace heat of the day, and she shivered a little.

"Here," he said, unbuttoning his coat.

"No, indeed!" she protested. "I don't need it. I'm all right."

"You'll jolly well do as you're told—for once," he retorted, slipping an arm out.

She stopped him. "No, I won't, or rather I will. But I tell you what. Let's share it. You just put half of it around me. It'll be warmer that way anyhow."

She moved inside his arm, and drew the free part of the coat over her right shoulder.

"You see. That's easier, isn't it?"

It gave an odd, released feeling to think that they could say what they pleased now, that they didn't have to keep up pretences any longer, the poor little taboos of reserve. The oncoming end cancelled such things, and set them free.

"You know, it's rather fine that you and I don't have to pretend to each other about the finish of this, isn't it?" Paget said presently. "Not that we'll give up, but we're under no illusions.

"You're very beautiful," he added in a low voice. "Looking at you always reminds me of things—I don't know why it is—a ride I've taken on the moors, a catch of a song, a troop pennon in the wind, verses I'd forgotten. It's that kind of beauty. You're such a thoroughbred, Lee . . ."

She wanted to answer something, but couldn't. It was enough that all at once she found her lips against his.

. . . . . .

The first rays of the sun burned hot enough to waken them. It smouldered like a brazen giant above the rim of the desert, and brought back a scorching world and the torment of thirst. They had now been twenty-four hours without water. Eolia's tongue felt dry and swollen, and it was some moments before she could speak. A faint dizziness announced also the beginning of hunger. The desert swam a little, as she sat up and looked about her. Paget, standing a few feet off, tightened his belt.

"We'd better make for that rock over there," he said in a parched voice. "It'll give us an edge of shade during most of the day. We'll go ahead to-night—if we're up to it."

Reaching down, he helped her to her feet.

They started off painfully over the loose stones. The rock, which had seemed fairly near in the clear air, turned out to be a mile off. They reached it hot and already tired under the weight of the sun. To Eolia it had a kind of grim interest. Privately she knew that when night came she would not be able to go on. The rock stood as a sort of last mile-stone. That one boulder out of the many in the Syrian desert had an eternal significance for her. Then she shook off the idea and sat down next to Paget in the still comparatively long shadow.

His mind had been taking the same course, for he remarked after a while, with a backward jerk of his pipe-stem over his shoulder, "Our monument, Eolia. Don't you think it would be rather sporting of us to have an epitaph—something short and to the point? Any ideas?"

"I have," she answered in the same tone. "Your name and mine, then 'Twelve O'Clock' and 'Here's to Us!' I think that says everything."

"Perfect!" he agreed, and, drawing out his knife, began scraping the letters on the stone.

Eolia did her hair; then she made another set of bandages for Paget's knee. In spite of faintness, she felt the necessity of keeping busy, so as to lessen the growing torture of thirst and escape from thinking. What she feared was the effect on him if she lost her grip and became light-headed.

"Rather neat, eh?" he croaked after about an hour. "Simple and legible." He pointed to the wavering rows of letters. "Matter of fact Eolia's dashed good, don't you think?"

"Grand!" she admired.

She noticed that his lips were cracked. He pushed his fingers back through his hair!

As the sun rose higher the shadow dwindled to nothing, and left them to blister. Paget rigged his coat up over an indentation in the rock, as a patch of awning for their heads, but their bodies baked. By noon, they were both gasping. The pain in Eolia's head had returned in king, jagging throbs.

"I can't stand it!" she choked suddenly, struggling to her feet. "I can't stand it! I've got to have water! . . ." But at the agony in his face, as he got up and put his arm around her shoulders, she controlled herself: "I'm sorry, Richard. Don't worry."

He picked up his coat, and placed it hood-like on her head. In the effort to speak, his lips twisted like stiff leather.

"You've got to keep covered, Lee. This is the worst part of the day. It'll be evening after a while."

He drew her down beside him, keeping his body between her and the sun.

"Lean against me. There. Try to sleep. That's my girl!"

His misery afflicted her more than her own torment. She contrived to smile. "I'm all right, really. I was only kind of . . . kind of peevish, Richard. You know, I keep seeing what looks like great big black birds over there. But it isn't possible."

"Try to sleep," he soothed.

"No, look! It must be a hollow place. They're on the rim of it. They keep disappearing, then coming back—huge birds."

To humor her he followed the pointing of her finger, and gave a startled exclamation.

"You see them, too?"

He nodded. "Yes. Now close your eyes, Lee."

"But what are they? What kind of birds?"

He tried to look casual. "Vultures."

"You mean . . .!"

She didn't continue the question so as not to distress him, but leaned her head against his shoulder. Then all at once she straightened up.

"Richard! If vultures are like turkey-buzzards, I've seen a lot of them. If they are waiting for us, they'd be closer, and they'd be watching us. It must be something else—some animal. But animals have to have water. There must be water somewhere, perhaps near."

"By Jove!" he muttered. "It's possible." And then, getting to his feet, "I'll have a look. No, you stay here."

She followed him with her eyes as he limped across the couple of hundred yards that separated them from the occasional flutter of the black pinions. At the edge of what was apparently a bowl-like dip he

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WHO TRAVELS ALONE

stood staring down, and then, as if intent upon something, disappeared beneath the level.

Too apathetic to follow, Eolia waited. But minutes passed, and he did not return. Becoming anxious, she got up, and had taken a few steps in the direction of the hollow when he slowly emerged from the edge, and beckoned to her. The gesture wrought a flush of hope. She forgot her weakness and the burning of the ground on her swollen feet, as she hurried towards him.

Then, upon coming near, her heart sank. He looked haggard, and there were red stains on his clothes.

"What's happened?" she breathed. "Are you hurt?"

"No . . . Lee! There's water!"

"Water!" she whispered.

"Yes, a well. Be careful of the stones, as you come down. You're apt to fall."

The place below was not a bowl, but a horse-shoe, opening out upon a slightly lower level of the desert. In the middle of it she could see a rough-laid circle of stones marking the well. She scrambled down the fifteen-foot slope, but Paget followed more slowly. Once again, looking back, she noticed the stains on his clothes, and stopped.

"You were hurt!"

"No. I found a man, a Bedouin. He had been shot—yesterday perhaps. Killed on some raid, I suppose. I carried what was left of him out of the way—it was rather a job. But, Lee, think of it! Water!"

Nothing else mattered at the moment. They crossed to the circle of stones, and bent over to look at the precious liquid gleam.

"Quick!" said Eolia. "But how . . . ."

All at once her face went blank. She and Paget looked vainly over the surface of the ground about the well.

"But how . . . ." she repeated.

They stared at each other. Below them, many yards down, lay the water, and they had no means of reaching it.

For several minutes it was impossible to think it all.

"Where's you knitting-bag?" Paget asked suddenly.

"At the rock."

She was aware in a dull fashion that he had left her, but not until his return some minutes later, when she saw him tear one of the bandage strips she had made into the thinnest possible widths, did she revive enough to ask what he was doing.

"We've got to find out the exact depth of the well."

"What for? You can see that it's out of reach." It crossed her mind that she had read somewhere of the extreme depth of desert wells. "I've heard that they're sometimes ninety feet."

"That's just it," he said knotting together the strips he had torn off. "If this one is ninety feet, we'll have to do more than if it's fifty."

Without knowing what he meant, but glad of any plan, she straightened up, alert again.

"Here, let me help, perhaps I'm better at tearing than you are."

Between them they made a string a hundred feet long out of four of the bandage strips. Paget tied a small pebble to the end and lowered it into the well. Peering in, cheek by cheek, they waited tensely, as the lengthening string remained taut. Finally at about seventy-five feet it slackened.

Paget gave a sigh of relief. "There! It might be worse. Now we'll be able to manage."

Eolia's expectation soared. "Do you mean you've got some idea for making a cup or bucket, Richard? And what about a rope for it?"

"No," he said cheerfully, "nothing ambitious like that. But we can make a line and tie a handkerchief to it. When that's soaked we can pull it up and squeeze it into our mouths. There'd be several spoonfuls each time."

Eolia's brief vision of sinking her hot face into water and of an endless cooling draft vanished. Her swollen tongue felt drier than ever. But even a spoonful would be heaven at that moment, and she kept the dismay out of her eyes.

"Great! Where's your handkerchief? It'd be bigger than mine."

"But we haven't made a line yet. This one wouldn't hold. The muslin's like gauze. Now, if you only wore an old-fashioned nightgown . . ."

"We could try, couldn't we?" she put in. "Please let's try."

"Certainly. But if it breaks we'll have that much less material to work with."

She had taken the string from his hand, and was pulling it up. "I don't care. Let's risk it. I can't wait . . ."

"Very well, but try your handkerchief first. It won't be as heavy."

Handkerchiefs were just one of those things which, in the rush of her escape, Eolia had forgotten; but she happened to find one in her handbag. They weighted it with a dash of gravel, tied the ends securely to the string, and lowered it into the well. But the water, shallow and muddy at the bottom, turned the soaked handkerchief into lead, and she held her breath as she slowly raised it. It rose higher and higher. Peering over, she could see the white, dangling object about half way up.

"Thank heaven, Richard!" she whispered to him.

There was a slight tug. The handkerchief had swung against an unevenness on the shaft of the well. It stuck an instant. Suddenly the string went limp. From far below sounded a splash.

Eolia sat back on her heels, her lips trembling.

"Never mind, Lee," Paget comforted her.

"I'm such a fool!" she burst out, drawing her hand across her eyes. "I ought to have listened to you. Now half the string is gone."

"Well," he calculated, "we have four of the bandage strips left. That'd be about sixteen feet. There's the bandage I have on . . ."

"No," she interrupted, "we mustn't use that. It's necessary."

"Then there's our superfluous wardrobe," he continued. "I can do with half a lace to each shoe, and I don't need a necktie or underwear."

They worked fast, and in half an hour had made a bulgy line seventy-five feet long. To this, Paget's handkerchief, enclosing a couple of left-over patches to make it more absorbent, was attached, and the affair lowered into the well.

"If anything happens this time," she breathed, "I'll just die."

But now at last they had their reward. Up from the depths came the dripping lump, nearer and nearer to their cracked lips and aching eyes, nearer until, reaching down to grasp it, Eolia felt, almost like a shock, the tingle of water on her blistered hand.

"Thank heaven," she whispered. "We'll share this one, Richard."

"Rubbish!" he said in a strangled voice. "Don't waste a drop of it. I'll take the next. Quick!"

Then came the unspeakable touch of dampness on her lips and face, the trickle of water in her mouth. She held the paradise of the muddy, brackish rags between her hands as if they had been a jewelled chalice. At the magic touch of the water life welled up again in a thrilling wave of release. The little ball of linen was soon almost dry, but she unfolded it and pressed the still faintly moist cloth against her face, to lose nothing of it.

"Feel better?" he asked.

It almost startled her to realise that he had as yet had nothing, that he was still as she had been a few moments before.

"I can't speak about it," she answered, her eyes smarting. "I'm sorry I took so long."

The process of drinking from the soaked handkerchief lasted the rest of the afternoon. They were even prodigal enough in the end to squeeze the water out upon their heads, and sighed with relief at the trickle of it down their faces and necks.

That night, having returned to the rock from the flea-infested circle around the well, they discussed the outlook.

"We're chained to this place for better or worse," said Paget. "We don't dare cut loose from water. Besides, the desert wells are camping places, and people are apt to come here. But that's a two-edged knife."

"You mean they aren't apt to be friendly?"

"Yes. The dead man I piled the stones on over there shows the kind of things that happen in the desert. He may have been killed in one of their ghazus or raids, or he may have been a peaceful traveller. In spite of books about the noble Bedouin, killing and robbery have been a sideline of theirs for a few thousand years. Why should they bother with us if we can't convince them that it's profitable? Who would ever know what happened? We're officially dead now in the crash of that plane. And another thing to remember is that the English aren't great favorites with the Arabs at present."

Seated near him, Eolia was playing with some pebbles. In the rising moon, it was as light as day.

"What I'm worried about, Richard, isn't sheiks, it's food," she said slowly. "Suppose no one does come."

"We've more of a margin there than with the water," he answered. "Nothing to eat isn't pleasant, but it won't be critical for several days yet. Meanwhile, we don't have to mess with cooking, dish-washing and that sort of thing."

. . . . . .

Sometime near morning Eolia opened her eyes. Paget was shaking her.

"Wake up," he repeated in a low voice.

She caught his concern, and raised herself.

"What is it?"

"Look!"

Gazing through the star-spangled darkness she made out a rapidly-approaching troop of riders, and could hear the rattle of stones under their horses' hoofs. After the long emptiness of the desert the sight of human beings seemed unreal.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed.

His hand tightened on her arm. "Hush! Not so loud!"

The horsemen were evidently headed for the well; but some distance from it they stopped; a vague figure dismounted, and moved forward cautiously, as if reconnoitering. Then at a hail from him the others came on again to the rim of the hollow, and disappeared into it.

"Looks like a raiding party," muttered

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Paget. "Perhaps it has something to do with that fellow who was killed. Perhaps they're simply marauders. We couldn't have worse luck. Now the question is whether to get out of sight if we can or wait here till morning."

"You don't think we could walk over to them and explain?" she queried under her breath. "After all, anybody can see we're pretty harmless."

"They'd shoot first and see afterwards, if I know Arabs," he retorted. "No, our safest line is to give them a wide berth for the present. We can decide what next later."

But at the same moment that plan was frustrated by the appearance of a man on the edge of the hollow. His long cloak and headcloth stood out against the stars, and they could see the glow of a cigarette. He was evidently a sentinel, for he strolled back and forth, but he did not catch sight of Eolia and Paget, who crouched at the base of the rock. The rattle of a stone, however, or any movement, would attract his attention, and they held their breath. With nervous tension and the cold air before dawn Eolia had to clench her teeth to keep them from chattering.

So far only a murmur of voices had sounded from the party in the hollow; but all at once it rose to a hubbub. The sentinel joined in, evidently wanting to know what the matter was.

"Now!" whispered Paget. "Get to the other side of the rock!"

It was not a large rock, and they pressed close together when they had rounded it. But they were at least not as obvious as before, and could make off more easily at the first opening.

Paget was swearing inaudibly.

"What do you think happened?" Eolia breathed.

"It's our dashed rope, I think. We left it next to the well, and the beggars found it. No wonder they're excited! Necktie, stocking, shoe-lace, handkerchief. Make their brains reel.

"The trouble is they may see that the handkerchief is still damp and take a look around . . . By Jove, I thought so!"

There was a sound of rattling stones, as others of the party climbed the fifteen-foot dip to where the sentinel was standing. Then followed a moment of silence, during which Eolia could almost feel the keenness of their eyes scanning the desert, then a sharp exclamation.

Paget groaned beneath his breath. "They're going to have a look at this rock. Steady, Lee!"

The footsteps of a couple of men approached.

"Down!" hissed Paget. "Down! Pretend to be asleep! It's the only chance . . ."

But even the slight movement they made carried through the silence, and their shelter was too narrow to conceal them entirely. The footsteps stopped dead.

"Mashallah!"

With the crackle of sheet-lightning came the lash of the shot, then another, followed by the whine of ricocheting bullets.

"Flat!" snapped Paget, crushing Eolia down with a hand between the shoulder blades. "Flatten yourself!"

But he did not take the same precaution. Remaining crouched half over her and as close to the rock as possible, he gave the greeting of peace in a ringing, guttural Arabic, and immediately afterwards a staccato outburst of sentences that Eolia didn't understand.

Then he stood up, and, with lifted arms, walked clear of the rock.

Her heart stopped; her whole body shrank together. The footsteps of one of the two men drew closer. The slow crunching of them was like a nightmare. A fierce truculent voice, passionate with suspicion, broke out. Paget answered calmly. The other man approached. She could hear the rest trooping towards them from the edge of the hollow.

Paget was evidently explaining, his voice calm and matter-of-fact; but Eolia realised that the moment was critical. An ugly muttering ran through the group.

Then something Paget said had a remarkable effect. The crowd burst into exclamations, and, dragging Eolia and Paget with them, turned back to the well. A minute later, she found herself in the semi-circle of the hollow, breathless and with her ankles cut from plunging down the gravel bank. One man remained to guard them, but the others trooped out through the opening of the horseshoe.

"What's it all about?" she panted. "What did you tell them?"

Paget ran his sleeve across his forehead.

"About the dead man. These people are Anazehs. I gather that a couple of days ago, several of them were surprised here at the well by a ghazu of Shammars from the south. They were outnumbered and had to get away. But one of them was killed, the fellow I found. He's a kinsman of theirs, and now they're going back to bury him, and have a fling at the Shammars in revenge. They're only a scouting troop. The rest of their sub-tribe are coming up. They hadn't found the dead fellow, so I played up my own decency in keeping the vultures off him. It was in the nick of time, too."

"You were grand, Richard. What did you tell them about us?"

"The truth. Passengers on the wrecked plane from Bagdad, we're safe for the moment. It depends what their sheik, Seydan, decides to do with us when he gets here. I take it they're rather a savage outfit. The pinch will come in our interview with him."

The dawn began. Suddenly the mutter of voices outside the horseshoe grew louder, as the men returned. In the clearer light they looked even more unpleasant. Pock marks showed on the faces of several, and their faces had the frowning, squinty look of people constantly exposed to the sun.

Presently the man with the rifle, who kept languid guard over them, shouted something, at which those about the well stirred and got up. Through the opening of the hollow, far off, appeared a number of strange-looking dots, with a number of smaller dots between them.

"Well," remarked Paget, "here comes destiny."

"You mean it's the tribe?"

"Yes."

The tribe, or rather, this particular subdivision of the Anazehs that Sheik Seydan led, came up on a wide, straggling front, each family marching by itself.

"We can't be far from some kind of pasturage," remarked Paget, "or they wouldn't be travelling with their live-stock. Probably it's the summer migration."

At the approach of the tribe, their guards led Eolia and Paget to the opening between the gravel banks at the mouth of the hollow, and stood there with them waiting.

Nearer came the dust, the confusion. A car, laden with women and children, probably the family of the Sheik himself, lumbered along in the centre with a kind of dusty importance. It was the herald of a modernism still enveloped by the past.

The scattering of people, perhaps two or three hundred in all, converged on the well, and what appeared to be a few other wells here and there that Eolia and Paget had not known about. Some of the women and children walked, trailing the mounts of their lords and masters. They were no veils, but looked squalid and apathetic. As the march came to a halt, with a far and wide kneeling of tired camels, it was they who set to work pitching the tents, fetching water, and kindling fires.

The silence of the desert now gave place to hubbub. The dry furnace air thickened with the smoke of fires. With surprising speed, considering what appeared to be the lack of system, the long black tents rose, dotting the neighborhood. Not far from the mouth of the hollow one tent much larger than the others, that had formed the load of four camels, was going up.

"It's the Sheik's," remarked Paget. "There he comes now."

Several horsemen dismounted at the door of the bigger tent. Seeing the crowd that was gathering around the two strangers, they walked over, while the bystanders made way for them. Eolia found herself confronting a lean, bronzed man of middle age. He had a short grizzled beard, inflexible lips, a strong jaw and nose, alert black eyes. He looked like a man who kept his thoughts to himself, practical, shrewd, hard. It needed no introduction to realise that this was the leader.

"Ana bi wejhak ya sheykh," said Paget. "I am under your countenance, sir."

The other gave a curt nod. As Paget once more accounted for himself and Eolia, he put in a brief question from time to time, but for the most part he said nothing, his thumbs hooked into the pistol-belt under his cloak, and his eyes gliding from Eolia to Paget and back again. In spite of his restraint, something about the man, a matter-of-fact ruthlessness, set her heart thumping. In the end, he made a gesture denoting that they were to follow him, and walked towards his tent.

Fainter than ever, Eolia was conscious of moving over the hot ground between two blurred lines of faces; and then with a relief that was almost a shock, she found herself in semi-darkness. Hot as it was under the goat-hair cloth, it was cool in comparison with the rage of the sun. It seemed strange to feel a rug underneath her as she sank down. But more reviving than anything else was a nearby smell of coffee and cooking.

Meanwhile, Seydan and a couple of other principal men talked with Paget. The latter's face was dark when he turned at last to Eolia.

"It might be worse," he told her, "but it isn't too good. The fellow wants ransom, and a thumping big ransom at that. He'll send messages for us to our consulates in Bagdad. There's only one other line, though I hate to suggest it."

"What line?"

"Ibn Hussein again, and your connection with him. There's a possibility that this chap has heard of you even in the desert. Do you object?"

Eolia thought it over, and shook her head.

"No, I don't. I'm too poor for ransom, it's out of the question. Whatever Prince Ahmad may think of me now, I know he wouldn't want me to be kept here."

Paget turned back to the others, but his

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remarks brought a laugh from the companions of the Sheik, though the latter's eyes narrowed. It was not complimentary laughter, and Eolia had to admit that it had a good excuse. Red and blistered by the desert sun, bare-legged, her shoes cracked, her dress a soiled wreck, to present her as the Khatun to the great Amir seemed sheer impudence. Seydan, however, waved his hand impatiently, and asked a question.

"He's heard of the Khatun," said Paget, "but he wants proofs. We've got to think quickly."

"Ask if any of them have been at Prince Ahmad's palace in Bagdad," Eolia suggested.

"I see," he nodded. "Good idea!" Then he put the question.

Seydan nodded, and answered at some length.

"Yes," Paget interpreted, "he says that he has just returned from Bagdad, where he had coffee with His Highness. Can you describe the palace?"

Eolia breathed more freely. The Sheik must have been one of those who were calling on Ahmad that day when she had her last interview with him. Focusing her memory, she gave Paget as minute a description as she could, particularly of the Amir's study.

And now, as he spoke, the amusement faded. Seydan's hard face took on the look of a business man's who sees the chance of a windfall. He interrupted eagerly. Paget translated again.

"He knows that Ibn Hussein's Khatun is the niece of Dr. Bridges, and he knows Dr. Bridges—met him during the war, and was operated on by him in Beirut. He asks you to describe him."

Eolia did her best, while Paget interpreted, and Seydan watched her. Then he asked another question.

"He wants to know what your uncle has over the desk in his office."

"He has two photographs," said Eolia, "one of Grandpa Bridges, and the other of Colonel Lawrence of Arabia."

When this had been translated, the Sheik bowed and touched his forehead in salutation, first to Eolia, and then more casually to Paget.

"Salamun alaik ya khatun!" he said, and ran on with a few more phrases.

Paget drew a long breath of relief. "As a humble friend of Ibn Hussein's, he is honored to have the Amir's Moon of Delight in his tents. All that he has belongs to Your Presence. He is overcome by the beauty of the Rose of Paradise. He even includes me in his welcome."

Eolia felt too exhausted for a sense of humor. Someone placed cushions behind her. Not long afterwards, copper trays appeared with dishes of lebben, or curdled camel's milk, and then roasted meat, bread and dates. She tried to show restraint, but nothing had ever tasted so delicious. As chief symbol of Bedouin hospitality, Seydan himself dispensed the coffee flavored with cardamom.

But one thing puzzled her. It was the fact that Seydan, while increasingly affable towards her, retained his businesslike reserve with Paget. She noted, too, that Paget looked thoughtful and even sombre as the talk went on. He apparently kept bringing up a certain topic only to be met by a shake of the head, a smile, or an interruption.

In the end the Sheik got up and excused himself ceremoniously.

"He says," interpreted Paget, "that he wishes to see to it personally that the tent he has ordered set up is prepared for you."

When Seydan had gone out, followed by the others, Paget remained staring absently at the opposite wall.

"What's the matter, Richard?" she asked. "I should think you'd be happy as I am, after all we've been through, but you look gloomy."

"I am rather. It's not as jolly as it seems." And to the question in her eyes, "I asked about transportation for us. I can go when I please, and he'll furnish me camels and a guide—in return, of course, for a fat sum. Between you and me, our friend, Seydan, is simply a hard-driving tradesman. The catch was about you. He wouldn't hear of your leaving—at least for a time. I suppose he wants to put Ibn Hussein under heavy obligation to him by entertaining you. He said he was planning a surprise and pleasure for you, probably one of their whacking big banquets. I can't make it out quite."

After the hardships of the last forty-eight hours, Eolia felt too much to become excited over an excess of kindness.

"We wouldn't want to push on for a couple of days, would we? Your knee isn't too well yet, and I wouldn't mind the rest. If you mean that I'm taking hospitality under false pretences . . ."

"No," he put in, "of course not. The point is . . ." But he broke off, and sat lost in thought."

"What?" she prompted.

"Oh, nothing." It startled her that he suddenly clenched his hands until the knuckles stood out. Then, with a glance through the open door, he added, "Here comes Seydan. I imagine your tent's ready."

. . . . . .

At the long dinner in Seydan's tent that night, the only cloud upon Eolia's enjoyment was the strange behaviour of Paget. He seemed almost another man, grim, haunted, and aloof. Except when it became necessary to interpret, he said practically nothing, and left the whole effort of sociability to her.

"What on earth's the matter, Richard?" she asked once. "Aren't you feeling well? Is your knee bothering you?"

"No."

"You don't look as if you were having a good time. Think of you and me out yonder writing our epitaph."

He gave a wry smile. "That's what I am thinking of."

At last, with a loud sucking of coffee to denote appreciation, and with final thanks expressed by the wish that their host might always have abundance, the party broke up. Escorted by Paget and Seydan, Eolia walked back to her tent. The night promised storm, one of the short, unrefreshing thunder-storms of the desert, and a bank of clouds was piling up in the east; but stars covered most of the sky, and there was a scattered glimmer of dying campfires. Nothing stirred, except that at one point the silhouette of a camel and its rider stood out a moment, and then faded into the distance.

"Where's that man going?" she asked Seydan.

"He says," Paget interpreted absently, "that he's a messenger. He would have left this morning except for the heat, and that the camels were tired." Then, he added, as if still translating, "I want to talk with you, Lee. Join me in half an hour, will you, outside your tent?"

When he and Seydan had left her she sat waiting in the open doorway.

It would be a relief, she pondered, to hear what had been troubling Richard. Then she caught sight of his tall figure approaching through the half-darkness, and sprang up to meet him.

They walked together behind the tent, which shut them off still more from the camp.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up at him.

"It's hard to tell you," he returned hoarsely. "I've been flinching from it all day. I'm leaving you here. I'll have to push on."

"Leaving . . .?" she repeated. "Without me?"

"Yes. I'm travelling on alone and fast."

There was a long silence. She stood staring out over the camp.

"Why?" she said at last in a small voice.

"I can't wait. I talked to Seydan about it again this afternoon. I even took it on myself to tell him that you wanted to leave. He refuses to let you go—at least for the moment. I invented excuses for you. He paid no attention. I have no right or authority. For him, you're the betrothed of Ibn Hussein. Hospitality? There's more in it than that."

She said in a dry voice, "And you couldn't wait for me?"

"No. I couldn't wait a day. Not if you were sick or dying or in danger. As it is, I know that you're safe. You'll get back to Beirut. The Rowalla district isn't far from Damascus . . ."

His voice trailed off.

"Just tell me why, Richard. I'll understand."

But he remained silent.

Eolia turned back to the tent, but he caught her arm.

"Lee, can't you say something? At least, don't let's part like this."

She shook her head, "I don't think there's any use talking. I care too much for that. Probably you have your reasons. Only I want you to know one thing. I wouldn't have acted like this towards you for any reason on earth, not for anything on earth."

She freed herself. Then without looking at him, she walked off around the tent, and entered it. A moment later she heard his slow footsteps as he went away. Sinking down on the rug of her makeshift bed, she stared up into the darkness.

He was gone.

She lay awake with dry burning eyes. When she closed them, she could still see his tall figure against the background of the lion-shaped cloud. Daylight shivered across the desert. She fell into a half-dream, still haunted by that picture of him and of the cloud lion, that expanded and grew more threatening . . .

Something wakened her. It was broad day. The black slope of the tent had become distinct.

"Khatun!" came a sudden voice.

It was Ibn Hussein.

He moved forward with the slow, cat-like tread that Eolia remembered—there was always a hint about it of effortless, powerful muscles—and seated himself on the edge of her couch.

"Well, Khatun," he said at last in his deep-toned voice, "By the mercy of Heaven we meet after all in the black tents. I did not believe it would be this side of death. But Heaven is compassionate!"

With a sudden quiver in his voice, he added: "Have you no greeting for me?"

She gave him her hand frankly, but without a smile.

"I guess there isn't much to say, Prince Ahmad. What do you intend doing with me?"

He gave her a startled look. "I do not

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understand. I have lived years since you left Bagdad. I have searched for you, cursing myself and my folly. From Ramadi to Rutba Wells, south and north, I have searched. My men still ride the desert. Then last night, having no hope, I bowed my head before Heaven. To the messengers of Seydan, my friend, to him and his tribe, be my thanks forever! And now, finding you alive, you ask me what I intend! By Heaven, is it so great a sin that once in Bagdad I spoke rash words to you?"

His eyes flamed and paled, then flamed again.

"You live. That is enough. What I intended I still intend. But I spoke wildly. Ahmad takes no woman by force. As God lives, you shall be my wife, for it is in the stars; but it shall be with your free will when the hour comes. And it will come soon."

Once again she felt the surge of his spirit, more powerful than mere force, sweep over her. But expecting his anger, it was a relief to find nothing but joy in her escape.

"Do you mean that you will let me go back to Beirut?"

"When you please," he answered. "I am myself driving this night towards Palestine. Do you fear to go with me?"

She looked him in the face. "No, Prince Ahmad."

He gave his short laugh.

"Tell me everything," he demanded. "It was like you to risk climbing from that window and to escape in my teeth! Who can tame such a hawk! But perhaps next time—" he threw back his head with a laugh—"you'll believe a fortune-teller."

She looked at him earnestly. "Did you plan the wreck of that plane, Prince Ahmad?"

"Wallah! I did," he replied, and went on earnestly: "And because of it I cursed my own life as I sought for you. But the end has been good."

"You forget the two pilots, whom you . . . who were killed."

"No, I do not forget them. I have killed many in war, and many have tried to kill me. What of that?"

"Why did the plane have to be stopped, Prince Ahmad?"

She tried to keep the eagerness out of her eyes, but he read them like a book.

"Khatun, you will never make a diplomat. You conceal nothing." But then, fingering his beard, he added: "I think I can promise you an answer to that question before we reach Jerusalem. Did I not have good reason to hate the young Mr. Paget? Tell me this: was it because of him you took that plane?"

"It was not," she answered. "You know perfectly well why I took it, Prince Ahmad. I didn't dream he was on it."

He accepted her word as frankly as she had given it. "Yes, I spoke hastily. But enough of it! Tell me your story from the beginning." He lighted a cigarette, and sat with his elbow on one knee, gazing at her.

The story was not hard to tell until she reached the fall of the plane. From there on, she found it impossible. A hundred memories started up in her mind. "We were dreadfully thirsty, Prince Ahmad, but we found water. Seydan's men came along. That's about all." She sat staring down at her hands. Then suddenly she turned her face away.

"Ey wallah," he said, for once misinterpreting her, "the desert is hard. You are still worn by it. But from now on you will rest."

. . . . . .

That night there was counsel-taking in Seydan's tent, for the privilege of having a man like Ibn Hussein in their midst occurred too rarely not to be made the most of, and the principal men of the tribe thronged to hear him.

Eolia sat cross-legged by his side rather dazed by reflected glory. He made much of her, interrupting the talk to translate something, manifestly proud of her, showing her off.

Then began a ceremonious farewell. From the pleased expression on the Sheik's hard, calculating face, Eolia judged that he had not overestimated Ahmad's generosity. After compliments to Ibn Hussein, he turned to Eolia and, taking a long white garment from the hands of a servant, he made her a speech.

"He says," interpreted the Amir, highly pleased, "that it is only fitting he be given the honor of presenting you with a mantle and head-cloth for protection against the cold of the journey. To one who rides like Your Presence, he would not presume to offer the robes of a woman. He presents you with the abba and agal of a man. It would be courteous if you allowed him to drape them with his own hands."

Eolia found herself arrayed in a white cloak reaching almost to the ground and edged with gold. A white head-cloth bound with gilded camel's-rope followed.

A respectful murmur passed through the crowd. She stammered her thanks, which Ahmad translated.

The cloak felt heavy, but it was not merely the weight of the cloth. It stood for something much more encompassing. She felt trapped in the folds of it.

. . . . . .

At dawn, the car stopped to allow its occupants to make the morning prayer. Though he said nothing, Ahmad's face shone with satisfaction when Eolia kneeled with him and his men.

When they climbed back into the car, and drove on over the endless roll of the desert, she said to Ibn Hussein, "Prince Ahmad, I've always tried to be honest with you, and not pretend."

"You have," he answered.

"And I don't want to pretend now," she continued. "It isn't right to accept your kindness in getting me to Beirut, if you think I've changed my mind about marrying you. I haven't in the least—and for the same reasons that I gave you before. So, if it makes a difference, you'd better let me out right here."

He looked amused. "What would you do?"

"I'd walk to the west as far as I could."

"Yes," he nodded gravely, "you would do that. And in the end, you would die without too much fear. Khatun, do you not understand that this is not the way to rid yourself of me? Will you persuade a man to give up what he most desires by showing him its excellence? No, if you wish to have done with me, learn to lie and flatter. Until then, I will not leave you in the desert."

Having spoken her mind, she said no more; but the Arab cloak and headdress felt lighter.

The first rays of the sun were still glancing from the desert when, at a gesture from Ahmad, she caught sight far off of what seemed unbelievable. Unaccustomed for some days to any sight of house or building, the grey fortress on its rising ground, with a clump of palm trees touching the walk of it at one end, seemed to her a cloud picture.

"Ka'lat Azrak," said the Amir.

A great square tower at one angle of crenelated walls rose higher as they approached. Three smaller towers marked the corners of the stronghold, which seemed about eighty yards square. It was built of rough-hewn blocks of basalt, fallen in several places, which gave it a splintered appearance.

They stopped at some distance from the walls, on account of the rubble-covered ground, left purposely uncleared as an added protection, and came up to the fortress on foot. The car had been evidently sighted. A pennon was run up on the tower, and the heavy gate swung back. As the walls loomed closer, Eolia felt that she had walked into the Middle Ages. Ibn Hussein pointed to a worn Arabic inscription over the gateway.

"In the name of Allah, merciful and compassionate!" he translated. "'This blessed castle was ordered built by Izz ad-din Aibak, who has need of Allah's protection . . .' Seven hundred years since then, Eolia! A blessed castle indeed!"

But she had no sense of a benediction overhanging the place, as she walked through the long, cavernous archway into the wide square enclosed by the walls beyond; it was rather of unrelieved grimness and desolation. Nor did the band of a hundred men drawn up to receive them improve the setting.

"This will be your first inspection," smiled Ahmad. "Walk with me down the line. You see, you are dressed in our uniform."

Eolia realized that she must look like a very young officer of the same corps. Exceedingly embarrassed, she accompanied the Amir along the line, and caught the hint of astonishment in otherwise rigid faces, as she passed in front of them, and they noted the color of her eyes. But when Ahmad greeted them in a few words, and introduced her, a shout of approval went up. Dismissed, they crowded around her with salutations. From that moment, she was adopted by the troop, and a crowd of them followed admiringly, as Ibn Hussein showed her around the interior of the walls.

Here was a broken altar, dedicated to the Roman Emperors Maximilian and Diocletian. Here were embrasures of medieval archers. Here, still more proudly exhibited, were machine-guns in their cases. Here were the tower rooms, now fitted up as quarters, where generations of desert bandits had dwelt. For sixteen hundred years the "blessed" castle, or the ground on which it stood, had been devoted to the uses of war. It seemed to Eolia that its blood-stained past clung to the place, imparted a grey bleakness to its walls in spite of the sun's glare, and lent it a strange atmosphere that prickled the skin.

She felt this more and more, but especially at one of the corner towers, fitted with a heavy, barred door, which the Amir did not open.

"What's in there, Prince Ahmad?" she asked.

He looked at her sidewards. "A prison. Sometimes it is expedient to talk with one of our enemies. We entertain him here for a while."

A chill crept through Eolia, all the more disturbing because of the smoothness of Ahmad's voice.

"And then you let him go?" she faltered.

"No," he shrugged. "To tell you the truth, Khatun, our enemies enter Azrak blindfolded; they leave it dead. There are no exceptions."

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She did not care to face this sort of reality, and let the subject drop, walking on with him silently to the great entrance tower, which had been repaired so that it furnished two large rooms, one beneath the other. Ahmad led her up an outside stairway to the lodging above. It was lighted by two narrow embrasures set in the thickness of the wall with a stone window-bench along them, and opening towards the east. There was a low couch in the room with a basin and pitcher of water.

"You will desire to rest after the long drive," he said. "I wish the place were more comfortable. But to-morrow night you will sleep in Jerusalem. We will meet later, Khatun."

The door closed with a mournful boom, echoing in the vaulted space, and she stood a moment timidly looking about her. Nothing but naked, mortarless walls, scratched here and there with Arabic letters!

Then, reflecting that sleep was the cure for lonesomeness, she stretched out on the couch; but it was a long time before she slept.

The sun had shifted to the other side of the tower when she wakened, but there was still light enough to see that a tray of food had been brought in, together with a low table, and placed near the couch. Feeling in much better spirits, as well as hungry, she carried the tray into the window recess, where it was pleasanter, close to the outside air. From the shadows of tower and walls that lengthened outside, she judged that it must be about four o'clock.

But, having emptied the last cup of coffee and lighted one of the cigarettes on the tray, she noticed that the space beyond the gate was no longer empty. As if from nowhere, a party with camels had appeared, and was winding up through the loose rocks towards the entrance. There were ten men, all armed except one, who was flanked by two of the others.

Then, as they came nearer, her gaze sharpened. The man riding between the two others had several twists of rope around his arms, and was bound to the saddle. His legs, bent in at an ugly angle, were evidently tied under the animal's belly. It looked at first as if his head-cloth had slipped over the upper part of his face, but at the next glance Eolia saw that a bandage had been fastened over his eyes.

As the party stopped for the opening of the gate, the prisoner drooped to one side. Straightening him with an oath and a blow, one of his guards, who was smoking a cigarette, pressed the glowing butt of it against his cheek. Eolia had a glimpse of his contorted face, heard a groan; and the next moment, she was out of the window and across the room, had flung open the door, and was racing down the steps.

Every nerve in her tingled. But upon reaching the courtyard, she could get nowhere near the party. A crowd of men stood between her and the camels, who were already kneeling. There were shouts and jeers. She saw Ahmad in the centre, an intent look on his beaked face, as the cords that bound the prisoner to the saddle were untied, and he was dragged to his feet.

But at this point, trying to push between a couple of men in front, she stopped dead. It was the height of the captive that first struck her, then the familiar poise of his head.

Richard Paget!

Staring and speechless, Eolia had now reached Ahmad's side. A great cut showed on Paget's forehead. His eyes were half-closed. Evidently he did not recognise her.

"Bah, Khatun!" said the Amir, "Your friend, the handsome young gentleman, the man of affairs who left you in the desert! But I have another score than that to settle with him. Did I not tell you I would explain matters before we reached Jerusalem?"

Paget's eyes opened heavily, then widened in an incredulous stare. Eolia could see herself for a moment reflected in his expression—her Arab clothes, her place at the side of the enemy. His lips tightened, but he said nothing.

A vein stood out across Ahmad's forehead. His face darkened with a passion that transformed it. Reaching out, he tore open Paget's cloak and the shirt beneath it, stripping them down upon his shoulders. But that was not all. Standing out with a kind of forlorn magnificence in that harsh setting, Eolia saw a blue and gold medallion fastened around his neck with a blue ribbon, and linked to it underneath a tiny silver figure.

"There's the dog's collar!" roared Ahmad. "There's the badge of his trade—to fetch and carry for his master! Others have failed, but the young Mr. Paget would not fail! The Silver Greyhounds never fail! Yet here he is at Ka'lat Azrak!"

Hooking his finger into the ribbon, he jerked it from Paget's neck, and held the badge out dangling at arm's length, thrusting at it with the forefinger of his other hand.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense, eh?" he read, tracing the gold letters around the oval of the medallion. "Georgius Rex, eh?" His finger prodded at the Royal cipher in the middle. "And the Silver Greyhound," he added, tapping the figure beneath. "Bismillah! You have given me some trouble, young Mr. Paget!" Then, turning to Eolia, he pressed the badge into her hand. "A trophy for you, Khatun, a souvenir of the King's Messenger!"

The sound of the door clanging shut in the corner tower still echoed in Eolia's mind, when it came to her clearly that she had only one possible line to follow. Ibn Hussein had himself given her the cue, and she must play up to it. The worst thing she could possibly do for Paget at the moment was to show concern or sympathy for him. His case seemed desperate enough without once more inflaming the Amir's jealousy. She covered up her bewilderment and panic by asking him as casually as possible for a cigarette. In high spirits at Paget's capture, he failed to notice the tenseness of her voice.

"What's a King's Messenger, Prince Ahmad?" she queried, as they turned back towards the castle entrance. "I thought you told me once that Mr. Paget wasn't a secret agent."

"It is the truth." Ibn Hussein ushered her into his room at the left of the gateway. "The cursed English have a band of selected men, usually ex-army officers, who are assigned to carry important messages, which it may not be prudent to send otherwise. But they have nothing to do with the secret service. They appear on the Civil List, and are known as King's Messengers. It was you who attracted my attention to the young Mr. Paget. After that I had merely to look him up."

They sat facing each other across a table strewn with maps and papers. Ibn Hussein glowed with satisfaction. His eyes sparkled, as if he were congratulating himself. On her side, Eolia still felt in a haze.

"I'm afraid I'm not very quick, Prince Ahmad. I don't yet understand why that Englishman at the Embassy warned me against him if he's one of themselves; or why you stopped the plane; or anything else, really."

Ahmad couldn't help a complacent look. "I will explain," he smiled. "The English have been having difficulty with their private correspondence in the Near East. Somehow I keep learning too much. They needed a man of proved skill and courage to act as a messenger between Bagdad and Jerusalem. Young Mr. Paget was detached from the service between London and Angora. To him would be intrusted communications of great importance. Therefore the plane had to be stopped."

He broke off with a laugh. "These poor English! By Allah, imagine the state of mind at the Embassy when they learn that their picked messenger was intimate with the future wife of Ibn Hussein! Would they not warn him, and seek to detach you? I rather fear, Eolia, that in their eyes he has committed the unforgivable sin. The first article in the code of a King's Messenger is to have nothing to do with women, at least while on duty. Perhaps it is well for him that his career ends at Ka'lat Azrak. Ja latif! They did not even wish him to be seen in public, and all the while he was consorting with you!"

In her growing misery, Eolia remembered Paget's aloofness in the bus, his cryptic reserve at all times, his warning that they ought not to be seen together in Bagdad, his shock at finding her in the plane.

Aware that Ahmad's eyes became a trifle searching, she mustered a smile, and said:

"It was clever to be able to find him in the desert. I suppose you sent after him as soon as you heard he was gone?"

The other nodded. "Ten minutes after I reached the camp, Seydan's men were riding. No, it was not clever. There was only one route he could follow. But they did not take him easily. He has strength and courage; he killed one of the men. Except for my orders to bring him in alive, he would not have reached Azrak."

Eolia made the hardest effort of her life, when she asked coolly, "Will he die to-night?"

"No," said the Amir. "At least I hope he will not die. It is necessary for me to have the message he was carrying either on his person or in his mind. He will be searched thoroughly, for I must have the message. Then to-morrow after we are gone . . ." Ahmad got up. "I am calling on him now. May I give him your greetings?"

She knew that she had turned white.

"But if you can't find it . . . if he won't tell you the message . . . Prince Ahmad, please . . ."

"Now, now!" he soothed her, his face softening for a moment. "So brave for yourself, so tender of others, even enemies! I love you for it, Khatun. But certain things must be. Do not trouble your head with them. I will not question Mr. Paget more than necessary."

Ibn Hussein left the room. Suddenly everything wheeled and grew black in front of her eyes. She gripped the table to keep from falling, and leaned forward to bring the blood back to her head.

Trembling in every limb, she sat down again at the table, gazing into the darkness of the room with haunted eyes. If she could only shut out the thought of the work going on in that tower eighty yards away! Minute after minute . . .

Unable to sit still, she sprang up and walked backwards and forwards across the room. Stories her uncle had told her of

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Arab cruelty slipped into her mind, though she refused to think of them. Minute after minute . . .

Footsteps were approaching the door. "At last!" she thought limply, "at last!"

One of the men entered with a lamp and a tray of food, which he set on the table. He looked admiringly at her, bowed and grinned. Then, as if to communicate the big item of interest, he jerked his thumb towards the corner tower, and laughed. She got rid of him only by nodding that she understood.

So it wasn't over! Not yet! Hours must have passed; night had fallen outside. Then all at once she heard something, a faint sound . . . She stopped her ears and pressed herself against the wall. It was a long time before she dared listen again . . .

At last she was startled by the raising of the latch; the door swung open slowly; and Ibn Hussein entered. His face looked sombre. He walked to the table, and sat down heavily.

"He is a brave man," he said tonelessly. "It took a long time."

Since he had entered, her eyes had been on him hypnotically. The sound of her own voice surprised her.

"Did you get the message?"

"Yes—in the end. I know it was the truth, because it concerned my life." After a moment of silence he brought his clenched fist down on the table. "As God lives, I hate these things!"

It was strange that, in spite of everything, she did not feel horror of him, but rather a touch of pity. He was simply a national leader tangled up in the meshes of a formula that did not permit mercy.

Suddenly she said, "Prince Ahmad, I would like to see Mr. Paget."

He gave her a searching look. "Why?"

"We're of the same race; we were once friends; I'd like to do what I could for him. It will be the last time."

He nodded gravely. "Yes, compassion, even for enemies, is a merit. The luxury of it belongs to God and to women. It is right for you to see him and bring him comfort. He is a brave man, who dies far from his people."

Leaving the room, he called for someone to fetch a lantern, and then conducted Eolia across the courtyard, where he ordered the door of the prison unlocked.

"I will leave a guard here outside. You will wish to be alone with him."

"Thank you, Prince Ahmad."

But he only shook his head, and turned back.

When the door had been closed on her, Eolia stood hesitating in the small sentry-box space that opened on the main room. The stench of the prison, like the rankness of some beast, shut around her. Every nerve winced from the pain of the coming interview. Then, bracing herself, she moved forward.

The lantern showed a half-naked figure extended along the wall. Evidently the light roused him, for after a moment he muttered some words in Arabic.

"It's Lee," she said, struggling with herself.

At that, he half-raised his head, but let it drop again.

"Thank the Lord! . . . I was wondering if I would be seeing you."

She found it impossible to speak, but sinking down beside him, took his hand.

"Is there anything . . ." she faltered after a moment.

"Rather!" She recognised an echo of the past in his voice. "Do you mind taking off that Arab costume, Lee? It has painful associations. That is, if you're still wearing the old dress."

She forced a smile, and, slipping off the cloak, tossed it to one side.

"Now hold the lantern," he murmured, "so I can see you."

She stood up, turning the light on her tattered dress.

"That's good," he sighed. "You're Lee again. You know, when I saw you out there in your white and gold I thought you had gone over to those devils. It semed the last straw. But not you! Never you!" His voice died out. After a while, he added: "Take my head on your lap—will you?" And as she sat looking down at him her face above his, "It's like that time on the bus—remember? Seems long ago."

He fell silent, his eyes, dark and vague, turned up to her. Suddenly, breaking at last, she leaned down, and pressed her face against his, sobbing bitterly.

"Don't cry," he said gently. "Please! You're Miss Valiant, remember. There's nothing to be sorry for. That's all over."

Mastering herself, she straightened up. "It'll never be over for me. I ought to have been loyal, and I wasn't. I ought to have been able to feel what you didn't tell me. I let you go without a word. Richard, why didn't you trust me? Why couldn't you have told me?"

"Just a question of keeping faith," he answered. "On this mission, I had given my word under no circumstances to tell who I was or what I was doing. Under no circumstances! I'd have trusted you in anything; but I couldn't break that promise. Try to forgive me."

"Forgive?" she murmured. "Forgive?"

"You were magnificent always," he went on. "I had to play the part of a cad. I had to kill your loyalty, because I could not speak. If it had been some little twopenny thing, I'd have let it go hang and my job along with it rather than let you down. But it . . . Stoop lower, Lee." Her face almost touched his before he continued in a whisper. "It concerned the lives of hundreds of people, women and children, a whole city bombed. I had to go through with it, no matter what happened—even to you."

"But Prince Ahmad told me that it concerned his life."

He gave no answer for a time. Then he breathed: "I tried to make it convincing. For two hours they . . . Well, I made it convincing by holding out. Then I told them—a lie."

She glowed hot with a fierce joy. They had not conquered him. He had used their very torture as a means of defeating them.

All at once a breath-taking idea flashed through her mind. Her very eagerness made it hard to express it.

"Richard! If you would give me the message . . . I'll take it. I'll take it to Jerusalem. Give me the chance to carry on for you . . ."

His eyes caught fire.

"You would? You'd do that? Lord! Then I don't care any longer. Then we've won the race. I haven't failed. The King's Message gets through . . . Can you find that coat of mine? I think they've left some patches of it."

She brought him the remains of a coat that had been searched in every crevice.

"Take out the padding of the left shoulder," he directed.

"It has been taken out."

"Very well then, open the seam itself—but carefully."

She had no instrument for this but her teeth. Finally, however, she loosened the threads, and was able to draw them out. As the seam opened up a cylinder of flexible paper, long as half a pencil, and with about the thickness of two matches, appeared.

"That's the message," he said, fingering it a moment before he handed it back to her. "I don't need to tell you how much the thought of what you're doing will mean to me to-morrow."

During the short hour that she spent beside him, there was farewell and the shadow of death close to them, but not between them. She knew that nothing would come between them again.

She pressed her lips to his for a last time, felt his arms around her, stood gazing down at him a moment. Then putting on her cloak, she left the room.

. . . . . .

Ahmad Ibn Hussein stood in the archway as she returned, and he advanced to meet her.

"How is Mr. Paget?" he asked.

"He's waiting," she answered. "He's not afraid. But could I have a word with you?" The Amir shook his head. "An appeal for mercy would be useless, Khatun."

"No, it isn't that. I want to talk over something with you."

He gave her a sharp glance, then nodded, and ushering her into his room, closed the door behind them. She stood, head up, facing him.

"You told me, Prince Ahmad, that our marriage was in the stars, that I would marry you by my own choice and free will."

"Yes," he assented gravely.

"You were right," she went on. "I'm ready to marry you, if you still want me. I'm ready to do all I can, after we're married, to be the kind of wife you'd like to have me, to live for you and for your people."

He took a step towards her, his face burning; but her eyes stopped him.

"I'm only asking one thing. I want you to promise that you'll set Mr. Paget free, alive and safe, as soon as you find that there's no use keeping him here any longer. If you'll do that, I won't go back to Beirut. We'll be married in Jerusalem or whenever you please."

She knew that everything hung in the balance of this moment. If he refused, there was nothing more she could do. Back and forth in his face she read the conflict of passion.

"You love him as much as that?" he said at last.

"I love him," she answered. "It doesn't matter to me that he's an Englishman in the service of his country. When I'm married to you, he'll become an enemy; but he isn't one now. I can't help loving him. At the same time, I can give my life to you, and I'm glad to give it."

He kept his eyes fixed on hers. "You would promise from now on never to see him again, as far as it depends on you, never to communicate with him?"

"Yes, Prince Ahmad."

"You would promise to marry me in Jerusalem without any conditions?"

"Yes."

He turned away, and walked up and down the room. She clasped her hands behind her to stop their trembling.

"Well," he said at last, pausing in front of her, "I swear, as God lives, to send Paget back to his own people, alive, unharmed, and safe, as soon as it is wise to release

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him. Look to your half of the bargain. We leave in an hour for Jerusalem."

. . . . . .

As the grey car crossed the desert towards Palestine, the spot inside Eolia's dress where she had pinned the message actually burned. Ahmad trusted her, and she was betraying the trust. He relied on her promise, as she was relying on his. In the circumstances, had she any right to expect him to keep his part of the agreement?

The only answer she could make was simply to admit that she was deceiving him and accept the consequences. The delivery of the message had become for her the one act in life about which she greatly cared. She knew that for Paget the success of his mission was paramount, that he considered it far more important than life itself. She was doing this one last thing for his sake, even though it was wrong, and no matter what happened to either of them.

Meanwhile, her conscience hurt when Ibn Hussein discoursed on the value to the Arab cause of having stopped the communication from Bagdad. She was in no mood to smile at the fact that he was helping to carry it himself.

Near the frontier they were held up by a British patrol, who examined their papers.

"My wife," Ahmad explained. "I have not yet had her papers made out in Iraq."

They looked at her curiously. She belonged to another people now, another race.

They crossed the Hejas railway; the mountains of Abarim and Gilead rose from the desert; then afterwards they drove down, endlessly down, into the Jordan Valley. It was late in the afternoon, when, having passed the Mount of Olives, they saw Jerusalem rise above them and, skirting the city, entered the Damascus Gate.

Civilisation, Western civilisation, as compared with Bagdad, but somehow she did not seem to belong to it any longer. At the desk in the big hotel near the Citadel, Ahmad wrote their names together, pointing it out to her silently with the end of his pen. "The Amkir Ahmad Ibn Hussein and the Khatun Eolia."

Though he assumed no familiarities with her, every tone and word implied that he already considered her his wife. Their rooms communicated. The maid addressed her as madame. She accepted it without demur as part of the price; but at every turn she was reminded of her lost independence.

"The shops are closed," he said before leaving her. "To-morrow you will order what wardrobe you please. I shall have a useless interview with the High Commissioner in the morning. You will meet a friend of mine in the afternoon. We will be married to-morrow night." Taking her hand, he raised it to his lips. "I am engaged this evening. And you must rest in view of to-morrow. Do you regret the bargain, Eolia?"

"No, Prince Ahmad."

From the balcony of her room overlooking the entrance she could see him leave the hotel. There was only this evening left in which to deliver the message. She waited until night and then, having no other clothes, she put on the Arab cloak and kaffeyeh and went out. A very surprised British soldier directed her to headquarters.

. . . . . .

"It's quite impossible," said the doorman, staring at the bronzed Arab youth with a girlish face, who spoke like an American. "Sir Henry is engaged. He sees no one without an appointment in any case. And you're not the sort, my lad, if you don't mind my saying it, that he wastes time on, anyhow. So you'll come around in the morning and wait your turn to see one of the secretaries."

From under her cloak Eolia took out a blue and gold medallion attached to a torn blue ribbon.

"Give this to Sir Henry, whatever he's doing. Tell him I'm just in from the desert, and that I must speak with him at once. If there's any more question about it, mention the name Richard Paget."

After a minute the servant returned and ushered her respectfully upstairs into a larger room, where a tall man in a white dinner coat stood smoking a cigarette.

"I do not believe that I have heard your name," he said when he had introduced himself. But "Eolia Allen" meant nothing to him, and, though he looked puzzled, the news she brought was more urgent.

"You sent in to me the Messenger's badge of Captain Richard Paget. May I ask how it came into your hands? He was killed some days ago in the crash of the liner from Bagdad . . ."

"No, he wasn't," she interrupted. "We happened to be on the plane together. He got away, but was captured later by Ibn Hussein's men."

"Great heaven!" muttered the other. "It would have been better if he had died the other way. Were you captured too? I see you wear the agal of an officer in the Amir's guard."

There was an almost imperceptible change in his manner that bespoke alertness. One learned caution in dealing with Ibn Hussein. But at Eolia's next statement he very nearly gasped.

"No, I wasn't captured. You see, I'm Prince Ahmad's wife—at least I'm going to be to-morrow."

"His wife!" Sir Henry gave a slight start. "So that's it! I didn't connect you at first. You're the American girl they've been talking about in Bagdad."

She winced at the ice in his voice. It implied so much more than he said.

"Will you be seated, Khatun?"

"No thank you," said Eolia coolly. "I'd rather not. I was telling you that Mr. Paget had been taken by the Amir's men. Prince Ahmad was there himself. He was tortured to get the message he was carrying."

The other suppressed a groan. "So that's the way he died!"

"No, he's still alive, but under guard. They didn't get the message."

"Good man!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "It's like Paget! Where is he?"

"I won't tell you that."

"Oh—I'm beginning to understand. He'll be returned at a price, eh? Well, what's the figure?"

Eolia could have informed him, but it was the last thing in the world she would have dreamed of doing.

"I hope he'll be returned—I think he will . . . But he asked me to bring the message to you. And here it is."

As Sir Henry expressed it to various friends afterwards, she could have knocked him over with a straw. He actually gaped when Eolia handed him the little cylinder paper. Forgetting her in the middle of the room, he swung over to his desk, and unfolded the message under the lamp. It was written in code, and opened up into a large sheet. He could not doubt that it was genuine.

"See here!" he demanded, coming back, when he had locked the paper in a drawer. "Will you please explain the meaning of this! I can't imagine that Ibn Hussein knows about it. You're marrying him to-morrow, and double-crossing him to-night. What's the object? Of course, we're very grateful and all that. I'm prepared to make you a handsome return. And if . . ." He was struck by an idea. Doubtless the girl was mercenary. This might be worth a regiment to him. ". . . If you could see your way to supplying us with regular information about the Amir's plans, it would insure you an independent fortune . . ."

Eolia's cheeks were flaming. "I'll ask you to stop insulting me," she interrupted. "I don't think I deserve it."

"Well, do you mind explaining . . ."

"I mind very much. It's nothing to you why I brought the message. From to-morrow on, I'm the wife of the Amir Ahmad Ibn Hussein. I'm going to serve him and the Arab cause hand and foot. From to-morrow on, I'm your enemy just as he is. All I want from you is this: I want you to realise that Richard Paget didn't fail. The King's message came through. The credit for it is entirely his. I want you to assure me, if he lives, that it's going to be given to him."

"There's no difficulty about that," returned the other. "He's one of the keenest men in the service." An immense change showed in Sir Henry's expression. The scorn had disappeared. There was respect and understanding now, coupled with gentleness and a touch of pity. "But isn't there something we can do for you, Miss Allen?"

Eolia looked down; her lips trembled. "Yes, if you wouldn't mind giving me back his badge . . . I'd like to have it . . . It'll mean a lot to me . . ."

. . . . . .

In her room at the hotel, Eolia waited for the Amir's return. The mission was accomplished. She sat quietly with folded hands, gazing into the night beyond the balcony window. When at midnight, she heard him enter the next room with a couple of his men, she knocked at the communicating door.

"Come in, Khatun."

He gave her a sharp glance, and nodded dismissal to his servants.

"Something is troubling you," he said gently when they were gone.

"Yes, Prince Ahmad." She stood in front of him, looking down. "I want to tell you that I saw the High Commissioner this evening."

He said nothing, though she could feel the weight of his eyes.

"You didn't get the real message from Richard Paget. He stood all the . . . all you did to him, in order to make you think that you got it. He gave the real message to me. I delivered it to the Commissioner."

"What was in the message?" His voice was low, but it had the reverberating tone of a lion's.

"I don't know, Prince Ahmad. But if I did know, it wouldn't be right for me to tell you."

"Why did you tell me this much?"

"I couldn't marry you without telling you that I hadn't been honest."

"By the splendor of Heaven!" he muttered. And then, his voice still heavier, he burst out: "Wearing my colors, you went over to the enemy! Do you know what is done to traitors like that in time of war?"

"Yes, Prince Ahmad."

"Do you imagine that because you're here in Jerusalem under British law . . ."

"No," she interrupted, meeting his eyes. "You can send me back to the desert with your men. I'll go with them. Only I wish

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. . ." For the first time she hesitated. "I know I haven't any right to ask, but if you'd keep your word about Mr. Paget . . ."

To her immense relief, he answered abruptly: "When I have once given my word I keep it. Even my enemies will admit that." Suddenly he gripped her shoulder. "No, Khatun, there is a worse punishment for you than shooting, I think. You would not need a bandage over your eyes in front of the rifles. Your punishment must be slower than that—to be pardoned, to become my wife, to work for my cause. How much longer that will be! Do I read your mind?"

She was struck by the pain in his voice under the jeer of it. In reply, she drew close to him, looking into his face.

"No, Prince Ahmad, you don't. You ought to know that I think you're big and generous. At least from now on there's nothing in my mind that you won't know. And I'm going to tell you this last thing: "I'm glad I took the message if it saved the lives of hundreds of people and the bombing of a city, like Richard Paget said. You won't find me soft when it comes to fighting, but . . ."

She was dazed by a roar of laughter. It was a moment before he could control himself.

"Little falcon, little falcon!" he struggled. "Honesty like yours would make war impossible. You've saved not only the bombed, but the bombers. The English know my plans, and you've just informed me what plans they know."

She flushed. "I didn't mean to. I don't see how I have."

"In chess," he smiled, "it's what we call a stalemate. No win no lose on either side."

As he continued to laugh, she said a little shamefaced: "Well, I don't care much if it is, Prince Ahmad. But in that case, there's no use keeping Mr. Paget at Ka'lat Azrak, is there?"

"Always Mr. Paget!" he frowned. "I suppose you informed the Commissioner that he was at Ka'lat Azrak."

"I did not. He asked, but I wouldn't tell him."

"He will not be there long," he said curtly. And in a tone of voice that somehow disquieted her he added: "You shall have evidence that I have kept my word as to Paget before we are married to-morrow night."

. . . . . .

Eolia bought a couple of simple dresses, some stockings and lingerie in the morning.

Then she wrote a letter to Dr. Bridges and one to her mother. The last was hard to finish. She was very happy, she said, and had to take another sheet and write all over again because something blotted the page.

Most of the afternoon was spent at the house of a learned Mufti, who could speak English, and who instructed her in such parts of the Mohammedan law as related to marriage. Her duties were many and her rights few. After that she returned to the hotel to prepare for the wedding that night, a simple Moslem ceremony to be witnessed by the Amir's guards, who had accompanied them in the car.

"You will wear my colors," Ibn Hussein directed, "and the uniform of my corps. I will not have you trailing in women's clothes, Khatun—you who will spend your life among soldiers."

But the costume that she found spread out for her was far more magnificent than the relatively simple cloak and head-cloth which had been given her by the Anazeh sheik. The outer mantle was of white cloth edged with cloth-of-gold, and there were arabesques of gold embroidered on it, indicating her rank. The other garments were of fine linen, and there were short Arab riding boots of red leather. More splendid than anything else was the agal, no longer of gilded rope, but made of interwoven gold thread set with diamonds—the Amir's wedding gift.

It took some time to dress. Afterwards she stood looking at herself in the long mirror. It would be her last glimpse of Eolia Allen. Even now there was little to recall her in the white figure with the dark, tanned face, and the glitter of gems circling her head.

She felt a vast solitude about her. She had often thought of her wedding, the faces of friends, the thrill of the moment when she would give her hand and herself to the man she loved . . . Suddenly the reflection in the glass blurred. Then she tossed her head back. This wasn't playing the game.

"Yes, come in," she answered to a knock at the door.

But as it opened she stood with her eyes wide a moment and then shrank back a step.

"Richard!" she whispered. "Richard!"

He looked gaunt and ill, but otherwise as she had so often seen him, dressed in white, his dark eyebrows with the odd twist in them; only he didn't smile.

"Yes, you sent for me, didn't you, Lee?"

Her lips barely moved. "I don't understand . . ."

"Neither do I," he answered. "I thought you might. Instead of the shooting-squad, I was taken out blindfold to a car, and brought here post haste. Found these clothes laid out. Was told you wished to see me before your wedding with the great Amir. I suppose I owe you my life. I phoned the Commissioner, and he told me you delivered the message. So I owe you for that, too. But I wish it had ended in the desert!"

She couldn't answer him. They were near each other, but she couldn't reach out to him. There seemed to be a gulf between them. She felt ashamed and alien in her barbaric clothes.

"You're very beautiful, Khatun," he said. There was no scorn in his use of the title; it merely expressed a reality. "I have never seen anyone more beautiful. I can imagine you in the palace at Bagdad. I can see you riding under the Amir's standard. I can imagine you as a rallying-point and battle-cry in Islam. Ibn Hussein was right. Only you aren't Lee any more."

She could only stand looking at him, unable to speak.

"Why?" he burst out. "What sense or meaning is there in it? You of all people! You marry Ibn Hussein, an Arab savage, a man old enough to be your father, give up your race and faith. And the other night I believed that you loved me, that no matter what happened we belonged to each other! It's incredible! Why will you do it?"

It was so easy and so impossible to answer him. But loyalty to Ahmad demanded some answer.

"I'm not English, Richard. Prince Ahmad has never been my enemy. To me he's always shown himself generous and fine beyond anything I deserve. He's very great. And I don't need to explain my marriage with him. I have nothing to explain."

She had drawn herself up on her side of the gulf. In the lamplight of the room her agal glittered; the arabesques on her cloak stood out.

"No," he answered. "I was wrong. You have nothing to explain. Only, I thought you meant what you told me in the desert."

And at that the distance between them vanished, although she made no movement.

Her face and voice told him more than words. He stared at her speechless.

"You don't mean . . ." he faltered. "Lee! You didn't do this to save my life . . ."

"No!" she cried, "of course not! You mustn't imagine such a thing! I love Prince Ahmad. You had nothing to do with it. You mustn't think for a moment . . ."

"Do you suppose I'll accept it?" he said. "Do you think that I could go on living with the knowledge of that hanging over me? Lee, you ought to have known me better . . ."

There was a sound from the doorway between the two rooms. Turning, they saw Ibn Hussein on the threshold.

"It is time we were leaving, Khatun. Do you think that your death or your suicide would change matters, Mr. Paget? It seems to me you are caught, unless you wish to make a gesture and run away from life. I think it is checkmate. Wallah! You guessed right. Eolia loved you; but she marries me, a savage, gives up her race, becomes a woman of the tribes, will spend her years as I direct, so long as you may live. Think of that as you grow old. For by the power of Heaven except for her you would be feeding the vultures of El Hamad." He laughed and, turning to Eolia, he added: "I promised you his life and freedom. I did not promise that I would not tell him what it cost. I summoned him here for the wedding. What do you think of that as a revenge?"

She met the challenge. "I don't think it's worthy of you, Prince Ahmad. It's the first time I've ever known you to do anything beneath yourself."

He bowed slightly, raising his hand to his forehead. "In that case, I must not do it, Khatun, for I value your thought of me."

"It is already done," she answered.

"No, not yet." His face had become grave and almost gentle. "Not yet. I do not care to be outdone by you. I am too proud or foolish or perhaps I love you. It hardly matters. Richard Paget says he will not accept your sacrifice, but he is helpless. I am not. I have never accepted it. But I wished to hear the ring of the gold coin again before giving it up." He turned to Paget. "What I have just said to you was intended to recall the value of that gold."

He broke off, and stood with his eyes on Eolia, as if he wished to impress her face forever on his mind.

"I summoned him to a wedding, Eolia. My only demand is that you wear my agal." And walking to the door he added, "The Bedouin make short work of farewells. They say 'Bihafad Allah!' and turn away."

Paget and Eolia stood looking at each other wonderingly and almost afraid.

"You were right, Lee," Paget murmured at last. "You were right about Ibn Hussein."

But even the great Amir paled before the dawning realisation of their new life.

(THE END)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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